Spain and the Spaniards

SPAIN

BY

EDMUNDO DE AMICIS

AUTHOR OF "STUDIES OF PARIS," "HOLLAND," "CONSTANTINOPLE," ETC.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN BY

WILHELMINA W. CADY

TRANSLATOR OF "STUDIES OF PARIS"

NEW YORK

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

27 & 29 WEST 23D STREET

1881

COPYRIGHT BY
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
1881

Press of
G. P. Putnam's Sons
New York

CONTENTS.

CHAP.		PAGE
I	BARCELONA	1
II	SARAGOSSA	30
III	BURGOS	65
IV	VALLADOLID	93
V	MADRID	110
VI	ARANJUEZ	226
VII	TOLEDO	231
VIII	CORDOVA	261
IX	SEVILLE	294
X	CADIZ	334
XI	MALAGA	348
XII	GRANADA	355
XIII	VALENCIA	421
	APPENDIX	437

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
PORT OF BARCELONA	12
BRIDGE AT SARAGOSSA	56
BRIDGE, GATEWAY, AND CATHEDRAL OF BURGOS	76
THE ROYAL PALACE, MADRID	146
ARANJUEZ	228
TOLEDO	232
PRISON OF THE INQUISITION, CORDOVA	282
GOLDEN TOWER, SEVILLE	298
THE GIRALDA, SEVILLE	308
PORT, QUAY, AND CATHEDRAL, MALAGA	350
VIEW OF GRANADA	386

SPAIN.

CHAPTER I.

BARCELONA.

IT was a rainy morning in February, an hour before sunrise, when my mother accompanied me as far as the staircase, repeating hurriedly all the counsels she had been giving me for a month; then throwing her arms around my neck, she burst into tears and disappeared. I stood for a moment looking at the door through which she had passed, almost ready to exclaim: "Open the door! I am not going away! I will stay with you!" Then I rushed down the stairs as if I were a burglar who was being pursued. When I reached the street, it seemed as if between my home and me were already stretched the waves of the sea and the heights of the Pyrenees. Yet although I had been feverishly looking forward to that day for some time, I was not at all happy. At the corner of a street, on his way to the hospital, I met a medical friend of mine whom I had not seen for more than a month, and who asked:

"Where are you going?"

"To Spain," I replied. But he could hardly be-

lieve my statement, so little did my gloomy frowning face seem to announce a pleasure trip. All along the road from Turin to Genoa, I thought only of my mother, my empty room, my little library, and of the dear habits of my home life, to all of which I was saying farewell for many months.

But on arriving at Genoa, the sight of the sea, the gardens of the Acqua Sola and the company of Anton Giulio Barili restored my usual calmness and gaiety. I remember that while I was preparing to get into the boat which was to take me to the steamer, a porter from the hotel handed me a letter containing only these words :

" Sad news from Spain. The situation of an Italian at Madrid, at the time of a struggle against the king, would be dangerous. Do you persist in going? Think well of it!"

I sprang into the boat and away we went. Just before the departure of the steamer, two officers came to say good-bye. I seem to see them yet as they stood up in the boat, when the ship had begun to move.

" Bring me a sword from Toledo!" they cried.

" Bring me a bottle of Xeres!"

" Bring me a guitar! an Andalusian hat! a dagger!"

Shortly after this I could only see their white handkerchiefs and hear their last shouts ; I tried to reply, but my voice choked ; I began to laugh and passed my hand across my eyes. In a short time I retired to my den, fell into a delicious sleep, and dreamed of my mother's counsels, my pocket-book, France and Andalusia. At daybreak I sprang up and went on deck. We were at a short distance from the shore—it was the French coast, the first

strip of foreign land I had seen; it is curious, I could not gaze at it enough; a thousand vague thoughts passed through my mind and I said:

"Is it France, really France, and am I actually here?"

At noon we began to see Marseilles. The first sight of a large maritime city produces a sort of bewilderment which destroys the pleasure of surprise. I see, as if through a mist, an immense forest of ships; a boatman who stretches out his hand to me, addressing me in some incomprehensible jargon; a custom-house guard who makes me pay, in virtue of I know not what law, *deux sous pour les Prussiens;* then a dark hotel room; then long, long streets, immense squares, a coming and going of people and carriages, troops of Zouaves, unknown military uniforms, thousands of lights and voices, and at last a weariness and profound melancholy which ends in a painful dream. The following morning at daybreak I was in a carriage of the railway which runs from Marseilles to Perpignan, with ten officers of the Zouaves, who had arrived the day before from Africa; some with crutches, some with canes, and others with their arms in slings, but all as gay and noisy as so many school-boys. The journey was a long one, so it was necessary to try and start a conversation; yet taking into consideration all that I had heard of the ill feeling existing between the French and ourselves, I dared not open my mouth. What nonsense it was! One of the gentlemen addressed me and we began talking.

"Are you Italian?"

"Yes."

The result of my answer was delightful. All, with one exception, had fought in Italy, and one had been

wounded at Magenta. They began recounting anecdotes of Genoa, Turin, Milan, asking me about a thousand things, and describing the life they lead in Africa. One began on the pope. "Aha!" I said to myself, but he went further than I, for he said that we ought to have *trancher le nœud de la question*, and gone to the bottom of the matter without giving any thought to the peasantry. Meanwhile, as we approached the Pyrenees, I amused myself by observing the progressive change in the pronunciation of the travellers who entered the carriage, and in noting how the French language died, if I may so express myself, into the Spanish tongue, to feel the approach of Spain; until reaching Perpignan and rushing into a diligence, I heard the first *buenos dias* and *buen viáje*, so distinct and sonorous that they gave me infinite pleasure. At Perpignan, however, Spanish is not spoken, but the people use a wretched dialect, a mixture of French, Marseillese and Catalan, which is distressing to the ear. The diligence landed me at a hotel among a crowd of officers, ladies, Englishmen and trunks. A waiter forced me to sit down at a table, where I ate something. I was half strangled, hurried into another diligence, and away we went.

Alas! I had dreamed for so long a time of the crossing of the Pyrenees, and I was obliged to make the passage by night. Before we had reached the foot of the first mountains it was perfectly dark.

Through long, long hours, between sleeping and waking, I saw nothing but a little of the road lighted by the lanterns of the diligence, the dark profile of some mountain, a projecting rock which I could have touched by stretching my hand out of the window; and I heard nothing save the measured tread of the

horses, and the whistling of a dreadful wind, which never ceased blowing for a moment.

Beside me sat a young American, the most original creature in the world, who slept for I know not how many hours with his head resting on my shoulder, who waked from time to time to exclaim: "*Ah quelle nuit! Quelle horrible nuit!*" without becoming aware of the fact that with his head he gave me quite another reason for making the same lament. At the station we both got out and entered a small tavern for a little glass of liquor. He—the American—asked me if I were travelling on business.

"No, sir," I replied. "I am travelling for pleasure; and you, if I may be permitted to ask?"

"I," he replied with the utmost gravity, "am travelling for love."

"For love?"

"For love," and then he proceeded, unasked, to relate to me a long story of a love affair which had been broken off, a marriage which had fallen through, abductions, duels, and I know not what beside, concluding his narrative with the assertion that he was travelling for distraction of mind and to forget the beloved one. And, in truth, he did endeavor to distract himself as much as possible, for at every inn we entered, from the first one to that in Gerona, he did nothing but teaze the maids; with perfect gravity, it must be confessed, but also with an audacity which even the desire for distraction could hardly justify.

At three o'clock in the morning we reached the frontier. *Estamos en España*, cried a voice; the diligence stopped, the American and I jumped out again, and walked with much curiosity into a little

tavern to see the first sons of Spain between the walls of their own house. We found a half dozen custom-house officers, the host, his wife and children, seated around a brazier. They addressed us instantly. I asked many questions, to which they replied in a lively and ingenuous manner, which I had not expected to find in the Catalans, depicted in geographical dictionaries as a hard people of few words. We asked if there was anything to eat, and they brought us a famous Spanish *chorizo*, a species of sausage stuffed with pepper, which burned the stomach, a bottle of sweet wine and a little hard bread.

"Well, what is your king doing?" I asked one of the custom-house officers after having rejected the first mouthfuls. The one whom I addressed appeared a trifle embarassed, looked at me, then at the others, and finally gave me this very curious answer:

"*Esta reinando.*" (He is reigning.)

All began laughing, and while I was preparing a more leading question I heard some one whisper in my ear:

"*Es un republicane.*"

I turned and saw the proprietor of the inn looking at the ceiling.

"I understand," I said, and immediately changed the subject. Upon reëntering the diligence my companion and I laughed heartily at the innkeeper's warning, both of us being astonished that the political opinions of custom-house officials should be taken so seriously by a person of that class; but in taverns we entered afterward we heard quite a different story. In all of them the proprietor or some adventurer was to be found reading the newspaper, surrounded by a group of listening peasants. From

time to time the reading was interrupted, and some political discussion arose, which I could not understand, as they were speaking Catalan, but the gist of which I could gather, however, by the aid of the newspaper which I had heard read. Well, I must say that in all those circles there breathed a republican spirit which would have made the flesh of the most intrepid follower of Amadeus creep.

One among the others—a huge man with a fierce brow and deep voice—after having talked for some time to a group of silent listeners, turned toward me, whom he had mistaken, from my incorrect Castilian pronunciation, for a Frenchman, and said with much solemnity :

" I will tell you one thing, cabellero !"

" What is it ?"

" I tell you that Spain is more unfortunate than France," having said which he began pacing the room with his head bowed and his arms crossed over his breast. I heard others speak confusedly of Cortes, ministers, ambitions, betrayals, and other terrible things. One single person, a girl at the eating-house in Figueras, knowing that I was Italian, said to me smiling : " Now we have an Italian king," and shortly thereafter, as we were going away, she added with graceful simplicity : " He pleases me !"

It was still night when we reached Gerona, where King Amadeus, received, as it is said, with much enthusiasm, placed a stone in the house occupied by General Alvarez during the celebrated siege of 1809. We crossed the city which seemed to us immense, sleepy as we were, and impatient to throw ourselves down for a nap in a railway carriage, and finally arrived at the station, leaving for Barcelona at daybreak.

Sleep! It was the first time I had seen the sun rise in Spain: how could I sleep? I placed myself at a window and never withdrew my head until we reached Barcelona. Ah! no pleasure can compare with that which one experiences in entering an unknown country, with the imagination prepared for the sight of new and charming things, with a thousand recollections of fanciful readings in one's head, and without any anxieties or cares. To advance into that country, to glance eagerly on every side in search of something that will make you comprehend, if you do not know it, that you are really here; to recognize the fact, little by little, here in the dress of a peasant, there in a plant, farther on in a house; to see as one proceeds along the route these signs, colors and forms multiply, and to compare everything with the idea one had formed of it; to find a satisfaction for one's curiosity in everything upon which the eye falls, or which reaches the ear; in the faces of the people, in their gestures, accents and conversations; to give vent to an exclamation of surprise at every step; to feel that one's mind is expanding and becoming clearer; to desire together with the hope of a speedy arrival, never to arrive at all, striving to see everything, asking a thousand questions of one's neighbors, making a sketch of a village, arranging a group of peasants, and saying a dozen times in the hour: "Here I am!" and thinking that one of these days you will tell of everything,—this is indeed the greatest and most varied of human enjoyments. The American was snoring.

The portion of Catalonia through which one passes in going from Gerona to Barcelona is varied, fertile, and admirably cultivated. It is a succession of little valleys, surrounded by hills of graceful form, with

thick groves, torrents, chasms, and ancient castles ; with everywhere a healthful and luxurious vegetation, and a vivid green reminding one of the severe aspect of the valleys of the Alps. The landscape is embellished by the picturesque costume of the peasants, which corresponds admirably with the proud character of the Catalan.

The first whom I saw were dressed from head to foot in black velvet, wearing around their necks a species of white- and red-striped shawl, on their heads a little zouave cap which was very red and fell over the shoulders ; some of them had a pair of kid-gaiters laced up to the knees ; others a pair of linen shoes, made like slippers, with a corded sole, open in front, and bound around the foot with crossed black ribbons. A dress, in fact, easy and elegant, yet at the same time severe in style. It was not very cold ; still all were enveloped in their shawls, so that only the end of the nose and the point of the *cigarrito* were visible ; and they looked like gentlemen who were coming out of a theatre. Not alone on account of the shawl, but from the way in which it was worn, falling on one side, and arranged in a manner that made it appear as if quite carelessly done, and with those folds and those turns which give it the grace of a mantilla and the majesty of a cloak. At every railway station there were several of them, each one with a shawl of a different color, not a few of them dressed in fine, clean clothes, almost all very neat, and posed in such dignified attitudes that the effect of their picturesque costume was heightened thereby. Among them were a few dark faces ; the majority, however, were white, the eyes dark and vivacious, but without the fire and mobility of the Andalusian glances.

Little by little, as we proceed, the villages, houses, bridges and aqueducts multiply, and all things which announce the vicinity of a rich and populous commercial city. Granollers, St. Andrea di Palomar, Clot, are surrounded by workshops, villas and gardens. All along the route one sees long rows of carts, troops of peasants, and herds. The stations are filled with people; any one not knowing better would think he was crossing one of the provinces of England rather than one in Spain. After passing the station of Clot, which is the last before reaching Barcelona, one sees on every side large brick buildings, long boundary walls, piles of building materials, smoking towers, factories and workmen, and one hears, or seems to hear, a dull, diffused, increasing sound, which is like the labored breath of a great city that is moving and working. In fine, one takes in at a single glance all Barcelona, the port, the sea, a wreath of hills, and everything shows itself and disappears in an instant, and you find yourself under the roof of the railway station, with your blood in a ferment and your head in confusion.

An omnibus, as large as a railway carriage, carried me to the nearest hotel, in which, as I entered, I heard Italian spoken. I confess that I experienced as much pleasure at the sound of my native tongue, as if I had found myself after a year of travel at an interminable distance from Italy. It was, however, a pleasure of short duration. A waiter, the one whom I had heard speaking, accompanied me to my room, and becoming aware by my smile that I was one of his compatriots, asked me with charming grace:

"Do you finish from arriving?"

"Finish from arriving?" I asked, in turn, opening wide my eyes with astonishment.

It is best to make a note of the fact here, that in Spanish the word *acabar* (to finish doing a thing) corresponds with the *French* expression—*venir de la faire.*

This accounts for my not understanding what the man wished to say.

"Yes," replied the waiter, "I ask if the cabellero has just descended this very hour from the iron road?"

"This very hour! iron road! but what kind of Italian do you speak, my friend?"

He was slightly disconcerted, but I afterward learned that at Barcelona there are a great number of hotel waiters, café employés, cooks, and servants of every description who are Piedmontese, the majority of them from Navarre, who went to Spain as boys and who speak that horrible jargon, a mixture of French, Italian, Castilian, Catalan and Piedmontese, not with the Spanish, be it understood, because they have all learned the Spanish, but with Italian travellers, in this way, for amusement, just to show that they have not forgotten their native tongue. So that I heard many Catalans say: "Ah, there is very little difference between your language and ours!" I should think so! They might also add what a Castilian chorister said to me, in a tone of benevolent superiority, on board the boat that took me five months later to Marseilles: "The Italian language is the most beautiful of the dialects which have been formed from ours!"

Scarcely had I rid myself of the traces of the "*horrible nuit*" which the crossing of the Pyrenees had left upon me, before I dashed out of the hotel

and began roaming about the streets. Barcelona is, in appearance, the least Spanish city of Spain. There are large buildings, of which few are old, long streets, regular squares, shops, theatres, great superb cafés, and a continuous coming and going of people, carriages and carts from the shores of the sea to the heart of the city, and from here to the distant quarters, as at Genoa, Naples and Marseilles. A broad, straight street called the *Rambla*, shaded by two rows of trees, crosses nearly the entire city from the harbor up. A spacious promenade, lined with new houses, extends along the sea-shore, on a high-walled dyke, in the shape of a terrace, against which the waves dash ; an immense suburb, almost a new city, stretches along the north, and on every side new houses break the old boundary lines, are scattered over the fields, on the hillsides, and extend in interminable lines as far as the neighboring villages. On all the surrounding heights, rise villas, little palaces, and factories, which dispute the ground, jostle each other, appearing one behind the other until they form a great wreath around the city. On every side there is manufacturing, transforming and renovating. The people work and prosper, and Barcelona flourishes.

It was during the last days of the Carnival. The streets were traversed by long processions of giants, devils, princes, Moors, warriors, and a troop of certain figures, which I had the misfortune to meet everywhere, who were dressed in yellow, with a long cane in their hands, at the top of which was tied a purse that they poked under everyone's nose, into all the shops, windows, even up to the balconies of the first floors of the houses, asking for alms in the name of I know not whom, but destined, proba-

PORT OF BARCELONA.

bly, for some classical revel on the last night of the Carnival. The most curious thing which I saw was the masquerade of the children. It is the custom to dress the boys under eight, some as men, in the French style, in complete evening dress, with white gloves, great mustaches and long hair; some as grandees of Spain, covered with ribbons and trinkets; others as Catalan peasants, with cap and mantle; the girls as court ladies, amazons, poetesses, with the lyre and crown of laurel: and both, too, in the costumes of the various provinces of the state; some as flower-girls of Valencia, some as Andalusian gypsies, others as Basque mountaineers, altogether the oddest and most picturesque dresses that can be imagined; and the parents lead them by the hand on the promenade, so that it is like a rivalry of good taste, phantasy and luxury, in which the people take part with the greatest delight.

While I was seeking the street which would lead me to the cathedral, I met a troop of Spanish soldiers. I stopped to look at them, comparing them with the picture which Baretti draws of them when he talks of their assault upon him in the hotel, one taking the salad off his plate, and another dragging the side bone of a fowl from his mouth. One must confess that from that time to the present they are much changed. At first sight, one would take them for French soldiers, as they, too, wear the red trousers, and a gray jacket which falls to the knee. The only notable difference is the head covering. The Spaniards wear a cap of a particular pattern, crushed at the back, curved in front, and furnished with a vizor which folds over the forehead. This cap is made of gray cloth, and is hard, light and graceful, bearing the name of its inventor, Ros de

Olano, general and poet, who modeled it after his own hunting hat. The majority of the soldiers whom I saw, all of the infantry, were young, short of stature, dark, quick and clean, as one is accustomed to imagine the soldiers of an army which formerly possessed the lightest and most vigorous infantry of Europe. Even to-day the Spanish infantry has the reputation of being the most indefatigable walkers and most rapid runners ; they are grave, proud, and full of a national pride, of which it is impossible to form an adequate idea without having seen them near to. The officers wear a short, black coat, like those of the Italian officers, which, when off duty, they generally throw open, thereby displaying a vest buttoned to the throat. In their leisure hours they never carry their swords ; during the marches, like the soldiers, they wear a pair of black cloth gaiters, which nearly reach the knee. A regiment of infantry, in complete equipment of war, presents a sight both graceful and warlike.

The cathedral of Barcelona, in the Gothic style, surmounted by bold towers, is worthy of a place by the most beautiful of Spain. The interior is formed by three vast naves, divided by two rows of very high pilasters, slender and graceful in form ; the choir, placed in the centre of the church, is ornamented by a profusion of bassi-relievi, filagrees and figures ; under the sanctuary is a subterranean chapel, always lighted, in the centre of which is the tomb of Saint Eulalia, which can be seen through several little windows opening around the sanctuary. Tradition relates that the murderers of the saint (who was very beautiful) wished to see her nude form before giving her the death blow ; but while they were removing the last veil, a thick mist cov-

ered her and hid her completely from view. Her body is still intact and as fresh as during life, and there is no human eye which can bear the sight of it; once, an incautious bishop, who, at the end of the last century, wished to uncover the tomb and see the sacred remains, became blind while in the act of looking at them. In a little chapel on the right of the high altar, lighted by many little jets, one sees a Christ on the cross, in colored wood, leaning a trifle to one side. It is said that this Christ was on a Spanish ship at the battle of Lepanto, and that it was bent in this manner in trying to avoid a cannon ball, which it saw coming straight toward its heart. From the roof of the same chapel is suspended a little galley, with all its oars, built in imitation of that upon which Don John of Austria fought against the Turks. Under the organ, in Gothic style, covered with tapestry, hangs an enormous Saracen's head, with open mouth, from which, in ancient times, sweetmeats rained down for children. In the other chapels there are a beautiful marble tomb, and some praiseworthy paintings of Villadomat, a Barcelonian painter of the seventeenth century. The church is dark and mysterious. A cloister rises beside it, upheld by superb pilasters formed of slender columns and surmounted by capitals overloaded with statuettes, which represent scenes from the Old and New Testaments. In the cloister, in the church, in the little square which stretches out before them, in the small streets that run around them, is an air of melancholy peace, which attracts and saddens one like the garden of a cemetery. A group of horrible bearded old women guard the door.

In the city, after visiting the cathedral, no other

great monuments of interest remain to be seen. In the Square of the Constitution are two palaces called *Casa de la Deputacion* and *Casa Concistorial*, the first of the sixteenth century, the other of the fourteenth, which still retain some portions worthy of note, the one a court, the other a door. On one side of the *Casa de la Deputacion* there is a rich Gothic façade of the Chapel of St. George. There is a palace of the Inquisition, with a dismal court, and little windows with heavy bars, and secret doors; but this is nearly all restored in old style. There still remain several enormous Roman columns, in the Street of Paradise, which are lost in the midst of modern houses, surrounded by tortuous staircases and dark rooms. There is nothing else which could claim the attention of an artist. In compensation for this, there are fountains with rostral columns, pyramids, statues; boulevards lined with villas, gardens, cafés, hotels; a bull circus capable of holding ten thousand spectators; a suburb which extends along a promontory that shuts in the harbor, built with the symmetry of a chess-board, and inhabited by ten thousand sailors; many libraries; a very rich museum of natural history, and a building containing archives, which is one of the largest depositories of historical documents from the ninth century to the present day, that is to say, from the first Counts of Catalonia to the War of the Independence.

Outside the city one of the most notable things is the cemetery, a half hour's drive from the gates, situated in the centre of a vast plain. Seen from the exterior, on the side of the entrance, it looks like a garden, and makes one hasten his steps with an almost cheerful feeling of curiosity. But scarcely has one crossed the portal ere he stands before a novel

and indescribable spectacle, quite different from that for which he was prepared. The stranger finds himself in the midst of a silent city, traversed by long, deserted streets, flanked by straight walls of equal height, shut in at the end by other walls. He goes on and reaches a cross-road, and beyond he sees streets, other walls and other distant cross-roads. It seems like being in Pompeii. The dead are placed in the walls, lengthwise, arranged in different rows, like the books in a library. For every casket there is a corresponding species of niche in the wall, in which is written the name of the person buried; where no one is buried, the niche bears the written word, *Propriedad*, which signifies that the place has been purchased. The majority of the niches are enclosed by glass, others by gratings, some by a fine wire netting, and contain a great variety of objects, placed there in honor of the dead by their respective families, such as photographs, little altars, pictures, embroideries, artificial flowers, and, not infrequently, trifles which were dear to them in life, ribbons, necklaces, children's playthings, books, pins and small pictures,—a thousand things that recall home and the family, and indicate the profession of those to whom they belonged; so that one cannot look at them without a feeling of tenderness. From time to time one sees one of these niches empty and all dark within—a sign that a casket is to be placed there during the day. The family of the dead are obliged to pay a certain sum yearly for that space. When they cease to pay, the casket is removed and carried to the common ditch of the cemetery for the poor, which is reached by another street. While I was there, a burial took place; I saw them in the distance placing the ladder and raising the coffin, so I passed

on. One night a crazy man hid in one of those empty vaults ; the custodian of the cemetery passed with a lantern ; the madman uttered a fearful shriek, and the poor guardian fell to the ground as if struck by lightning, and was seized by an illness which caused his death. In an empty niche I saw a beautiful lock of blonde hair, which had belonged to a young girl of fifteen who had been drowned, and to it was attached a card on which was written : *Querida !* (Dear one !) At every step one sees something which touches the heart and mind. All those objects produce the effect of a confused murmur of voices belonging to mothers, wives, children and old people, which seem to say in a suppressed tone : " It is I ! Look ! " At every cross-road rise statues, little temples and obelisks, with inscriptions in honor of the citizens of Barcelona who performed deeds of charity during the siege of the yellow fever in 1821 and 1870.

This portion of the cemetery, built, if one may so express himself, like a city, belongs to the middle class of the people, and holds, within, two vast divisions ; one destined for the poor, bare and planted with great black crosses ; the other set apart for the rich, larger even than the first, cultivated like a garden, surrounded by chapels, rich, varied and superb. In the midst of a forest of willows and cypresses, rise on every side columns, shafts, enormous tombs, and marble chapels overloaded with sculpture, surmounted by bold figures of archangels, which raise their arms to Heaven, pyramids, groups of statues, and monuments, large as houses, which overtop the highest trees. Between the monuments are bushes, gratings, and flower beds, and at the entrance, between this and the other cemetery, there is a superb marble

church, surrounded by columns, half hidden by the trees, which nobly prepares the soul for the magnificent spectacle of the interior. On leaving this garden, one crosses once more the deserted streets of the necropolis, which seem more silent and sad than at one's first entrance. Having passed the portal, one greets again with pleasure the variegated houses of the suburbs of Barcelona, scattered over the country like advance guards placed there to announce the fact that the populous city is stretching out and advancing.

From the cemetery to the café is indeed a leap; but in travelling one must needs take even longer ones. The cafés of Barcelona, like almost all the cafés of Spain, consist of one immense saloon, ornamented with great mirrors, and as many tables as it will hold, of which, by the way, one rarely remains empty even for a single half hour during the day. In the evening they are so crowded that one is often forced to wait quite a time in order to procure even a little place near the door. Around every table there is a circle of five or six *caballeros*, with the *capa* over their shoulders (this is a mantle of dark cloth, furnished with a large hood, which is worn instead of our capeless cloak), and in every circle they are playing dominoes. It is the favorite game of the Spanish. In the cafés, from twilight until midnight, one hears the dull, continuous, deafening sound, like the noise of hailstones, from thousands of markers turned and returned by a hundred hands, so that one is almost obliged to raise his voice in order to make himself heard by the person sitting near him. The customary beverage is chocolate, most delicious in Spain, served, as a rule, in little cups; it is thick as juniper preserve, and hot

enough to burn one's throat. One of these little cups, with a drop of milk, and a peculiar, very soft cake, which is called *bollo* (chocolate tablet), is a breakfast fit for Lucullus. Between one *bollo* and the other I made my studies of the Catalan character, talking with all the *Don Fulanos* (a name as sacred in Spain as Tizio with us) who were kind enough not to mistake me for a spy sent from Madrid to ferret out the secrets in the Catalonian air.

People in those days were much excited about politics. It happened to me several times when speaking most innocently of a newspaper, a person, or any fact to the *caballero* who accompanied me, in the café, shop or theatre, to feel my foot touched and hear some one whisper in my ear : " Be careful, the gentleman at your right is a Carlist. Hush, that man is a republican, the other a Sagastino ; the one beside you is a radical," etc., etc. Every one talked politics. I found a furious Carlist in a barber who, discovering from my pronunciation that I was a compatriot of the king, tried to draw me into a discussion. I did not say a word, because he was shaving me, and a resentment of my national pride might have caused the first bloodshed of the civil war ; but the barber persisted, and not knowing any other way of beginning the argument, he said at last, in a gracious tone : " Do you know, caballero, that if there arose a war between Italy and Spain, Spain would not be afraid ? "

" I am perfectly convinced of it," I replied, out of regard for the razor. Then he assured me that France would declare war with Italy as soon as Germany was paid ; there is no escape from it. I made no response. He was silent for a moment, and finally said maliciously : " Great events will oc-

cur before long!" The Barcelonese were pleased, however, that the king had presented himself to them in such a quiet and confident manner, and the common people remember with admiration his entrance into the city. I found sympathy for the king even in those who murmured between their teeth: "He is not Spanish," or, as one of them said to me: "Do you think a Castilian king would do well at Rome?" a question to which one must answer: "I do not understand politics —" and the discussion is finished.

But really the most implacable are the Carlists. They say disgraceful things of our revolution in the most perfect good faith; being for the greater part convinced that the real king of Italy is the Pope, that Italy wishes him, and has bowed her head under the sword of Victor Emanuel, because there was nothing else to do; but that she is waiting for a propitious occasion in order to liberate herself, as the Bourbons and others have done. The following anecdote may serve to prove it. I quote it as I heard it narrated, without the slightest desire to wound the person who was the principal actor. Once a young Italian, whom I know intimately, was presented to one of the most highly esteemed ladies of the city, and received with perfect courtesy. Several Italians were present. The lady spoke with much sympathy of Italy, thanked the young man for the enthusiasm he displayed for Spain, maintained, in a word, a bright and charming conversation with her appreciative guest for nearly the entire evening. Suddenly she asked him: "In returning to Italy in what city shall you settle?"

"In Rome," replied the young man.

"To defend the Pope?" asked the lady, with the most perfect frankness.

The young man looked at her, and ingenuously replied, with a smile: "No, indeed!"

That *No* gave rise to a tempest. The lady forgot that the young man was Italian and her guest, and broke out into such furious invectives against Victor Emanuel, the Piedmontese government, Italy (beginning from the entrance of the army into Rome, until the War of the Marshes and Umbria), that the unfortunate stranger became as white as a sheet. But controlling himself he made no reply, and left to the other Italians, who were old friends, the task of sustaining the honor of their country. The discussion lasted for a time and was very fiery; the lady discovered that she had allowed herself to go too far, and showed that she regretted it; but it was still very evident from her words that she was convinced, and with her who knows how many others! that the union of Italy had been compassed against the will of the Italian people, by Piedmont and the king, from a desire for dominion and from a hatred to religion, etc.

The common people, however, are republican in their feelings, and as they have the reputation of being quicker to act than those who promise more, they are held in fear. When they wish to spread the rumor of an approaching revolution in Spain, they begin to say it will break out in Barcelona, or that it is about to break out there, or that it has already broken out there.

The Catalans do not wish to be classed with the Spaniards of other provinces. "We are Spaniards," they say, "but, be it understood, of Catalonia;" a people, in short, who work and think, and to whose

ears the sound of mechanical instruments is more grateful than the music of a guitar. "We do not envy Andalusia her romantic fame, the praises of the poets nor the illustrations of painters. We content ourselves with being the most serious and industrious people of Spain." They speak of the affairs of their brothers in the south as the Piedmontese once talked (now less frequently) of the Neapolitans and the Tuscans:

"Yes, they have talent, imagination, they talk well and are amusing; but we have, as a counterbalance, greater strength of will, greater aptitude for scientific studies, a greater degree of popular education, * * * and then * * * character."

I heard a Catalan, a man of genius and learning, lament that the War of the Independence had fraternized too thoroughly the different provinces of Spain, because it happened that the Catalans contracted a portion of the defects of the south without these people having acquired any of the good qualities of the Catalans.

"We have become," he said, "lighter headed," and he refused to be comforted.

A shopkeeper, of whom I asked what he thought of the character of the Castilians, replied very brusquely that in *his* opinion it would be a good thing for Catalonia if there were no railway between Barcelona and Madrid, because business with that people corrupted the character and customs of the Catalans. When they speak of a loquacious deputy they say:

"Oh, yes, he is an Andalusian."

Then they ridicule their poetic language, their softened pronunciation, their infantile gaiety, vanity and effeminacy. And the Andalusians, in their turn,

speak of the Catalans as a capricious, literary and artistic young lady would talk of one of those housewifely girls who would rather read the Genoese cookbook than the romances of George Sand. They are a hard people, they say, all alike, who have no head for anything but arithmetic and mechanics,—barbarians who would make a press of the statue of Montanes, and a wax cloth of one of Murillo's canvases—real Spanish Bœotians, who are insupportable with their wretched jargon, crustiness and their pedantic gravity.

Catalonia is, in fact, perhaps the Spanish province which is of the least account in the history of the fine arts. The only poet, not great, but celebrated, who was born at Barcelona, is Juan Boscan, who flourished at the beginning of the sixteenth century, and was the first to introduce into Spanish literature the hendeca syllable, ballad, sonnet, and all the forms of the lyric Italian poetry, of which he was a passionate admirer. Upon what is dependent a great transformation, like this one, of the entire literature of a people? Did it arise from the fact that Boscan went to live at Granada when the Court of Charles V was there, and that he made the acquaintance there of an ambassador of the republic of Venice, Andrea Navagero, who knew by heart the verses of Petrarch, and in reciting them said to him:

"It seems to me as if you Spaniards might write like this? Try!"

Boscan made the attempt; all the literati of Spain cried out against him. They said that the Italian verse was not sonorous, that the poetry of Petrarch was mawkishly effeminate, that Spain did not need to write down her poetic inspirations on the ruled lines of any one. But Boscan remained firm. Gar-

cilaso della Vega, the valorous cavalier, a friend of his, who afterward received the glorious title of Malherbe of Spain, followed his example. The body of reformers increased little by little, became an army, and finally conquered and governed the entire literature. The true reformer was Garcilaso, but Boscan had the merit of the first idea, and thus Barcelona the honor of having given to Spain the person who changed the style of its literature.

During the few days of my stay at Barcelona, I used to pass the evening with some of the young Catalans in walking on the sea-shore in the moonlight until late at night. They all knew a little Italian and were very fond of our poetry ; so for hours together we did nothing but declaim, they from Zorilla, Espronceda and Lopez de Vega, I from Foscolo, Berchet and Manzoni, each in turn in a sort of rivalry to see who would repeat the most beautiful verse. It is a novel experience, that of trying to recite extracts from our poets in a foreign country. When I saw my Spanish friends listening attentively to the narrative of the battle of Maclodio, become moved little by little, and then so excited that they seized me by the arm and exclaimed with a Castilian accent which made their words dearer still, "Beautiful! sublime!" I felt my blood stirred with emotion, and if it had been daylight they would have seen me turn pale as a ghost. They recited poems in the Catalan language. I say language because it has a history and literature of its own, and was not relegated to the state of a dialect until political predominance was assumed by Castile, who imposed her idiom, as the general one, upon the State. Although it is a harsh language, all clipped words, disagreeable at first to one who has not a delicate

ear, it has, nevertheless, many notable qualities, of which the popular poets have made admirable use as it lends itself particularly to imitative harmony. A poem which they recited to me, the first lines of which imitate the measured sound of a railway train, drew forth an exclamation of surprise. Yet without explanations, even to those familiar with Spanish, the Catalan is unintelligible. They speak rapidly, with closed teeth, without aiding the voice by gestures, so that it is difficult to catch the meaning of ever so simple a sentence, and quite an affair if one is able even to understand a word here and there. Yet even the lower classes can speak Castilian when it is necessary, although with difficulty and entirely without grace, but still decidedly better than the common people of the northern provinces of Italy do the Italian. Not even the cultivated people in Catalonia speak the national language perfectly; the Castilian recognizes the Catalan first, aside from the pronunciation, by the voice, and above all by the use of illegitimate phrases. For this reason, a stranger who goes to Spain laboring under the delusion that he speaks the language well may preserve his illusion as long as he remains in Catalonia, but when he gets into Castile and hears for the first time that burst of *bon-mots*, that profusion of proverbs, subtle and telling idioms, which make him stand open-mouthed from amazement (like Alfieri before the Mona Vocaboliera when she talked to him of stockings), farewell all illusions!

The last evening I went to the Liceo, which has the reputation of being one of the most beautiful theatres in Europe, and perhaps the largest. It was filled from the pit to the gallery, so that not another hundred people could have found place. From the

box in which I sat, the ladies on the opposite side looked as small as children, and in half closing the eyes they only appeared like so many white lines, one for every tier of boxes, tremulous and glistening like an immense garland of camelias bejeweled with dew and stirred by a light breeze. The boxes, which are very large, are divided by a partition that slopes from the wall to the parapet, leaving the persons seated in the front chairs partly exposed to view, so that the theatre seems to be built in galleries, and thus acquires an air of lightness which is very beautiful. Everything projects, everything is uncovered, the light strikes everywhere, and all the spectators see each other. The passages are spacious, so that people come and go and turn at ease on every side, can look at each lady from a thousand points of view, may pass from gallery to box, from box to gallery, promenade, gather in circles, and wander around all the evening, here and there, without coming in collision with a living soul. The other portions of the building are in proportion with the principal one, corridors, staircases, landings and vestibules suitable for a grand palace. There are ball-rooms immense and gorgeous, in which one could put another theatre. Yet here, where the good Barcelonians ought to think of nothing but amusement after the fatigues of the day, in the contemplation of their beautiful and superb women, even here these good people buy, sell and traffic like lost souls. In the corridors there is a continuous coming and going of bank agents, office clerks, bearers of despatches, and a ceaseless hum of voices like that of a market. What barbarians! How many handsome faces, how many beautiful eyes, what stupendous heads of dark hair in that

crowd of women! In olden times, the young Catalans, in order to captivate the hearts of their innamorate, joined a fraternity of scourgers and went under their windows with a metallic whip to make the blood gush through their skin, and the fair ones encouraged them by saying:

"Go on beating yourself, that's right; now I love you, now I am yours!" How many times that evening I was ready to exclaim: "Gentlemen, in the name of charity, give *me* a metallic whip!"

The following morning before sunrise, I started for Saragossa, and, to tell the truth, not without a feeling of sadness in leaving Barcelona, although I had only been there a few days. This city, despite of the fact that it is anything but *la flor de las bellas ciudades del mundo*, as Cervantes called it, this city of traffic and storage, disdained by poets and painters, pleased me, and its busy people inspired me with a feeling of respect. Then, too, it is always sad to leave a city, although a foreign one, with the certainty of never seeing it again! It is like bidding farewell forever to a travelling companion with whom one has passed an agreeable twenty-four hours; he is not a friend, yet you seem to love him like one, and you will remember him all through life with a feeling of desire more lively than you would experience toward many of those to whom you give the name of friends. Turning to look once more at the city from the little window of the railway carriage, the words of Don Alvares Tarfe in Don Quixote came to my lips: "Farewell, Barcelona, the home of courtesy, refuge for strangers, country of the valiant, farewell!"—and I added sorrowfully: "Here is the first leaf torn from the rose-colored book of travel! Thus everything

passes. . . . Another city, then another, then another, . . . and then? . . . I shall return home, and the journey will have been like a dream, and it will not seem as if I had been away at all. . . . Then? . . . Another journey. . . . New cities, again sad farewells, and once more a recollection vague as a dream. . . . Then?" It is very unfortunate for any one to allow such thoughts to take possession of him on a journey! Look at the sky and the country, repeat poetry and smoke.

Adios, Barcelona, Archivo de la Cortesia!

CHAPTER II.

SARAGOSSA.

A FEW miles from Barcelona one begins to see the indented rocks of the famous Montserrat, a strange mountain which at first sight gives rise to the idea of an optical illusion, so difficult is it to believe that nature can ever have had so extravagant a caprice. Imagine a series of slender triangles which touch each other, like those made by children to represent a chain of mountains; or a pointed crown stretched out like the blade of a saw; or so many sugar loaves placed in a row, and you will have an idea of the shape in which Montserrat appears at a distance. It is a collection of immense cones which rise side by side, one above another, or, better still, one single huge mountain formed by a hundred others, split from top to bottom almost to a third of its height, so that it presents two great summits, around which are grouped the smaller ones; the highest portions are arid and inaccessible; the lower, covered with pines, oaks, arbutus and juniper; broken here and there by immense grottos and frightful chasms, and scattered with hermitages which are seen on the airy crags and in the deep gorges. In the opening of the mountain, between the two principal peaks, rises the old Convent of the Benedictines, where Ignatius Loyola

meditated in his youth. Fifty thousand people, between pilgrims and tourists, go every year to visit the convent and grottos; and on the eighth day of September a fête is celebrated there at which a multitude of people from every part of Catalonia gather.

A short time before reaching the station where one leaves the train to climb the mountain, a crowd of boys burst into the carriage. They were accompanied by a priest, and belonged to a college of some, to me unknown, village, and were going to the Convent of Montserrat on an excursion. They were all Catalans, with pretty pink and white faces and large eyes. Each one had a basket containing bread and fruit. Some carried sketch books, others opera glasses; they laughed and talked, tumbled around and enjoyed themselves generally. Though I paid the strictest attention with ear and brain I could not catch one single word of that wretched lingo in which they were chattering. I began a conversation with the priest who, after exchanging a few words with me, said:

"Look, sir, that boy there," pointing to one of the number, "knows all the poetry of Horace by heart; that other one solves the most difficult problems of arithmetic; this one was born for philosophy," and so he continued to point out the particular gift of each one.

Suddenly he stopped and cried: "Beretina!" All the boys took from their pockets the little red Catalan caps, and giving a shout of joy put them on their heads; some so far back that they fell over the nape of the neck; others quite forward until they covered the end of the nose, and at a sign of disapproval from the priest, those who had them on the nape of the neck pulled them over their noses, and

those who had them over their noses drew them back to the nape of the neck. Such laughs, exclamations and hand-clappings as they indulged in! I approached one of the most frolicsome, and for a joke, feeling certain that it would be like talking to a wall, I asked him in Italian :

"Is this the first time you have made an excursion to Montserrat?"

The boy was silent for a moment, and then replied very slowly :

"I — have — already — been — there — several — times."

"Oh, dear child!" I cried, with a feeling of contentment difficult to imagine, "where have you learned Italian?"

Here the priest interrupted me to say that the father of that boy had lived several years at Naples. While I was turning toward my little Catalan to begin a conversation, a wretched whistle and then a disagreeable cry : "Olesa!" which is the village from which the ascent of the mountain is made, cut short the words on my lips. The priest bowed, the boys dashed out of the carriage, and the train started. I put my head out of the window to salute my little friend :

"A pleasant walk!" I cried, and he, detaching each syllable, replied :

"A—di—o!"

Some one may laugh at hearing these trifles recalled, yet they are the greatest pleasures one experiences in travelling!

The city and villages which one sees in crossing Catalonia in the direction of Arragon are almost all inhabited and flourishing, and surrounded by houses of industry, factories, and buildings in process of con-

struction, from whence are seen, rising on every side beyond the trees, dense columns of smoke, and at every station, a coming and going of peasants and merchants. The country is an alternate succession of cultivated plains, gentle slopes and picturesque little valleys, covered with groves and crowned by old castles as far as the village of Cervera. Here one begins to see great stretches of arid territory, with a few scattered houses which announce the neighborhood of Arragon; then as suddenly enters a smiling valley, covered with olive trees, vines, mulberry and fruit trees, scattered with villages and villas; on one side the high peaks of the Pyrenees appear; on the other, Arragonese Mountains; Lerida, the glorious city of ten sieges, stretched along the banks of the Segra on the slope of a beautiful hill; and all around a luxuriant vegetation, a variety of views, and a magnificent spectacle. It is the last sight of Catalonian country; a few moments later one enters Arragon.

Arragon! How many vague histories of wars, of bandits, queens, poets, heroes, and famous loves this sonorous name recalls to one's mind! And what a profound feeling of sympathy and respect! The old, noble, and proud Arragon, upon whose forehead shines the most splendid ray of Spain's glory, upon whose century-old shield stands written in characters of blood: "Liberty and Valor." When the world bowed beneath the yoke of tyranny, the people of Arragon said to their kings by the mouth of the chief justice: "We, who are your equals and more powerful than you, have chosen you to be our lord and king with the understanding that you preserve our rights and liberties, otherwise not." And the kings kneeled before the

majesty of the magistrate of the people, and took their oath on the sacred formula. In the midst of the barbarities of the mediæval ages the proud Arragonese knew nought of torture; secret tribunals were banished from their codes; all its institutions protected the liberty of the citizen, and the law had absolute dominion. They descended, ill-fitted for the restricted country of the mountains, from Sobrarbe to Huesca, from Huesca to Saragossa, and entered the Mediterranean as conquerors. Joined with strong Catalonia, they redeemed from Arabic mastery the Balearics and Valencia, fought at Murat for their outraged rights and violated consciences, subdued the adventurers of the house of Anjou, depriving them of their Italian territory, broke the chains of the harbor of Marseilles, which still hang from the walls of their temples, became masters of the sea from the Gulf of Taranto to the straits of the Gualdalquiver with the ships of Ruggero di Lauria, subdued the Bosphorus with the ships of Ruggero di Flor; from Rosas to Catania they traversed the Mediterranean on the wings of victory; and as if the west were too confined a space for their greatness, they went to inscribe on the heights of Olympus, on the stones of Pireus, on the superb mountains which are near by the gates of Asia, the immortal name of their country.

These thoughts (although not quite in the same words, because I did not have before me a certain book of Emilio Castelar) revolved in my mind as I entered Arragon. And the first thing which presented itself to my eyes on the bank of the Cinca was the little village of Monzon, noted for the famous assemblies of the Cortes and for the alternate assaults and defenses of the Spanish and French,—a fate which was

common during the War of the Independence to almost all the villages of those provinces. Monzon lies at the foot of a formidable mountain, upon which rises a castle black, gloomy and enormous enough to have been conceived by the most tyrannical of the feudal chiefs who wished to condemn to a life of terror the most hated of the villages. The same *guide* stops before this monstrous edifice and breaks out into an exclamation of timid surprise. There is not, I think, in all Spain, another village, another mountain, another castle which better represents the terrified submission of an oppressed people and the perpetual menace of a ferocious master. A giant who holds a child to the ground with his knee on its breast is but a poor simile with which to give an idea of the thing, and such was the impression it produced upon me that, though knowing nothing of drawing, I tried to sketch, to the best of my ability, the landscape, so that it should not escape from my memory; and while scratching away, I composed the first verse of a lugubrious ballad.

After passing Monzon, the Arragonese country is nothing but a vast plain, enclosed in the distance by long chains of reddish hills, with a few miserable villages and some solitary heights on which stand the blackened ruins of an ancient castle. Arragon, formerly so flourishing under her kings, is now one of the poorest provinces of Spain. Only on the banks of the Ebro and along the famous canal which extends from Judela, for eighteen leagues, nearly to Saragossa, and serves at the same time as a means of irrigation for the fields and a mode of transportation for merchandise, has commerce any life; in the other portions it is languishing or dead. The railway stations are deserted; when

the train stops, no other voice is to be heard than that of some old troubadour who twangs the guitar and sings a monotonous song, which one hears again at the other stations and then in the Arragonese cities, different in words, but with the same everlasting melody. As there was nothing to see out of the window, I turned to my fellow-travellers.

The carriage was full of people ; and as the second-class carriages in Spain have no compartments, we were forty in number, counting men and women, all in sight of each other—priests, nuns, boys, servants and other personages who might have been merchants, or employés, or secret agents of Don Carlos. The priests smoked, as is the custom in Spain, their cigarettes, most amiably offering their tobacco boxes and papers to their neighbors. Others ate voraciously, passing from one to the other a species of bladder which, on being pressed with both hands, sent out spurts of wine ; others were reading the newspaper and frowning as a sign of deep meditation. A Spaniard, when he is in company, never puts into his mouth a bit of orange, a piece of cheese, or a mouthful of bread, until he has invited every one to eat with him ; for this reason, I saw fruit, bread, sardines and glasses of wine passed right under my nose, and I know not what beside, everything accompanied by a polite :

"Does it please you to eat with me?" To which I replied :

"No, thanks," against my will, for I was as hungry as the Count Ugolino.

In front of me, her feet really touching mine, sat a nun, who was young, to judge from her chin, which was the only part of the face visible below the veil,

and from a hand which lay carelessly on her knee. I watched her for more than an hour, hoping that she would raise her face, but she remained as immovable as a statue. Yet from her attitude it was easy to judge that she had to exercise great self-control in order to resist the natural desire to look around her; and for this reason she awakened in me a feeling of admiration. What constancy!—I thought—what strength of will! What power of sacrifice, even in the smallest things! What noble disdain for human vanities! While immersed in these thoughts, my eyes fell upon her hand,—it was a small white hand, and I thought it seemed to move; I look more closely, and see that it stretches itself slowly out of the sleeve, spreads the fingers, and rests a little forward on the knee so that it hangs down, and it turns a little to one side, is gathered in and reëxtended again. Heavens and earth! Anything but disdain for the human vanities. It was impossible to deceive oneself any longer. All that manœuvring had been gone through to show the little hand! Yet she never raised her head while she sat there, and never allowed her face to be seen when she left the carriage! Oh the inscrutable depths of the feminine soul!

It was foreordained that during that trip I should meet no other friends than priests. An old priest, of benevolent aspect, addressed me, and we began a conversation which lasted almost to Saragossa. At the beginning, when I told him I was an Italian, he seemed a trifle suspicious, thinking me perhaps one of those who had broken the locks of the Quirinal, but having informed him that I did not interest myself in politics, he became reassured and talked with fullest confidence. We fell upon literature. I

repeated to him all the *Pentecost* of Manzoni, which threw him into ecstasies ; he recited to me a poem of the celebrated Luis de Leon, a writer of religious poetry in the sixteenth century ; so we became friends. When we reached Zoera, the last station but one before arriving at Saragossa, he rose, bowed to me, and, with his foot on the step, suddenly turned and whispered in my ear : "Be prudent with the women, for they lead to evil consequences in Spain." Then he got down and stopped to see the train start, and raising his hand in sign of paternal admonition, he said once more : "Be prudent !"

I reached Saragossa late at night, and in getting out of the train I was instantly struck with the peculiar cadence with which the porters, coachmen and boys were speaking as they disputed over my valise. In Arragon it may be said that the Castilian is spoken even by the most ordinary people, although with some defects and some rudeness, but to the Spaniard of the Castiles a half word is sufficient for the recognition of the Arragonese, and there is no Castilian, in fact, who does not know how to imitate that accent and ridicule it occasionally for what is rough and monotonous in it, almost as they do in Tuscany with the Lucca manner of speaking.

I entered the city with a certain feeling of tremulous reverence ; the terrible fame of Saragossa had its effect upon me ; my conscience almost pricked me for having so many times profaned its name in the school of rhetoric, when I cast it, as a challenge, in the faces of tyrants. The streets were dark ; I could only see the black outlines of the roofs and the bell towers against the starry sky, and I only heard the sound of the hotel omnibuses as they were moving

off. At certain turns of the street I seemed to see daggers and gun-stocks gleaming at the windows, and to hear the distant cries of the wounded. I would have given, I know not how much, if day would only break, in order that I might satisfy the intense curiosity with which I was possessed to visit one by one those streets, squares and houses famed for desperate struggles and horrible murders, depicted by so many painters, sung by so many poets, and dreamed of by me so many times before leaving Italy, as I said to myself with joy: "I shall see it!" When I finally reached my hotel, I looked closely at the waiter who showed me to my room, smiling amiably at him, as if to say: "I am not an intruder; spare me!" and having given a glance at a large portrait of Don Amadeus hung on the wall of the hallway in one corner, a particular compliment to Italian travellers, I went to bed, for I was as sleepy as any of my readers may be.

At daybreak I rushed out of the hotel. There was neither a shop, door nor window open, but scarcely was I in the street when I uttered a cry of astonishment. A troop of men were passing, so curiously dressed that at first sight I mistook them for maskers, and then I thought "they are from some theatre, and then, no; they are crazy." Picture to yourself: For a hat they wore a red handkerchief knotted around the head like a ring-shaped cushion, from which issued, above and below, their disordered hair; a woolen blanket in blue and white stripes, arranged in the shape of a mantle, falling almost to the ground like a Roman toga, came next; then a large blue girdle around the waist; a pair of short breeches of black velvet, tight at the knees; white stockings, and a species

of sandal with black ribbons crossed over the instep; and still this artistic variety of dress bore the evident imprint of poverty; yet with this evidence of poverty, a certain something so theatrical, so haughty, so majestic in their bearing and gestures, almost an air of fallen grandees of Spain, which made it doubtful in seeing them whether one ought to pity them, put one's hand in one's purse, or take off one's hat as a token of respect. Yet they are only peasants from the neighborhood of Saragossa. But what I have described is merely one of the thousand varieties of the same style of dress. In walking on, at every step I met a new one; there are dresses in antique fashion, dresses in the new, the elegant and simple ones, those for fêtes and those more severe, each with sashes, handkerchiefs, cravats, and waistcoats of different colors; the women with crinoline and short skirts which allow a bit of the leg to be seen, and the hips raised out of all proportions; the boys, even they, wear striped mantles, handkerchiefs around their head, and assume dramatic attitudes like the men. The first square which I entered was full of these people, divided in groups, some seated on door-steps, some leaning against the corners of the houses, others playing the guitar and singing, many going around collecting alms, in torn and ragged clothes, yet with their heads erect and a proud glance. They seemed like people who had just left a masked ball, where they had represented together a savage tribe from some unknown country. Little by little the shops and houses opened and the Saragossans spread through the streets. The citizens in their dress do not differ from us, but there is something peculiar in their faces. To the gravity of the in-

habitants of Catalonia is added the wide-awake air of the inhabitants of the Castiles, enlivened still more by an expression of pride which is peculiar to the Arragonese blood.

The streets of Saragossa have a gloomy aspect, always sad, as I had pictured them to myself before seeing them. Aside from the *Corso*, which is a broad street that traverses a good part of the city, describing a great semicircular curve,—the *Corso* formerly famous for the races, tournaments and jousts which were celebrated there during the public festivals,—aside from this beautiful, cheerful street, and a few others which have been recently remade and resemble the streets of a French city, the rest are narrow and tortuous, lined with high houses, dark in color, illy furnished with windows, and resembling old fortresses. They are streets which bear an imprint, a character, or, as others say, a stamp peculiar to themselves, which, once seen, is never forgotten. For the rest of our life, when we hear Saragossa named we shall see those walls, doors and windows as if we had them before us. I see at this moment the square of the new Tower, and I could draw house by house and color them, each with its own color; and it seems as if I breathed that air, so vivid are all those figures, and I repeat what I then said: "This square is tremendous"—wherefore, I do not know; it may have been my illusion; it happens with cities as with faces, that each one reads them as he chooses. The squares and streets of Saragossa produced this impression upon me, and at every turn I exclaimed: "This place seems made for a battle," and I looked around as if some thing were lacking,—a barricade, the loopholes and cannons. I felt once more all the emotions which the narrations of the horrible siege

had caused me, and I saw the Saragossa of 1809, and ran from street to street with increasing curiosity, as if in search of the traces of that gigantic struggle which astonished the world. Here, I thought, pointing out to myself the street, must have passed Grandjean's division ; from that point issued perhaps Musnier's division ; from there Marlot's division dashed forth to the combat. Now, let us go forward as far as the corner. Here, I fancy, the assault of the light infantry of the Vistola took place ; another turn : here the Polish light infantry made a dash ; down there the three hundred Spaniards were massacred. At this point the great mine blew into the air a company of the regiment from Valencia. In that corner died General Lacoste, struck by a ball in the forehead. Here are the famous streets of St. Engràcia, St. Monica and St. Augustine, through which the French advanced toward the *Corso*, from house to house, by force of mines and countermines, among the ruins of the enormous walls and smoking timbers, under a shower of balls, grapeshot and stones. Here are the squares and narrow blind alleys, where were fought horrible battles hand to hand, with blows of the bayonette and dagger, scythes and bites ; the barricaded houses defended room by room, amid flames and ruin, the narrow staircases which flowed with blood, the sad courtyards which echoed cries of pain and desperation, were covered with crushed bodies, and witnessed all the horrors of the plague, famine and death.

In passing from street to street, I at last came out in front of the church *Nuestra Señora di Pilar*, the terrible madonna from whom protection and courage were sought by the squalid crowd of soldiers, citizens and women before they went to die on the

bulwarks. The people of Saragossa have preserved for her their old fanaticism, and venerate her with a peculiar feeling of amorous terror, which is intense even in the souls of those to whom any other religious sentiment is foreign. However, from the time you enter the square and raise your eyes toward the church, to the moment when, in going away, you turn to look at it for the last time, be careful not to smile, nor to be guilty, even involuntarily, of an apparent act of irreverence; for there is some one who sees you, watches you, and will follow you if necessary. If all faith is dead in you, prepare your mind, before crossing that sacred threshold, for a confused reawakening of infantile terrors, which few churches in the world have such a power of arousing in the hearts of the coldest and strongest as this one seems to possess.

The first stone of *Nuestra Señora di Pilar* was laid, 1686, in a place where there rose a chapel erected by St. James as a receptacle for the miraculous image of the Virgin, which is still there. It is a building with a rectangular foundation, surmounted by eleven cupolas covered with variegated tiles, which give it a graceful Moorish air, the walls unadorned and dark in color. Enter. It is a huge church, dark, bare and cold, divided into three naves, surrounded by modest chapels. The eye falls instantly upon the sanctuary, which rises in the centre; there is the statue of the Virgin. It is a temple within a temple, which might stand in the middle of the square if the edifice surrounding it were razed to the ground. A circle of beautiful marble columns, placed like ellipses, support a richly-sculptured cupola, open above, and ornamented around the opening with bold figures of

angels and saints. In the centre of the high altar, on the right, the image of St. James ; on the left, at the back, under a silver canopy, which stands out against a large curtain of velvet scattered with stars, amid the gleaming of a thousand votive offerings and in the glow of innumerable lamps, is the famous statue of the Virgin, placed there nineteen centuries ago by St. James. It is cut in wood, worn by time, entirely covered (with the exception of her head and that of the child) by a superb Dalmatica (a tunic for priests). In front, between the columns, around the sanctuary, and in the distance, at the end of the naves of the church, at every point from which the revered image can be seen, kneel the faithful, prostrate, so that their heads almost touch the ground, holding their crucifixes in their hands. There are among them women of the people, workmen, ladies, soldiers and children, and from the different doors of the church there is a continual arrival of people, slowly moving on tiptoe, with the gravest expression of face. In that profound silence not a murmur, not a rustle is heard ; the life of that crowd seems to have been suspended, as if all were waiting for a divine apparition, a hidden, secret voice, or some tremendous revelation from that mysterious sanctuary. Even he who does not believe and is not praying, is forced to fix his eye upon the object upon which all glances are fastened, and the course of his thought is arrested in a species of anxious expectation. Oh, for a sound of that voice! I thought ; oh, for some apparition, even if it were only a word or a sight that would turn me gray from terror, and make me utter such a shriek as was never before heard upon earth, so that I might be freed forever

from this horrible doubt which gnaws at my brain and saddens my life!

I tried to enter the sanctuary, but did not succeed in doing so, for I should have had to pass over the shoulders of a hundred of the faithful, some of whom already began to look furtively at me because I was going around with a note-book and pencil in my hand. I made an effort to go down into the crypt, where are the tombs of the bishops and the urn which holds the heart of the second Don John of Austria, a natural son of Philip IV, but this was not permitted. I asked to see the vestments, gold and jewels which grandees, princes and monarchs of every state and country had scattered at the feet of the Virgin, but I was told that this was not the proper time, and not even in displaying a gleaming *pecéta* could I bribe the honest sacristan. Yet he did not refuse to give me some information concerning the worship of the Virgin when I told him, in order to get into his good graces, that I was born at Rome, in the Borgo Pio, and that from the terrace of my home one could see the windows of the Pope's apartments.

"It is an almost miraculous fact," he said, "and one which could hardly be credited if it were not attested to by tradition, that from the time when the Virgin's statue was placed upon its pedestal until the present day (except at night, when the church is closed) the sanctuary has never been empty for a single moment, in the strictest sense of the word. *Nuestra Señora di Pilar* has never been alone. In the pedestal there is an indentation deep enough to put my head, which has been made by kisses. Not even the Arabs had the courage to prohibit the worship of *Nuestra Señora;* the chapel of St. James was always respected.

"The lightning has fallen into the church, many times near the sanctuary, and even into it, in the midst of the crowded people. Well, let lost souls deny the protection of the Virgin: No one has—ever—been—struck! And the bombshells of the French? They burned and mined many other buildings, but in falling upon the Church of *Nuestra Señora* they produced as little effect as they would have done in striking on the rocks of the Serra Morena. And the French who pillaged on every side, did they have courage enough to touch the treasures of *Nuestra Señora?* One general only allowed himself to take a trifle as a gift for his wife, offering the madonna a rich votive offering in return, but do you know what happened? In his first battle a cannon-ball carried off one of his legs. There does not exist the ghost of a general or king who has ever been able to impose upon *Nuestra Señora.* Then, too, it is written on high that this church will last until the end of the world." * * *

And so he went on in this way until a priest made him a sign from a dark corner of the sacristy, and he bowed to me and disappeared.

Upon leaving the church, my mind filled with the image of that solemn sanctuary, I met a long row of carnival cars, preceded by a band of music, accompanied by a crowd, and followed by a great number of carriages, which were going toward the *Corso.* I do not remember ever having seen more grotesque, more ridiculous, and more extraordinary papier-maché heads than those worn by the maskers; so very absurd were they that, although I was alone and not in the least inclined for gaiety, I could not refrain from laughing, any more than I should have done at the close of a sonnet by Fucini. The

people, however, were silent and serious, the maskers full of gaiety. One would have said that in both the melancholy presentiment of Lent was much stronger than the fleeting joy of carnival. I saw some pretty little faces at the windows, but no type, so far, of that beauty properly called the Spanish, of the *deep tint and the dark eyes full of fire*, which Martinez della Rosa, an exile at London, recalls with such deep sighs among *the beauties of the north.* I passed between the carriages, out through the crowd, drawing upon myself some oaths, which I immediately put down in my note-book, and hastily crossing two or three little streets, I emerged on the square of San Salvador, in front of the Cathedral from which it takes its name and which is also called El Seo, and is richer and more magnificent than *Nuestra Señora di Pilar.*

The Greco-Roman façade, although of majestic proportions, and the high, light tower do not prepare one in the least for the superb spectacle which the interior offers. I entered and found myself immersed in gloom; for an instant the outlines of the edifice were hidden from me; I saw nothing but a few rays of pale light, broken here and there by the columns and arches. Then, little by little, I distinguished five naves, divided by four rows of beautiful Gothic pilasters, the distant walls, and a long series of lateral chapels, all of which filled me with astonishment. It was the first cathedral that corresponded with the idea I had formed of varied and imposing and marvellously-rich Spanish cathedrals. The largest chapel, surmounted by a vast Gothic cupola in the form of a tiara, contains in itself the riches of a great church; the high altar is alabaster, covered with roses, volutes, and ara-

besques ; the roof ornamented with statues ; at the right and left, tombs and urns of princes ; in a corner, the chair upon which the kings of Aragon sat to receive their consecration. The choir rises in the centre of the principal nave, and is a mountain of riches. Its outer circuit, upon which open some little chapels, presented such an incredible variety of statuettes, small columns, bas-reliefs, friezes, and precious stones, that one would need to spend a day there in order to say something at least had been seen. The pilasters of the last two naves, and the arches which curve over the chapels, are overloaded from foundation to ceiling with statues (some large enough to support the edifice on their shoulders), emblems, sculptures, and ornaments of every shape and size. In the chapels there are a profusion of statues, rich altars, regal tombs, busts, and pictures, which, immersed as they are in a half darkness, only offer to the glance a confusion of colors, glittering and vague forms, among which the eye loses itself, and the imagination grows weary. After much running hither and thither, with note-book open and pencil in hand, taking notes and sketching, my head grew confused ; I tore out the arabesqued leaves, promised myself not to write one word, left the church, and began wandering about the city, without seeing anything for a half hour but long dark naves, and statues gleaming at the end of mysterious chapels.

There are moments when the gayest and most impassioned tourist, wandering through the streets of an unknown city, is suddenly seized by such a profound feeling of ennui that if he could, by the utterance of a word, fly back to his home among his own family with the rapidity of a genius of the "Thousand and One Nights," he would utter that

word with a burst of joy. I was attacked with just such a feeling as I was passing through some unknown little street far from the centre of the town, and was almost terrified by it. I recalled with great haste to my mind all the pictures of Madrid, Seville, and Granada, to rouse myself, and reawaken my curiosity and desire ; but these pictures seemed pale and lifeless to me. I was carried back in thought to my home, during the few days previous to my departure, when I was possessed with the fever for travel and could hardly await the hour for starting forth ; yet this thought only served to increase my sadness. The idea of still having to see so many new cities, of having to pass so many nights in hotels, of having to be so long among strangers, depressed me. I asked myself how I could have made up my mind to leave home ; it seemed to me suddenly as if I had gone far, far away from my country, and was in the midst of a desert alone and forgotten by all. I looked around, the street was solitary, I felt a chill at my heart, and the tears almost came to my eyes : "I cannot stay here," I said to myself, "I shall die of melancholy ! I must get back to Italy !" I had not finished saying these words, when I almost burst out into a mad laugh ; at that moment everything resumed life and splendor in my eyes ; I thought of the Castiles and Andalusia with a kind of frantic joy, and shaking my head in a sort of pity for that passing discomfiture, I lighted a cigar, and went on gayer than before.

It was the last day but one of carnival ; through the principal streets, toward evening, one saw a coming and going of maskers, carriages, bands of young men, large families with children, nurses, young girls, two by two; but no disagreeable noise, no broken songs of

the intoxicated, no crushing and crowding disturbed one. From time to time, one felt a light touch at the elbow, but light enough to seem the sign of a friend who wished to indicate his presence, rather than the blow of a careless passer-by; and with this touch on the elbow, the sound of voices so much sweeter than the cries uttered by the Saragossan women of old from the windows of the tottering houses, and more burning than the boiling oil which they poured down upon the invaders! Oh these were not the times of which a Saragossan priest told me a few days ago at Turin, when he assured me that in seven years he had never received the confession of one mortal sin!

That evening at the hôtel I found a half-cracked Frenchman whose equal could not be found, I am sure, under the whole vault of heaven. He was a man about forty, with one of those weak faces which seemed to say: "Betray me, cheat me"; a merchant, in easy circumstances, as far as I could judge, who had just arrived from Barcelona and was to leave the following day for St. Sebastian. I found him in the dining-room, recounting his affairs to a circle of travellers who were shouting with laughter. I joined the circle and heard the story too. The man was a native of Bordeaux and had been living for four years at Barcelona. He had left France, because his wife had run away from him *with the ugliest man in town*, leaving four children on his hands. He had never received any news from her since the day of her flight; some said she had gone to America, some to Asia, and some to Africa, but they had only been conjectures without any foundation; for four years he had looked upon her as dead. One fine day at Barcelona he was dining

with a friend from Marseilles who said to him (and it was as good as a play to see the comical dignity with which he told the story) : " My friend, one of these days I wish to go to St. Sebastian."

" What for ? "

" To amuse myself."

" Love affairs, eh ? "

" Yes—that is—I'll tell you : it really is not a love affair, because in love affairs I like to be number one ; it 's a caprice. Pretty woman, though. Why, no later than day before yesterday I received a letter ; I did not wish to go ; but there are so many *comes* and *I expect you's,* and *my friend,* and *dear friend,* that I have allowed myself to be tempted." Saying which he handed his guest the letter with a grin of Don-Juan-like pride.

The merchant takes it, opens it, and reads :

" In the name of Heaven, it 's my wife ! " and without saying another word he leaves his friend, runs home to get his valise, and away he goes to the station. When I entered the dining-room, he had already shown the letter to all present, and, stretched out on the table, so that every one could see them, were his certificate of baptism, certificate of marriage, and other papers which he had brought with him in case his wife did not wish to recognize him.

" What are you going to do with her ? " all asked in one voice.

" I shall not harm her, I have made up my mind ; there will be no blood-shedding, but there will be a punishment more terrible still."

" What then ? " asked his auditors.

" I have made up my mind," repeated the Frenchman with the greatest gravity, and, drawing from

his pocket an enormous pair of shears, he added solemnly: "I am going to cut off her hair and eyelashes!"

Every one shouted with laughter.

"Messieurs," cried the injured husband; "I have said it, and I shall keep my word: if I have the pleasure of finding you here on my return, I shall make it my duty to present you her wig."

Here followed a tumult of laughter and applause, without the Frenchman's losing for one moment his tragical expression of face.

"But if you find a Spaniard in the house?" asked some one.

"I shall put him out of the window!" he replied.

"But if there were many?"

"Everybody out of the window."

"But you will create a scandal, the neighbors, gens d' armes, and people will gather!"

"And I," shrieked the terrible man, striking himself on the chest, "I will put out of the window the neighbors, gens d' armes, people, and the entire city, if it is necessary!"

So he continued to boast, gesticulating with the letter in one hand and the shears in the other, amid the uncontrollable laughter of the travellers.

Vivir para ver, live to see, says a Spanish proverb; but it ought to have run *viajar* (travel), for it seems as if one encountered such originals only in hotels and railways. Who knows how this affair ended?

Upon entering my room I asked the waiter what those two things were which I had observed, since the night of my arrival, hanging upon the wall, and which seemed to have some pretension to being portraits.

"Nothing less, sir, than the Argensola brothers," Arragonese, natives of Barbastro, "two of the most famous poets of Spain!"

And these were really the Argensola brothers, genuine literary twins, who had the same passion, studied the same things, wrote in the same style—so pure, grave, and polished,—forming a bulwark with all their powers against the torrent of bad taste which began to invade, in their day (at the end of the sixteenth century), all Spanish literature. One died at Naples, as secretary of the Viceroy; the other at Tarragona, a priest; and they left, both of them, a dear and honored name, to which Cervantes and Lopez de Vega added the splendid seal of their praise. The sonnets of the Argensolas are numbered among the most beautiful in Spanish literature, for their clearness of thought and dignity of expression. Then there is one, of Lupercio Leonardo, which all know by heart, and the close of which ministers often quote in response to the phillippics of the orators of the Left; I add it in the hope that it may serve some of my readers as a retort to friends who reprove them for being in love, like the poet, with a *woman who resorted to rouge*, etc.*

"First of all I wish to confess, oh Sir John, that the white and carmine of Donna Elvira only belong to her because of the money with which she purchased them; but I wish that you would confess in your turn that the beauty of her feigning is so perfect that no beauty of a real face can compare with hers. But why should I trouble myself about such a deception, if one knows that nature deceives us all in the same manner? And in fact, that blue sky which we all see, is neither sky nor blue. * * What a pity that so much beauty should not be truth!"

* See Appendix for original.

The following morning I wished to indulge in an amusement similar to that which Rousseau enjoyed in watching the flight of the flies,—the pleasure of roaming about the streets at will, stopping to look at the most insignificant things, as we do in the street at home when we are waiting for a friend. Having visited several public buildings, among them the palace of the Bourse, which contains an immense hall formed of twenty-four columns, each one ornamented with four shields bearing the coats of arms of Saragossa, placed on the four fronts of the capital; having visited the old church of Santiago and the palace of the Archbishopric, I went and planted myself in the middle of the vast and gay square of the *Costitucion*, which divides the *Corso*, and receives two other principal streets of the city; and from thence I started, and sauntered all over until midday with infinite pleasure. Now I stopped to look at a boy who was playing nocéno, now I peeped into a little student's café out of curiosity, now I slackened my pace to listen to the gossip of two servants at a street corner, now flattened my nose against a bookseller's windows, now tried to tease a poor tobacco-woman by asking for cigars in German, now stopped to hold a conversation with a match-vender, here I bought a paper, there begged a soldier for a light, further on asked my way of a girl, and meanwhile thought over verses of Argensola, began facetious sonnets, hummed Riego's Hymn, thought of Florence, the wine of Malaga, the warnings of my mother, of King Amadeus, my pocket-book, of a thousand things and of no one; and I would not have exchanged my fate for that of a Grandee of Spain

Toward evening I went to see the new tower,

which is one of the most curious monuments of Spain. It is eighty-four metres in height; four more than Giotto's tower; and leans nearly two metres and a half quite intact, like the tower of Pisa. It was raised in 1304; some affirm that it was built so, others that it was bent afterward; opinions differ. It is octagonal in shape, and is entirely made of brick, but presents a different aspect at every story, and is a graceful mingling of the Gothic and Moorish. In order to gain an entrance, I was obliged to go and ask permission of some employé of the municipality who lives near by, and who, after looking at me attentively from head to foot, gave the key to the custodian, and said to me:

"You may go, sir."

The custodian was a vigorous old man who climbed the interminable staircase with greater rapidity than I.

"You will see, sir, a magnificent view!" he said.

I told him that we Italians had also a leaning tower like the one at Saragossa. He turned and, looking at me, replied dryly:

"Ours is the only one in the world!"

"Oh—indeed! I tell you that we have one too, and that I have seen it with my own eyes, at Pisa, and then if you do not believe me read here, the guide-book says so also."

He gave a glance and muttered:

"It may be so."

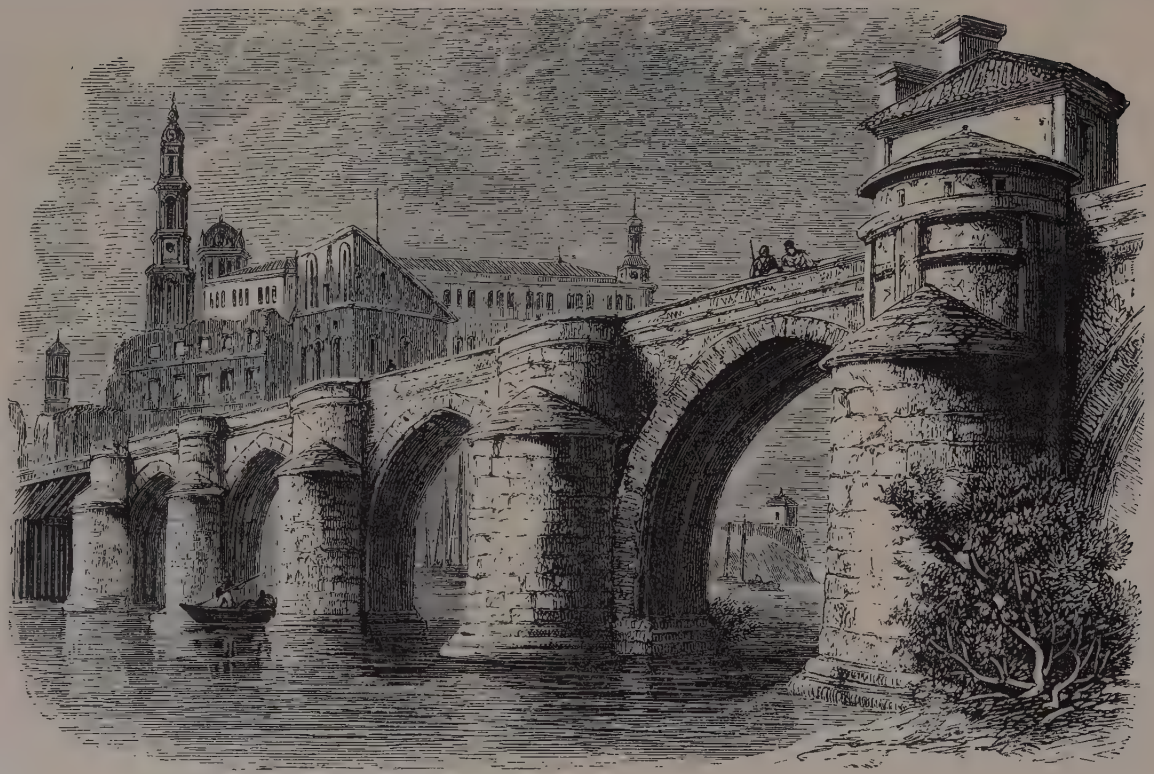
"May be so! You old piece of obstinacy!"

I was ready to give him a blow on the head with my book. Finally we reached the top. It *is* a magnificent view. Saragossa can be seen at a glance; the great street of the *Corso*; the promenade of St. Engracia; the suburbs, and just below, so that it

seems as if one could touch them, the colored cupolas of *Nuestra Señora del Pilar;* a trifle beyond, the bold tower of El *Seo;* farther away the famous Ebro, which winds around the city in a majestic curve; and the broad valley, enamoured (as Cervantes says) of the clearness of its waters and the gravity of its course; and the Huerba, and the bridges and heights, which recall so many bloody encounters and desperate assaults.

The custodian read on my face the thoughts which were passing through my mind, and as if pursuing a conversation which I had already begun, he commenced showing me the different points at which the French had entered, and where the citizens had offered the bravest resistance.

"It was not the bomb-shells of the French which made us yield," he said; "we ourselves burned the houses and blew them up with mines; it was the epidemic. During the last days more than fifteen thousand men of the forty thousand who were defending the city lay in the hospitals. We had no time to gather the wounded or bury the dead; the ruins of the houses were covered with putrefied bodies which poisoned the air; a third of the city buildings were destroyed; yet no one spoke of surrendering; and if any one had spoken of it (a scaffold had been raised on purpose in each square) he would have been killed; we wished to die on the barricades, in the fire, under the debris of our walls, rather than bend our heads. But when Palafox found himself at the point of death, when it was known that the French had conquered in other directions, and that there was no longer any hope, we had to lay down our arms. But the defenders of Saragossa surrendered



BRIDGE AT SARAGOSSA.

with the honors of war, and when that crowd of soldiers, peasants, monks, and boys, fleshless, ragged, covered with wounds, and stained with blood, filed before the French army, the conquerors trembled with reverence, and had not the courage to rejoice in their victory. The last of our peasants could carry his head higher than the first of their marshals.

"*Saragossa*," and uttering these words he was superb, "*has spit in the face of Napoleon!*"

I thought at that moment of the history of Thiers, and the recollection of the narration he gives of the taking of Saragossa roused in me a feeling of disdain. Not one generous word for the sublime hecatomb of that poor people! Their valor, to him, is only a ferocious fanaticism, or war-like mania of peasants weary of the tiresome life of the fields, and of monks surfeited with the solitude of their cells; their heroic resistance is obstinacy; their love of country a foolish pride. They did not die *pour cet idéal de grandeur* which kept alive the courage of the imperial soldiers! As if liberty, justice, the honor of a people, were not something grander than the ambition of an emperor, who assaults it by treason and seeks to govern it with violence! * * * The sun was setting, the steeples and towers of Saragossa were illuminated by its last rays, the sky was very clear; I gave one more glance around me to impress upon my memory the aspect of the city and the country, and, before turning to descend the stairs, I said to the custodian, who was looking at me with an air of benevolent curiosity:

"Tell the strangers who shall come from this time forth to visit the tower that one day a young Italian, a few hours before starting for Castile, tak-

ing leave for the last time, from this balcony, of the capital of Arragona, bared his head with a feeling of profound respect, thus—and that not being able to kiss on their foreheads, one by one, all the descendants of the heroes of 1809, he gave a kiss to the custodian." And I gave it, and he returned it, so I went away content, and he too. Let any one laugh who chooses!

After this, I felt that I could say I had seen Saragossa, and I returned to the hotel, thinking over all my impressions. I had still a great desire to talk with some Saragossan, and after dining I went to the café, where I instantly found a master-builder and a shopkeeper, who, between one sip of chocolate and another, explained to me the political state of Spain, and the most efficacious means of saving her. They thought very differently. One, the shopkeeper, who was a small man with a hooked nose and a great bunch between his eyes, wished a federal republic without any delay, that very evening before going to bed ; and made as a condition, *sine qua non*, for the prosperity of the new government, the shooting of Serrano, Sagasta, and Zorilla, in order to convince them that *one cannot joke with the Spanish people.*

"And your king," he said, turning to me, "the king whom you sent us,—you will excuse, my dear Italian, the frankness with which I speak,—to your king I would give a first-class ticket to return to Italy, where the air is better for kings. We are Spanish, my dear Italian," with which he placed a hand on my knee. "We are Spanish and we do not wish foreigners cooked or uncooked!"

"I think I understand your idea, and you," I said, turning to the master-builder, "how do you think Spain can be saved?"

"There is only one method!" he replied, in a grave tone; "there is only one method! A federal republic—in this I agree with my friend,—but with Don Amadeus as president! (The friend shrugged his shoulders.) I repeat, with Don Amadeus as president! He is the only man who can uphold a republic; not only in my opinion, but in the opinion of many people. Let Don Amadeus make his father understand that a monarchy does not please here; let him call to the government Castelar, Figueras, Pi y Margal; let him proclaim the republic, have himself elected president, and cry to Spain: 'Gentlemen, now I am commanding, and if any one interferes there will be blows!' Then we shall have true liberty."

The shopkeeper, who did not believe that true liberty consisted in receiving blows, protested; the other replied, and the dispute lasted for a time. We then began talking about the queen, and the master-builder declared that, although he was a republican, he had a profound respect and warm admiration for Donna Victoria.

"She has a good deal here," he said, touching his forehead with his finger. "Is it true that she understands Greek?"

"Yes, indeed," I replied.

"Do you hear that?" he asked of his neighbor.

"Yes," muttered the shopkeeper, "but you don't govern Spain with Greek, however!"

He admitted, nevertheless, that in having a queen it was desirable to have a clever and well educated one, who should show herself worthy of the throne of Isabella the Catholic, whom, as every one knows, knew as much Latin as a professor, rather than one of those light-headed queens who had no head

for anything but fêtes and favorites. In a word, he did not wish to see the house of Savoy in Spain; but if anything could make him regard it with favor, it would be the queen's Greek. What a galant republican!

There is, however, in this people a generosity of heart and a vigor of mind which justifies their honorable reputation. The Arragonese is respected in Spain. The people of Madrid, who find fault with the Spanish of all the provinces, who call the Catalans rough, the Andalusians vain, the Valencians ferocious, the Galicians miserable, and the Basques ignorant, treat with a little more reserve the proud sons of Arragon, who in the nineteenth century wrote with their own blood the most glorious page in the history of Spain. The name of Sarragossa sounds to the people like a cry of liberty, and to the army like a cry of war. But since there is no rose without a thorn, this noble province is also a hot-bed of restless demagogues, headquarters of guerillas, of tribes of hot-headed people, who give all the governments plenty to do. The government is obliged to caress Arragon as it would a gloomy, fiery son, who, if beaten, is capable of blowing up the house.

The entrance of King Amadeus into Saragossa, and the short stay he made there in 1871, was the occasion of many deeds which merit being narrated, not alone because they refer to the prince, but because they are the eloquent manifestations of the character of the people. And first of all, the address of the mayor, of which so much was heard in and out of Spain, and which will remain among the traditions of Saragossa as a classical example of republican audacity. The king arrived, toward evening, at the railway station, whither the representatives of

many municipalities, associations, military and civil bodies from the various cities of Arragon, accompanied by an immense crowd, had come to receive him. After the usual shouts and applause there was a silence, and the alcaid of Saragossa presented himself to the king and read, in an emphatic voice, the following address :

"Sir! it is not my modest personality, it is not the man of profound republican convictions, but the alcaid of Saragossa, invested with the sacred universal suffrage, he who, from an unavoidable duty, presents himself to you and places himself at your disposal. You are about to enter the precincts of a city which, satiated with glory, always bears the title of heroism; a city which, when the national integrity was in danger, proved a modern Numanzia, a city which humiliated the armies of Napoleon even in their triumphs, etc. Saragossa was the advance guard of liberty. No government seemed to her sufficiently liberal, etc. In the breast of her sons no treason was ever harbored, etc. Enter, then, into the precinct of Saragossa. If you have not the courage to do so, you have no need of it, because the sons of the ever heroic mother are openly valorous and incapable of treason. There is no shield, no army more prompt with which to defend, at this moment, your person than the fealty of the descendants of Palafox, since even their enemies find a sacred refuge under Sarragossan roofs. Think and meditate that if you constantly follow the road of justice, if you make every one observe the laws of strictest morality, if you protect the producer who up to this time has given so much and received so little, if you sustain the truth of suffrage, if Saragossa and Spain shall owe you one of these days the fulfilment of

the sacred aspirations of the majority of this great people whom you have come to know, *then, perhaps, you will be adorned with a more splendid title* than that of king. You may be the first citizen of the nation, and the most beloved in Saragossa, and the *Spanish republic* will owe to you her complete happiness!"

To this address, which, in the end, really signified: "We do not recognize you as king; but pray come among us, and we will not murder you, because heroes do not kill in an underhand way; and if you will be brave and serve us well, we will consent, perhaps, to uphold you as president of the republic,"—the king replied, with a bitter-sweet smile, which seemed to say: "Too much condescension!" and pressed the hand of the alcaid, to the astonishment of all present. Then he mounted his horse and entered Saragossa. The people, it is said, received him joyously, and many ladies threw poetry, flowers, and doves down on to him from the windows. At different points General Cordova and General Rosell, who accompanied him, had to clear the streets with their own horses. While they were entering the *Corso*, a woman of the people dashed forward to give him a memorial; the king, who had passed on, became aware of this fact, turned back and took it. Shortly thereafter, a coalseller presented himself and put out his black hand, which the king pressed. In the square of Santa Engracia he was received by a gay masquerade of dwarfs and giants, who greeted him with certain traditional dances, amid the deafening shouts of the people. Thus he traversed the whole city. The following day he visited the Church of the Madonna of Pilar, the hospitals, prisons, bull-circus, and everywhere he was treated with almost

monarchical enthusiasm, not without secret annoyance to the alcaid, who accompanied him, and who would have preferred that the Saragossan people should have contented themselves with the observance of the sixth commandment: "Thou shalt not kill," without going beyond the modest promises he had made for them. The king had an agreeable reception on the road from Saragossa to Logroño. At Logroño, amid an innumerable crowd of peasants, national guards, women, and children, he saw the venerable General Espartero. Hardly had they caught sight of each other than they hastened forward; the general sought the king's hand; the king opened his arms; the crowd uttered a shout of joy.

"Your majesty," said the illustrious soldier, in a voice full of emotion, "the people receive you with patriotic enthusiasm, because they see in their youthful monarch the firmest support of the liberty and independence of the country, and are sure that if the enemies of our future should try to disturb it, your majesty, at the head of the army and militia, would know how to confound and put them to rout. My feeble health did not admit of my going to Madrid to congratulate your majesty and his august consort on their ascension to the throne of Ferdinand. To-day I do so, and repeat once more that I will faithfully serve the person of your majesty as king of Spain, chosen by the will of the nation. Your majesty, in this city I have a modest house, and I offer it to you and beg you to honor it with your presence."

With these simple words the new king was greeted by the old, best-beloved, and most glorious of his subjects. A happy augury, which future events failed to fulfil!

It was toward midnight when I went to a masked ball at a theatre of medium size on the *Corso*, a short distance from the Square of the Constitution. The maskers were few and miserable ; but there was compensation for this in an immense crowd, of whom full a third were dancing furiously. Aside from the language, I never should have known that I was at a masked ball in a Spanish theatre, rather than at one in Italy ; for I seemed to see just the same faces. There was the usual handling, license of words and movements, the same degeneration of a ball into a loud and unbridled revelry. Of the hundred couples who passed me in dancing, only one is impressed upon my memory : a young man of twenty, tall, slender, light, with great black eyes ; and a girl about the same age, dark as an Andalusian ; both of them stately and handsome, dressed in an old Arragonese costume, tightly encircled, cheek to cheek, as if one wished to catch the other's breath, rosy as two pinks and beaming with joy. They passed in the midst of the crowd, casting around them a disdainful look, and a thousand eyes accompanied them, followed by a deep murmur of admiration and envy. On coming out of the theatre, I stopped a moment at the door to see them pass, and then returned to the hotel alone and melancholy. The following morning, before daybreak, I left for old Castile.

CHAPTER III.

BURGOS.

IN going from Saragossa to Burgos, the capital of old Castile, one must ascend all the great valley of the Ebro, crossing a portion of Arragon, and a part of Navarre, as far as the city of Mirande, situated on the French road, which passes through San Sebastian and Bayonne. The country is full of historical recollections, ruins, monuments, and famous names; every village recalls a battle, every province a war. At Tudela the French routed General Castaños; at Calahorra Sertorius resisted Pompey; at Navarette Henry, Count of Transtamare was conquered by Peter the Cruel; one sees vestiges of the city Egon ad Agoncillo, the ruins of a Roman acqueduct at Alcanadre, and the remains of an Arab bridge at Logroño, so that the mind is wearied in trying to remember the history of so many centuries and so many people, and the eye is wearied with the mind. The aspect of the country varies at every moment. Near Saragossa are green fields scattered with houses, winding paths, on which you see groups of peasants enveloped in their variegated shawls, together with carts and beasts of burden. Further on there are only vast undulating plains, which are barren and dried, without a tree, house, or path; where one sees nothing from mile to

mile but a herd, herdsman, and hut; or some small village, composed of low dirt-colored houses, which one almost confuses with the ground; rather groups of hovels than villages,—real representatives of misery and squalor. The Ebro winds in great curves along the road, now quite near, so that it seems as if the train would dive into it, now far away, like a stream of silver, that appears and disappears among the elevations of ground and bushes on the banks. In the distance one sees a chain of blue mountains, and beyond them the white summits of the Pyrenees. Near Tudela is a canal; after passing Custejon the country becomes verdant; and as one goes on, the arid plains alternate with olive trees, and some streaks of vivid green break here and there the dry yellowish look of the abandoned fields. On the tops of the distant hills appear the ruins of enormous castles, surmounted by broken, shattered, and corroded towers, resembling the great torsos of prostrate giants who are still menacing.

At every station of the railway I bought a newspaper; before accomplishing half of my journey I had a stack of them: newspapers from Madrid and Arragon, large and small, black and red; no one of them, unfortunately, in favor of Don Amadeus. I say unfortunately, because in reading newspapers in those days one was sorely tempted to turn his back on Madrid, and return home. From the first to the last column they were filled with insults, imprecations, and threats against Italy: stories about our king, ridiculous things about the ministers, and rage against our army; all founded on the rumor, then current, of an approaching war, in which Italy and Germany, allied, would attack France and Spain, in order to destroy Catholicism, the everlasting enemy of both, to

place on the throne of St. Louis the Duke of Genoa, and secure the throne of Philip II to the Duke of Aoste. There were threats in the leading articles, in the appendix, among the news items, in prose, in verse, in the illustrations, in critical letters, and long rows of dots ; dialogues between father and son, the one from Rome, the other from Madrid, the former asking :

" What am I to do ? "

The latter replying :

" Shoot ! "—from time to time : " Let them come ! We are ready ! We are always the Spain of 1808 ; the conquerors of the army of Napoleon fear neither the grimaces of Emperor William's Uhlans, nor the clamor of Victor Emanuel's sharp-shooters."

Then Don Amadeus was designated as the *poor child*, the Italian army as a troupe of ballet dancers and singers, the Italians in Spain invited to leave with the hardly courteous warning : " Italians to the train ; " in fact there was something to supply every possible demand. I confess that, at first, I was a little disturbed by this ; I fancied that at Madrid the Italians were pointed at in the streets ; I remembered the letter received at Genoa ; repeated to myself thus : " Italians to the train ! " as a counsel that deserved serious meditation ; I looked with suspicion at the travellers who entered the carriage, the railroad officials, and it seemed to me that, in seeing me at first, they would all say : " There is an Italian emissary ; let us send him to keep company with General Prim ! "

On approaching Mirande, the road enters a mountainous country, varied and picturesque ; from which, on any side you looked, nothing is to be seen, as far as the eye can reach, but grayish rocks, which

give the landscape the appearance of a sea petrified in a tempest. It is a country full of wild beauty, solitary as a desert, silent as an iceberg, which appears to the fancy like an uninhabited planet, and rouses in one a mingled feeling of sadness and fear. The train passes between the walls of pointed, hollowed, crested rocks, worn into every shape and form, so that it seems as if a crowd of stone-cutters had been at work on them for a lifetime, cutting blindly here and there to see who would leave the most capricious traces. The road then emerges into a vast plain, filled with poplars, in which rises Mirande.

The station is at a great distance from the city, and I was obliged to wait in a café until night for the train to Madrid. For three hours I had no other society than that of two custom-house guards (called in Spain *carabineros*), dressed in a severe uniform, with dagger, pistols, and a gun slung over the shoulder. At every station there are two of them. The first time I saw the muzzles of their carbines at the carriage window, I fancied that they had come to arrest some one, perhaps * * * and I put my hand almost involuntarily on my passport. They are handsome young men, bold and courteous, with whom the traveller who is waiting may entertain himself agreeably in talking of Carlists and smuggling, as I did, to the great advantage of my Spanish vocabulary. Toward evening a Mirandese, a man of fifty, an employé, who was naturally gay and a great talker, arrived, and I left the *carabineros* to join him. He was the first Spaniard who talked understandingly with me of politics. I begged him to unravel this terrible skein of parties, of which I could make nothing, and he was delighted to do so, and gave me very explicit information on the subject.

"It is explained in two words," he began; "this is the state of affairs: There are five principal parties,—the absolutist, the moderate, the conservative, the radical, and the republican. The absolutist is divided into two bodies—the real Carlists and the dissenting ones. The moderate party into two: one wishes Isabella, the other Don Alphonso. The conservative party into four—keep them well in your mind: the Canovists, headed by Canovas del Castillo; the ex-Montpensierists, headed by Rios Rosas; the *fronterizos*, headed by General Serrano; and the historical progressionists, headed by Sagasta. The radical party is divided into four sections: the democratic progressionists, led by Zorilla; the *cimbrios*, led by Martos; the democrats, led by Ribero; the economists, led by Rodriguez. The republican party is divided into three: the unionists, headed by Garcia Ruiz; the federals, headed by Figueras; the socialists, headed by Garrido. The socialists divide twice more: socialists with the *internazionale*, socialists without the *internazionale*. Sixteen parties in all. These sixteen are subdivided again. Martos wishes to constitute his party, Candau another, Moret a third; Rios Rosas, Pi y Margall, and Castelar are each forming their own party. There are, therefore, twenty-two parties; parties formed and to be formed. Then add the partisans of the republic, with Don Amadeus as president; the partisans of the queen, who would like to dispose of Don Amadeus; the partisans of Espartero's monarchy; the partisans of the Montpensier monarchy; they who are republicans on the condition that Cuba is not relinquished, those who are republican on the condition that Cuba is relinquished; those who have not yet renounced the hope of the Prince of Hohenzol-

lern; those who desire a union with Portugal: then you would have thirty parties. If you wish to be more exact, you could subdivide again; but it is better to get a clear idea of things as they are. Sagasta leans toward the unionists, Zorilla depends upon the republicans, Serrano is disposed to join the moderates, the moderates (if occasion offered) would league with the absolutists, who, meanwhile, favor the republicans, and these unite with a portion of the radicals to dispose of the minister Sagasta, too conservative for the democratic progressionists, too liberal for the unionists, who fear the federalists, while the latter repose no great faith in the radicals, who are always vibrating between the democrats and Sagastines. Have you a clear idea of the matter?"

"As clear as amber," I replied, shuddering.

Of the journey from Mirande to Burgos I remember as little as I would of the page of a book skimmed over in bed when one's eyes are beginning to close and the candle is burning low, for I was nearly dead with sleep. One of my neighbors touched me from time to time to make me look out. It was a clear night, the moon shining brightly; every time I put my face to the window I saw on both sides of the road enormous rocks of fanciful shapes, so near that it seemed as if they would fall upon the train; they were as white as marble, and so well illuminated that one could have counted all their points, indentations, and projections as if it were daylight.

"We are at Pancorbo," said my neighbor; "look on to that height; there stood a terrible castle which the French destroyed in 1813. We are at Briviesca; look: here John I of Castile assembled the General

States, who accorded the title of Prince of the Asturias to the heir of the crown. Look at the Brujola mountain, which touches the stars!"

He was one of those indefatigable cicerones who would even talk to umbrellas ; and always saying "look," he would hit me on the side where my pocket was. Finally we arrived at Burgos. My neighbor disappeared without taking leave of me. I was driven to a hotel, and as I was on the point of paying the cabman, I discovered that I no longer had a small purse containing change which I generally carried in my overcoat. I thought of the General States of Briviesca, and settled the matter with a philosophical "It serves me right," instead of crying out, as many do on similar occasions : "In Heaven's name! what sort of a country are we in?" as if in their own land there were not dexterous people who walk off with one's portemonnaie without being even civil enough to give one any historical or geographical information.

The hotel where I stayed was served by women. They were seven or eight great, plump, muscular, overgrown children, who came and went with armfuls of mattresses and linen, bent backward in athletic attitudes, so very gasping and brimful of laughter that it put one in good spirits to see them. A hotel where there are female servants is quite different from the ordinary hotels ; the traveller seems less strange there, and goes to sleep with a quiet heart; the women give it a home-like air, that almost makes those who are there forget their solitude. They are more thoughtful than men ; they know that the traveller is inclined to melancholy, and it seems as if they wish to relieve him from it ; they smile and talk in a confidential manner, as if to make one understand

that he is at home and in safe hands; they have something housewifely about them, so that they wait upon one less as a profession than from the desire to make themselves useful; they sew on your buttons with an air of protection; take the whisk out of your hand in a playful way, as if to say:

"Give it to me; you are good for nothing."

They pick the shreds off your coat when you go out, and say, "Oh, poor fellow!" when you come back covered with mud; they recommend you not to sleep with your head too low when they wish you good-night; and give you your coffee in bed, saying benevolently to you:

"Lie quietly; don't stir!"

One of these maids was called *Beatriz*, another *Carmelita*, and a third *Amparo* (protection), all having that ponderous mountain beauty which makes one exclaim in a bass voice:

"What fine-looking creatures!"

When they ran through the corridors the whole house shook.

The following morning, at sunrise, Amparo called out:

"Caballero!"

A quarter of an hour later I was in the street. Burgos, situated on the slope of a mountain, on the right bank of the Arlanzon, is an irregular city of tortuous and narrow streets, with few notable edifices, and the majority of the houses not older than the seventeenth century. But it has one particular quality which makes it curious and genial; it is as variegated in color as one of those scenes in a Marionette theatre, with which the painters intend to call forth an exclamation of surprise from the ser-

vants in the pit. It has the appearance of a city colored on purpose for some carnival festival, with the intention of whitewashing it afterward. The houses are red, yellow, blue, ash-color, and orange, with ornaments and trimmings of a thousand other shades; everything is painted there,—the doors, railings of the terraces, gratings, cornices, brackets, reliefs, and projections. All the streets seem decorated as for a fête; at every turn there is a different sight; on every side it is like a rivalry of colors, to see which will most attract the eye. One is almost tempted to laugh, for there are hues which never before were seen on walls,—green, scarlet, purple, colors of strange flowers, sauces, sweets, and stuff for ball-dresses. If there were an insane asylum for painters at Burgos, one would say that the city had been colored some day when its inmates had escaped. In order to render the appearance of the houses more graceful, many windows have a sort of covered terrace before them, enclosed with glass, like a case in a museum; one on every floor generally, and the top one resting on that below, the lowest one on the show windows of a shop, so that from the ground to the roof they all look like one immense window of an enormous establishment. Behind these panes of glass one sees, as if on exhibition, the faces of girls and children, flowers, landscapes, figures on pasteboard, embroidered curtains, lace, and arabesques. If I had not known it, I should never have fancied that a city so constructed could possibly be the capital of old Castile, whose inhabitants have the reputation of being grave and austere. I should have imagined it one of the Andalusian cities, where the people are gayest. I supposed I should see a pensive matron, and I found a

whimsical masker. Having taken two or three turns, I came out on a large square called *Piazza Maggiore* or *Piazza della Constitucion*, all surrounded by pomegranate-colored houses, with porticos, and, in the centre, a bronze statue representing Charles III. I had not given a glance all around before a boy enveloped in a long, ragged cloak, dragging two sabots, and waving a journal in the air, ran toward me :

"Do you wish the *Imparcial*, caballero?"

"No."

"Do you want a ticket for the Madrid lottery?"

"No, indeed."

"Would you like some smuggled cigars?"

"No!"

"Would you—?"

"Well!"

My friend scratched his chin.

"Do you wish to see the remains of the Cid?"

Heavens and earth, what a leap! Never mind: let us go and see the remains of the Cid.

We went to the municipal palace. An old door-keeper made us cross two or three small rooms, until we reached a room where we all three stopped.

"Here are the remains," said the woman, pointing to a species of coffer placed on a pedestal in the centre of the room.

I approached; she raised the cover, and I looked in. There were two compartments, at the bottom of which were piled some bones, that looked like fragments of old furniture.

"These," said the door-keeper, "are the bones of the Cid; and these, those of Ximene, his wife."

I took the shin bone of one and a rib of the other

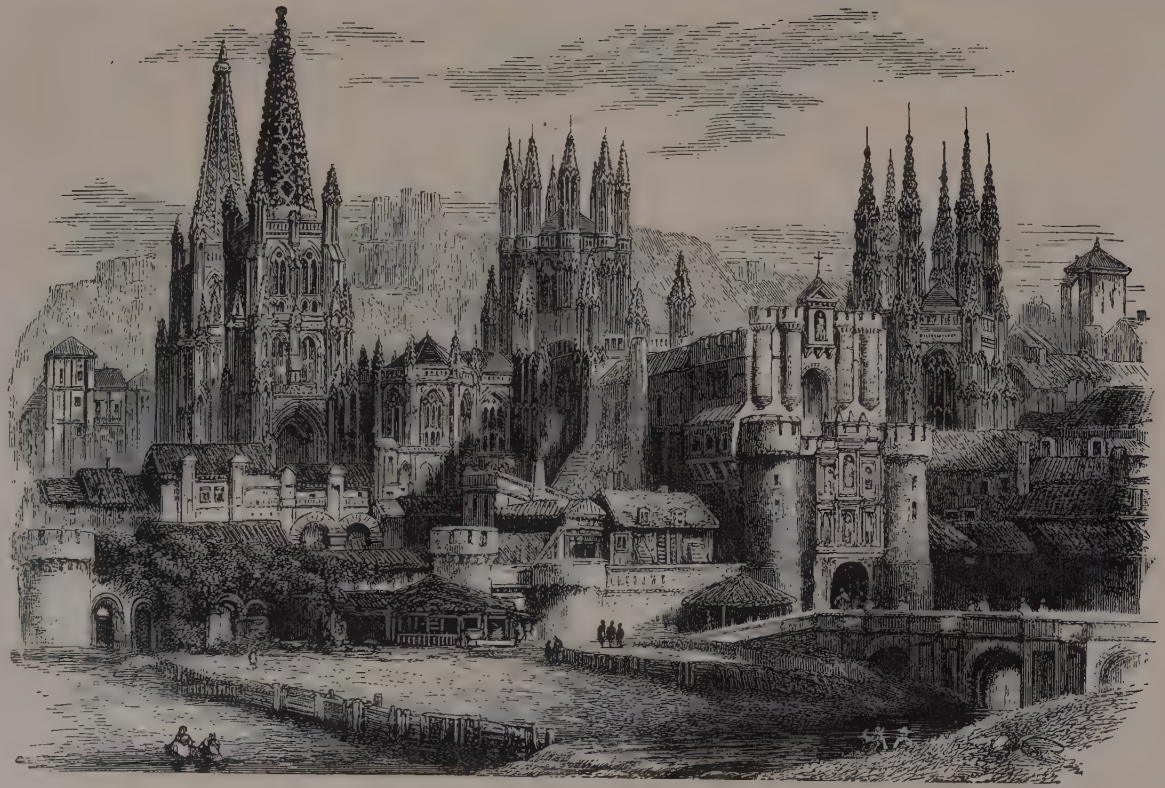
in my hand, looked at them, felt of them, turned them over, and not being able to form therefrom any idea of the physiognomies of husband or wife, replaced them. Then the woman pointed out a wooden folding-stool, half in pieces, which was leaning against the wall, and an inscription which said that this was the seat upon which sat the first judges of Castile, *Nunius Rasura*, *Calvoque Lainus*, great-grandfathers of the Cid, which is as much as to say that that precious piece of furniture has stood in that place for the trifling space of nine hundred years. I have it at this moment before my eyes, drawn in my note-book, in serpentine lines; and I still seem to hear the good woman ask: "Are you a painter?" as I rest my chin on my pencil in order to admire my masterpiece. In the next room she showed me a brazier of the same age as the folding-stool, and two portraits, one of the Cid and the other of Ferdinand Gonzales, first Count of Castile, both of them so blurred and washed out that they no more present the image of the originals than did the shin bones and ribs of the illustrious consorts.

From the municipal palace I was taken to the bank of the Arlanzon, into a spacious square with a garden, fountains, and statues, surrounded by graceful new buildings. Beyond the river is the suburb Bega, further still the barren hills which dominate the city, and at one end of the square the immense gate of Santa Maria, which was erected in honor of Charles V, ornamented with statues of the Cid, Fernando Gonzales, and the emperor. Beyond the gate appear the majestic spires of the cathedral. It was raining; I was alone in the middle of the square, and without an umbrella; I raised my eyes to a window, and saw a woman, who seemed to be a servant, look-

ing and laughing at me, as if to say, "Who is that idiot?" Finding myself caught so suddenly, I was rather disconcerted, but putting the best face on the matter, I looked as indifferent as possible, and walked off toward the cathedral by the shortest road.

The Cathedral of Burgos is one of the largest, handsomest, and richest monuments of Christianity. Ten times I wrote these words in my head, and ten times the courage to proceed failed me, so inadequate and miserable do the powers of my mind seem when compared with the difficulty of the description.

The façade is on a small square, from which one takes in at a glance a part of the immense edifice; around the other side run narrow, tortuous streets, which impede the view. From all the points of the enormous roof rise slender and graceful spires, overloaded with ornaments of dark chalk color, reaching beyond the highest buildings in the town. On the front, to the right and the left of the façade, are two sharp bell towers, covered from base to summit with sculpture, and perforated, chiselled, and embroidered with a bewitching grace and delicacy. Beyond, toward the central portion of the church, rises a very rich tower, covered too with bas-relief and friezes. On the façade, on the points of the bell towers, at each story, under all the arches, on all sides, there are an innumerable multitude of statues of angels, martyrs, warriors, and princes, so thickly set, so varied in pose, and standing out in such perfect relief from the light portions of the edifice, that they almost present a lifelike appearance, like a celestial legion placed there to guard the monument. In raising the eyes up by the façade, to the furthest point of the exterior spires, taking in little by little



BRIDGE, GATEWAY, AND CATHEDRAL OF BURGOS.

all that harmonious lightness of line and color, one experiences a delicious sensation like hearing a strain of music which raises itself gradually from an expression of devout prayer to the ecstasy of a sublime inspiration. Before entering the church your imagination wanders far beyond earth.

Enter * * * The first emotion that you experience is a sudden strengthening of your faith, if you have any, and a burst of the soul toward faith, if it be lacking. It seems impossible that that immense pile of stone could be a vain work of superstition accomplished by men; it seems as if it affirmed, proved, and commanded something; it has the effect upon you of a superhuman voice which cries to earth, "I am!" and raises and crushes you at the same time, like a promise or a threat, like a ray of sunlight or a clap of thunder. Before beginning to look around, you feel the need of revivifying in your heart the dying sparks of divine love; the feeling that you are a stranger before that miracle of boldness, genius, and labor, humiliates you; the timid NO which resounds in the depths of your soul, dies in a groan under the formidable YES which smites you on the head. First you turn your eyes vaguely round about you, looking for the limits of the edifice, which the enormous choir and pilasters hide from sight. Then your glance falls upon the columns and high arches, descends, climbs, and runs rapidly over the numberless lines which follow each other, cross, correspond, and are lost, like rockets which flash into space, up through the great vaults; and your heart takes pleasure in that breathless admiration, as if all those lines issued from your own brain, inspired in the act of looking at them with your eyes; then you are seized suddenly, as if with fright, by a feeling of sad-

ness that there is not time enough in which to contemplate, intellect with which to understand, and memory to retain the innumerable marvels, half seen on all sides, crowded together, piled upon one another, and dazzling, which one would say came rather from the hand of God, like a second creation, than from the hand of man.

The church, which belongs to what is called the gothic order at the time of the Renaissance, is divided into three very long naves, crossed through the middle by a fourth, which separates the choir from the high altar. Above the space contained between the altar and the choir rises a cupola, formed by the tower which is seen from the square. You turn your eyes upward, and stand for a quarter of an hour with open mouth; it is a mass of bas-reliefs, statues, small columns, little windows, arabesques, suspended arches, and aerial sculpture, harmonizing in one grand and lovely design, the first sight of which causes a tremor and a smile, like the sudden igniting, bursting, and gleaming of magnificent fireworks. A thousand vague imageries of Paradise, which cheered our infantile dreams, break forth together from the excited mind, and winging an upward flight, like butterflies, go to rest on the thousand reliefs of the high vault, there moving and mingling so that your eye follows them as if it really saw them, your heart beats, and a sigh escapes you.

If in turning from the cupola you look around you, a still more stupendous spectacle is offered to your view. The chapels are so many churches in vastness, variety, and richness. In every one is buried a prince, a bishop, or a grandee; the tomb is in the centre, and upon it is a recumbent statue representing the deceased, his head resting on a pillow and hands

crossed over the breast; the bishops dressed in their most gorgeous robes, the princes in their armor, the women in their gala costumes. All these tombs are covered with immense cloths which fall over the sides and, taking the shape of the raised portions of the statues, appear as if really covering the stiffened members of a human form. On every side one turns, are seen in the distance, among the enormous pilasters, behind the rich gratings, in the uncertain light that falls from the high windows, those mausoleums, funereal draperies, and those rigid outlines of bodies. Approaching the chapels one is astonished by the profusion of sculptures, marbles, and gold which ornament the walls, ceilings, and altars; every chapel contains an army of angels and saints sculptured in marble and wood, and painted, gilded, and clothed; on whatever portion of the pavement your eye rests, it is driven upward from bas-relief to bas-relief, niche to niche, arabesque to arabesque, painting to painting, as far as the ceiling, and from the ceiling, by another chain of sculptures and pictures, is led back to the floor. On whatever side you turn your face, you encounter eyes which are looking at you, hands which are making signs to you, clouds which seems to be rising, crystal suns which seem to tremble, and an infinite variety of forms, colors, and reflections that dazzle your eyes and confuse your mind.

A volume would not suffice to describe all the masterpieces of sculpture and painting which are scattered throughout that immense cathedral. In the sacristy of the Chapel of the High Constables of Castile is a very beautiful Magdalen attributed to Leonardo da Vinci; in the Chapel of the Presentation, a Virgin attributed to Michael Angelo; in an-

other, a Holy Family attributed to Andrea del Sarto. Of not one of these three pictures is the painter really known; but when I saw the curtain drawn aside, and heard those names uttered in a reverend voice, a thrill ran through me from head to foot. I experienced for the first time, in all its force, that feeling of gratitude which we owe to great artists who have made the name of Italy reverent and dear to the whole world; I understood, for the first time, that they are not only illustrious, but benefactors of their country; and not alone by him who has sufficient intellect to understand and admire them, but also by him who may be blind to their works, does not care for, or ignores them, must they be revered. Because, to a man who is lacking in sentiment for the beautiful, national pride is never wanting, and he who does not even feel this, feels at least the pride of his own, and is deeply gratified to hear (if it be only a sacristan who says it): "He was born in Italy," so smiles and rejoices; and for that smile and enjoyment he is indebted to the great names which did not touch his soul before he left the boundaries of his own country. Those grand names accompany and protect him wherever he goes, like inseparable friends; they make him appear less of a stranger among strangers, and shed around his face a luminous reflection of their glory. How many smiles, how many pressures of hand, how many courteus words from unknown people do we owe to Raphael, Michael Angelo, Ariosto, and Rossini!

Any one who wishes to see this cathedral in one day must pass by the masterpieces. The chiselled door which opens into the cloister, has the reputation of being, after the gates of the Baptistry at Florence, the most beautiful in the world; behind the high altar is a stupendous bas-relief of Philip of

Borgogna, representing the passion of Christ, an immense composition, for the accomplishment of which one would suppose the lifetime of a man could hardly suffice; the choir is a genuine museum of sculpture of a prodigious richness; the cloister is full of tombs with recumbent statues, and all around a profusion of bas-reliefs; in the chapels, around the choir, in the rooms of the sacristy, in fact, everywhere, there are pictures by the greatest Spanish artists, statuettes, columns, and ornaments; the high altar, the organs, the doors, the staircases, the iron bars,—everything is grand and magnificent, and arouses and subdues at the same time one's admiration. But what is the use of adding word upon word? Could the most minute description give an idea of the thing? And if I had written a page for every picture, statue, or bas-relief, should I have been able to arouse in the souls of others the emotion which I experienced?

The sacristan approached me, and murmured in my ear, as if he were revealing a secret:

"Do you wish to see *the Christ?*"

"What Christ?"

"Ah!" he replied, "that is understood, *the famous one!*"

The famous Christ of the Cathedral of Burgos, which bleeds every Friday, merits a particular mention. The sacristan takes you into a mysterious chapel, closes the shutters, lights the candles on the altar, draws a cord, a curtain slips aside, and the Christ is there. If you do not take flight at the first sight, you have plenty of courage; a real body on a cross could not fill you with more horror. It is not a statue, like the others, of painted wood; it is of skin, they say human flesh, stuffed; has real

hair, eyebrows, lashes, and beard; the hair streaked with blood, the chest, legs, and hands stained with blood too; the wounds, which seem like genuine ones, the color of the skin, the contraction of the face, the pose, look,—everything is terribly real; you would say that in touching it one would feel the trembling of the members and the heat of the blood; it seems to you as if the lips moved, and were about to utter a lament; you cannot bear the sight long, and despite of yourself, you turn away your face and say to the sacristan: "I have seen it!"

After the Christ one must see the celebrated coffer of the Cid. It is broken and worm-eaten, and hangs from the wall in one of the rooms of the sacristy. Tradition narrates that the Cid carried this coffer with him in his wars against the Moors, and that the priests used it as an altar on which to celebrate mass. One day, finding his pockets empty, the formidable warrior filled the coffer with stones and bits of iron, had it carried to a Jewish usurer, and said to him:

"The Cid needs some money; he could sell his treasures, but does not wish to do so; give him the money he needs, and he will return it very soon, with the interest of 99 per cent., and he leaves in your hands, as a pledge, this precious coffer, which contains his fortune. But on one condition: that you will swear to him not to open it until he has returned you what he owes. There is a secret which can be known by none but God and myself: decide—"

Whether it was that the usurers of that day had more faith in the officers of the army, or were a trifle more stupid than those of the present time, the fact remains that the usurer accepted the proposition

of the Cid, took his oath, and gave the money. Whether the Cid paid the debt, or even whether the Jew had a litigation about the matter, is not known; but the coffer is still in existence, and the sacristan tells you the story as a joke, without suspecting for a moment that it was the trick of a thorough rascal, rather than the ingenious joke of a facetious man of honor.

Before leaving the cathedral, you must have the sacristan tell you the famous legend of the Papa-Moscas. Papa-Moscas is a puppet of life-size, placed in the case of a clock, over the door, inside the church. Once, like the celebrated puppets of the clock at Venice, at the first stroke of the hour, it came out of its hiding-place, and at every stroke uttered a cry, and made an extravagant gesture to the great delectation of the faithful, but the children laughed, and the religious services were disturbed. A rigorous bishop, in order to put an end to the scandal, had some nerve of Papa-Moscas cut, and since that time it has been mute and immovable. But this did not stop people at Madrid, throughout Spain, and elsewhere, from talking of it. Papa-Moscas was a creature of Henry III, and this fact gives rise to its great importance. The story is quite a curious one. Henry III, the king of chivalrous adventures, who one day sold his mantle in order to buy something to eat, used to go every day, incognito, to pray in the cathedral. One morning his eyes encountered those of a young woman who was praying before the sepulchre of Ferdinand Gonzales; their glances (as Théophile Gautier would say) intertwined; the young girl colored; the king followed her when she left the church, and accompanied her to her home. For many days, at the same place

and same hour, they saw and looked at each other, and displayed their love and sympathy with glances and smiles. The king always followed her home, without saying one word, and without her showing any desire that he should speak to her. One morning, on coming out of church, the beautiful unknown let her handkerchief drop; the king picked it up, hid it in his bosom, and offered her his own. The woman, her face suffused with blushes, took it, and wiping away her tears, disappeared. From that day Don Henry never saw her more. A year afterward, the king, having lost his way in a grove, was assailed by six hungry wolves; after a prolonged struggle, he killed three of them with his sword; but his strength was giving out, and he was on the point of being devoured by the others. At that moment he heard the discharge of a gun, and a strange cry, which put the wolves to flight; he turned, and saw the mysterious woman, who was looking fixedly at him, without being able to utter one word. The muscles of her face were horribly contracted, and, from time to time, a sharp lament burst from her chest. In recovering from his first surprise, the king recognized in that woman the beloved one of the cathedral. He uttered a cry of joy, dashed forward to embrace her; but the young girl stopped him, and exclaimed with a divine smile:

"I loved the memory of the Cid and Ferdinand Gonzales, because my heart loves all that is noble and generous; for this reason I loved thee two, but my duty prevented me from consecrating to thee this love which would have been the delight of my life. Accept the sacrifice." * * *

Saying which she fell to the ground and expired, without finishing her sentence, but pressing the

king's handkerchief to her heart. A year thereafter the Papa-Moscas appeared at the clock door, for the first time, to announce the hour; King Henry had had it made in honor of the woman he loved; the cry of the Papa-Moscas recalled to the king the cry which his deliverer uttered in the forest in order to frighten the wolves. History relates that Don Henry wished the Papa-Moscas to repeat the woman's loving words; but the Moorish artist who made the automaton, after many vain efforts, declared himself incapable of satisfying the desire of the pious monarch.

After hearing the story, I took another turn around the cathedral, thinking, with sadness, that I should never see it again, that in a short time so many marvellous works of art would only be a memory, and that this memory would some day be disturbed and confused with others or lost entirely. A priest was preaching in the pulpit before the high altar; his voice could scarcely be heard; a crowd of women, who were kneeling on the pavement with bowed heads and clasped hands, were listening to him. The preacher was an old man of venerable appearance; he talked of death, eternal life, and angels, in a gentle tone, gesticulating with every sentence as if he were holding out his hand to a person who had fallen, and were saying: "Rise!" I could have given him mine, crying out: "Raise me!" The Cathedral of Burgos is not as gloomy as almost all the others in Spain; it had calmed my mind and disposed me quietly to religious thoughts. I went out repeating just above my breath: "Raise me!" almost involuntarily, turned to look once more at the bold spires and graceful bell towers, and, indulging in varied fancies, started toward the heart of the city.

On turning a corner, I found myself before a shop which made me shudder. There are some like it at Barcelona and Saragossa and in all the other Spanish cities, in fact; but for some unaccountable reason, I had not seen them. It was a large clean shop, with two immense windows on the right and left of the door; at the entrance stood a woman smiling as she knit; at the back, a boy was playing. In looking at that shop even the coldest man would have shuddered, and the gayest would have been disturbed. Guess what it contained. In the windows, behind the open doors, along the walls, almost up to the ceiling, one above the other like baskets of fruit, some covered with an embroidered veil, others with flowers, gilded, chiselled, and painted, were so many burial caskets. Inside, those for men; outside, those for children. One of the windows came in contact, on the exterior, with the window of a sausage-vender, so that the coffins almost touched the eggs and cheese, and it might easily occur that a man in great haste, while thinking he was going to buy his breakfast, mistaking the door, would stumble in among the biers—a mistake little calculated to sharpen his appetite.

Since we are talking of shops, let us go into one of a tobacco-vender, to see how they differ from ours. In Spain, aside from the cigarettes and havanas, which are sold in separate shops, there are no other cigars than those of *tres cuartos* (a trifle less than three sous), shaped like our Roman cigars, a little thicker, very good or very bad, according to the make, which has rather degenerated. The usual customers, who are called in Spain by the curious name of *parroquianos*, on paying something extra, have given them the selected cigars; the most re-

fined smokers, adding a trifle to this sum, procure the choicest of the choice. On the counter there is a small plate containing a sponge, dipped in water, to moisten the postage stamps, and thus avoid that *everlasting licking;* and in a corner, a box for letters and printed material. The first time one enters one of these shops, especially when it is full, one is inclined to laugh, in seeing the three or four men who are selling, flinging the coins on to the counter so that they make them fly over their heads, and catching them in the air with the air of dice players; this they do to ascertain by the sound whether they are good, as so many counterfeits are in circulation.

The coin most in use is the *real*, which equals a trifle more than our five sous; four *reales* make a *peceta*, five *pecetas* a *duro*, which is our crown of blessed memory, by adding thereto twenty-seven centimes; five crowns make a gold *doblon de Isabel*. The people reckon by *reales*. The *real* is divided into eight *cuartos*, seventeen *ochavos*, or thirty-four *maravedis*,—Moorish coins which have nearly lost their primitive form, and resemble crushed buttons more than anything else. Portugal has a monetary mint even smaller than ours; the *reis*, which equals nearly half a centime, and every thing is reckoned by *reis*. Let us fancy a poor traveller, who arrives there without knowing of this peculiarity, and after having made an excellent dinner, asks for the bill, and hears the waiter calmly reply—instead of four lires—eight hundred reis. How his hair stands on end from fright!

Before evening I went to see the place where the Cid was born; if I had not thought of it myself, the guides would have reminded me of it; for everywhere I went they whispered in my ear: "The re-

mains of the Cid ; house of the Cid ; monument of the Cid." An old man, majestically enveloped in his mantle, said to me with an air of protection : "Come with me, sir," and made me climb a hill in the heart of the city, on whose summit are still to be seen the ruins of an enormous castle, the ancient dwelling of the King of Castile. Before reaching the monument of the Cid, one comes to a triumphal arch, in Doric style, simple and graceful, raised by Philip II, in honor of Ferdinand Gonzales, in the same place, it is said, where stood the house in which the famous captain was born. A little further on one finds the monument of the Cid, erected in 1784. It is a pilaster of stone, resting on a pedestal in masonry, and surmounted by a heraldic shield, with this inscription : "On this spot rose the house in which, in the year 1026, Roderigo Dias di Vivar, called the Cid *campeador*, was born. He died at Valencia, in 1099, and his body was carried to the monastery of St. Peter of Cardena, near this city." While I was reading those words, the guide related a popular legend regarding the hero's death :

"When the Cid died," he said, with much gravity, "there was no one to guard his remains. A Jew entered the church, approached the bier, and said : 'This is the great Cid, whose beard no one dared touch during his life ; I will touch it and see what he can do.' Saying which he stretched out his hand, but at the same instant the corpse seized the hilt of his sword and drew it out of its scabbard. The Jew uttered a cry and fell to the ground half dead ; the priests hastened forward, the Jew was raised, and, regaining his consciousness, related the miracle ; then all turned toward the Cid and saw that he still held the hilt of his sword in a menacing manner. God

did not wish that the remains of the great warrior should be contaminated by the hand of an unbeliever."

As he finished, he looked at me, and seeing that I did not give the slightest sign of incredulity, he led me under a stone arch, which must have been one of the old gates of Burgos, a few steps from the monument, and pointing to a horizontal groove in the wall, a little more than a metre from the ground, said to me :

"This is the measure of the Cid's arms when he was a young fellow and came here to play with his companions." And he stretched his arms along the groove to show me how much longer it was, then wished me to measure, too, and mine also was too short ; then giving me a triumphant look, he started to return to the city. When we reached a solitary street he stopped before the door of a church and said :

"This is the church of St. Agnes, where the Cid made the King Don Alphonso VI swear that he had taken no part in the killing of his brother, Don Sancho."

I begged him to tell me the whole story.

"There were present," he continued, "prelates, cavaliers, and the other personages of state. The Cid placed the holy Gospel on the altar, the king laid his hand on it, and the Cid said :

"'King Don Alphonso, you must swear to me that you are not stained with the blood of King Don Sancho, my master, and if you swear falsely I shall pray that God make you perish by the hand of a traitorous vassal.'

"The king said, 'Amen!' but changed color. Then the Cid repeated :

"'King Don Alphonso, you must swear that you have neither ordered nor counselled the death of the king, Don Sancho, my master; and if you swear falsely may you die by the hand of a traitorous vassal,' and the king said 'Amen!' but changed color a second time. Twelve vassals confirmed the oath of the king; the Cid wished to kiss his hand, the king would not permit it, and hated him through life from that moment."

He added afterward that another tradition held that the King Don Alphonso did not swear upon the Bible, but upon the bolt of the church door; that for a long time travellers came from every part of the world to admire that bolt; that the people attributed to it some supernatural virtues, and that it was much talked of on all sides, and gave rise to so many extravagant tales that the Bishop, Don Fray Pascual was obliged to have it taken away, as it created a perilous rivalry between the door and the high altar. The guide said nothing more, but if one were to collect all the traditions about the Cid which are current in Spain, there would be enough to fill three good-sized volumes. No legendary warrior was ever dearer to his people than this terrible Roderigo Diaz di Vivar. Poetry has made him little less than a god, and his glory lives in the national feeling of the Spanish as if not eight centuries but eight lustres had passed since the time in which he lived; the heroic poem called by his name, which is the finest monument of the poetry of Spain, is still the most powerfully national work of its literature.

Toward dusk I went to walk under the porticos of the great square, in the hope of seeing a few people; it poured, and a high wind was blowing, so

that I only found there several groups of boys, workmen, and soldiers, so returned directly to the hotel. The Emperor of Brazil had arrived there that morning, and was to start that night for Madrid. In the rooms where I dined, together with some Spaniards, with whom I talked until the hour of my departure, were dining also all the major-domos, valets, servants, lackeys, etc., of his imperial majesty, who completely filled one huge table. In the whole course of my life I have never seen such a curious group of human beings before. There were white faces, black faces, yellow faces, and copper-colored faces; such eyes, noses, and mouths, not to be equalled in the whole collection of the *Pasquino* of Teja. Everyone was talking a different language: some English, others Portugese, French, and Spanish; and others still, an unheard-of mixture of all four, to which were added words, sounds, and cadences of I know not what dialect. Yet they understood each other, and talked together with such a confusion as to make one think that they were speaking a single mysterious and horrible language of some country unknown to the world.

Before leaving Old Castile, the cradle of the Spanish monarchy, I should like to have seen Soria, built on the ruins of the ancient Numangia; Segovia, with its immense Roman aqueduct; Saint Idelfonso, the delicious garden of Philip V; and Avila, the native city of Saint Theresa; but after hastily performing the first four operations of arithmetic, before taking my ticket for Valladolid, I said to myself that there could be nothing worth seeing in those four cities; that the guide-book exaggerated their importance; that fame makes much out of little; and that it was far better to see little than

much, provided that little was well seen and remembered; together with other good reasons, which vigorously corresponded with the results of my calculations and the aims of my hypocrisy.

So I left Burgos without having seen anything but monuments, guides, and soldiers; because the Castilian women, frightened by the rain, had not dared venture on their little feet upon the streets; so that I retained almost a sad recollection of that city, notwithstanding the splendor of its colors and the magnificence of its cathedrals.

From Burgos to Valladolid the country varies little from that of Saragossa and Miranda. There are the same vast and deserted plains, encircled by reddish hills, of curious shape and barren summits; those silent and solitary tracts of land, inundated with a blazing light, which carry one's fancy off to the deserts of Africa, the life of hermits, to the sky and the infinite, rousing in the heart an inexpressible feeling of weariness and sadness. In the midst of those plains, that solitude and silence, one comprehends the mystical nature of the people of the Castiles, the ardent faith of their kings, the sacred inspirations of their poets, the divine ecstasy of their saints, the grand churches, cloisters, and their great history.

CHAPTER IV.

VALLADOLID.

VALLADOLID, *the rich*, as Quevedo calls it, the famous dispenser of influenzas, was, of the cities lying on the north of the Tagus, the one which I most desired to see, although knowing that it contains no great monuments of art, nor anything modern of note. I had a particular sympathy for its name, history, and character, which I had imagined in my own way, from its inhabitants; it seemed to me that it must be an elegant, gay, and studious city, and I could not picture to myself its streets without seeing Gongora pass here, Cervantes there, Leonardo d' Argensola on another side, and, in fact, all the other poets, historians, and savants, who lived there when the superb court of the monarchy was in existence. And thinking of the court, I saw a confused assemblage, in the large squares of this pleasant city, of religious processions, bull-fights, military display, masquerades, balls,—all the mixture of fêtes in honor of the birth of Philip IV, from the arrival of the English admiral, with his cortege of six hundred cavaliers, to the last banquet of the famous one thousand, two hundred dishes of meat, without counting those not served, to quote the popular tradition. I arrived at night, went to the first hotel, and fell asleep with the delightful thought that

I should awake in an unknown city. And the awakening in an unknown city, when one has gone there from choice, is indeed a very great pleasure. The thought that from the moment you leave the house, until you return to it at night, you will do nothing but pass from one curiosity to another, and from one satisfaction to another. That all which you see will be quite new; that at every step you will learn something, and that every thing there will impress itself upon your memory throughout your life; then that you will be as free as the air all day, and as gay as a bird, without any thought save that of amusing yourself; that in amusing yourself you will improve body, mind, and soul. That the end of all these pleasures, instead of leaving behind them a tinge of melancholy, like the evenings after fête days, will only be the beginning of another series of delights, which will accompany you from that city to another, from this to a third, and so on, for a space, a time to which your fancy asssigns no limits; all these thoughts, I say, which crowd into your mind at the moment when you open your eyes, give you such a joyful shock, that before you are aware of it, you find yourself standing in the middle of the room, with your hat on your head and the guide-book in hand.

Let us go then and enjoy Valladolid.

Alas! How changed from the beautiful days of Phillip III! The population, which counted formerly one hundred thousand souls, is now reduced to a little more than twenty thousand; in the principal streets the students of the university and the tourists who are on their way to Madrid, make quite a show; the other streets are deserted. It is a city which produces the effect of a great abandoned

palace, in which one still sees, here and there, the traces of business, gilding, and mosaic; and in the inner rooms, some poor families, in whom the vast solitude of the building inspires a feeling of melancholy. There are many large squares, some old palaces, houses in ruins, empty convents, and long and deserted streets; it has, in fact, every appearance of a fallen city. The most beautiful point is the Plaza Major (principal square), which is enormous and surrounded by great columns of bluish granite, upon which rise the houses, all three stories in height, furnished with three rows of very long little terraces, where twenty-four thousand people could be comfortably seated. The porticos extend along two sides of a broad street that comes out on to the square, and here, and in two or three other neighboring streets, there is the greatest concourse of people. It was a market day; under the porticos and in the square were a crowd of peasants, vegetable-venders, and merchants; and as the Castilian is admirably spoken at Valladolid, I began to saunter among the heads of salad and piles of oranges, to catch, when possible, the jokes and sounds of the beautiful language. I remember, among others, a curious proverb repeated by a woman provoked at a young fellow who was playing the bully:

"*Sabe usted*," she said, planting herself directly in front of him, "*lo que es que destruye al hombre?*" I stopped and listened. "*Tres muchos y tres pocos: Mucho hablar y poco saber; mucho gastar y poco tener; mucho presumir y nada valer!*"

("Three muches and three littles destroy man: Much talking and little knowing; much spending and little keeping; much presuming and little worth.")

It seemed to me that I could distinguish a great difference between the voices of these people and those of the Catalans; here they were softer and more silvery, and also the gestures gayer and the expression of faces more vivacious, though there is nothing peculiar in their faces and coloring,—and the dress does not differ at all from that of our common people of the north. It was just in the square at Valladolid that I became aware of the fact for the first time that I had never seen a pipe since I entered Spain! The workmen, peasants, and poor people all smoke the *cigarrito;* and it is quite laughable to see some of these hardy, bearded men going around with that microscopic little thing in their mouths, half hidden by their whiskers; they smoke it diligently to the last shred of tobacco, until they have nothing but a dying spark on the under lip; yet this they hold on to (as if it were a drop of liquor), until the ashes fall, with the air of one making a sacrifice. I remarked something else, too, which I noticed afterward also—throughout my entire stay in Spain, I never heard any whistling!

From the Plaza Major, I betook myself to the square of Saint Paul, in which stands the old royal palace. The façade is not noteworthy, either for grandeur or beauty. I looked in at the door, and before experiencing a feeling of admiration, I felt one of sadness for the sepulchral silence which reigned therein. There is nothing which produces an impression more like that of a cemetery than the sight of an abandoned castle,—just because there exists there in all its force (more so than in any other place) the contrast between the recollections to which it gives rise and the condition to which it is actually reduced. Oh, superb corteges of plumed

cavaliers, oh, splendid banquets, oh, feverish enjoyments of a prosperity which seemed everlasting! It is rather a new pleasure to cough a little before these empty sepulchres, as invalids do sometimes to test their strength, and to hear the echo of your robust voice, which assures you that you are young and healthful. In the interior of the palace is a large court, surrounded by busts in mezzo-relievo, which represent the Roman emperors, and a beautiful staircase and spacious galleries on the upper floor. I coughed, and the echo replied: "What health!" —so I went out comforted. A drowsy porter showed me on the same square another palace, which I had not noticed, and told me that in that one was born *the great* king Philip II, from whom Valladolid received the title of city; "*You know, sir, Philip the second, son*, of Charles the fifth, father of . . . ."

"*I know, I know*," I hastened to reply, to save myself from the narrative, and, giving a gloomy glance at the dismal palace, I moved on.

Opposite the royal palace is the Convent of the Dominicans of San Paolo, with a façade in the Gothic style, so rich, and overloaded with statuettes, bas-reliefs and ornaments of every kind, that the half would suffice to embellish an immense palace. The sun lay on it at that moment and the effect was magnificent. While I stood contemplating, at my ease, that labyrinth of sculpture, from which it is difficult to take one's eyes after looking at it, a little beggar, of seven or eight years of age, who was seated in a distant corner of the square, dashed from his place as if hurled from a sling, and, rushing toward me, said:

"Oh, sir!—oh, sir! How fond I am of you!"

This is something new, I thought, for the poor to make declarations of love. He came and planted himself before me, and I asked him :

" Why do you like me? "

" Because," he replied, very frankly, " you will give me alms."

" But why should I give you anything? "

" Because," he replied, hesitatingly; then more resolutely, with the tone of one who has found a good reason, " because you have a book, sir."

The guide-book which I had under my arm! Just see if you do not have to travel to hear something new! I had a guide, strangers carry guides, strangers give alms, therefore I was bound to give him something; all this reasoning understood, instead of saying: " I am hungry." I was pleased with the speciousness of the excuse, and I placed in the hands of that clever boy the few *cuartos* which I found in my pockets.

Turning into a neighboring street, I saw the façade of the dominican college of San Gregorio, Gothic, too, and grander and richer than that of San Paolo. Then, from street to street, until I reached the square of the Cathedral. At the moment in which I emerge upon the square, I meet a graceful little Spanish woman, to whom might be applied those two lines of Espronceda :

" Y que yo la he de querer
Por su paso de andadura,"

or our " Her gait was nothing mortal," which is the chief grace of the Spanish women. She had in her walk that almost imperceptible glide the undulating movements, which the eye does not catch one by

one, nor the memory retain, nor mere words describe; but which form together that most fascinating feminine something peculiar to women. Here I found myself in an embarrassing position. I saw the great pile, the Cathedral, at the end of the square, and curiosity moved me to look at the building. I saw, a few steps before me, that little personage, and a curiosity, not less lively, forced me to look at her; so not wishing to lose the first effect of the church, nor the fleeting sight of the woman, my eyes ran from the small face to the cupola and from the cupola back to the face, with breathless rapidity, causing the beautiful unknown certainly to think that I had discovered some corresponding lines or mysterious bonds of sympathy between the edifice and herself, because she turned to look at the church, and, passing near me, smiled.

The Cathedral of Valladolid, although unfinished, is one of the largest cathedrals of Spain: it is an imposing mass of granite, which produces in the soul of an unbeliever an effect similar to that of the Church of the Pilar at Saragossa. At one's first entrance, one flies in thought to the Basilica of St. Peter's; its architecture, which is grand and simple, seems to receive a reflection of sadness from the dark color of the stone; the walls are bare, the chapels dark, the arches, the pilasters, doors, and every thing else are gigantic and severe. It is one of those cathedrals which make one stammer out his prayers with a sense of secret terror. I had not yet seen the Escurial, but I thought of it. It is a work, in fact, by the same architect: the church was left uncompleted in order to begin the construction of the convent; and visiting the convent one is reminded of the church. At the right of the high altar, in a small chapel, rises

the tomb of Peter Ansurez, a gentleman and benefactor of Valladolid, and above his monument is placed his sword. I was alone in the church and heard the echo of my footsteps; suddenly a chill crept over me together with a childish sense of fear; I turned my back on the tomb and went out.

Upon leaving the church I met a priest of whom I asked where I should find the house in which Cervantes had lived. He replied that it was in the street of Cervantes, and showed me in which direction to go; I thanked him, he asked if I were a stranger, to which I responded:

"Yes."

"From Italy?"

"Yes, from Italy."

He looked at me from head to foot, lifted his hat, and went on his way. I moved on, too, in an opposite direction, and the idea occurred to me:

"I would wager that he has stopped to see how a gaoler of the Pope is made."

I turned, and there he was in the middle of the square staring at me as hard as he could. I could not refrain from laughing, and I apologized for the laugh by the salutation:

"*Beso a usted la mano!*"

To which he replied:

"*Buenos dias!*" and away he went; but he ought to have added, not without some surprise, that, for an Italian, I had not such a rascally face.

I crossed two or three narrow, silent streets, and emerged upon the street of Cervantes, which is long, straight, and muddy, and lined with miserable houses. I walked on for a while, meeting only some soldiers, servants, and mules, looking here and there in search of the inscription: "*A qui Vivio Cer-*

vantes," etc.; but I found nothing. Reaching the end of the street, I found myself in the open country; not a living soul was to be seen. I stood looking around me for a while, then turned back. I came across a muleteer, and asked him:

"Where is the house of Cervantes?"

His only reply was a blow to the mule, and on he went.

I asked a soldier; he sent me to a shop. In the shop I questioned an old woman. She did not understand me; thought I wished to purchase Don Quixote, and so sent me to a bookseller. The bookseller who wished to give himself the air of a savant, and could not make up his mind to tell me that he knew nothing of Cervantes' house, began beating about the bush, by talking of the life and works of the famous writer; so that it all ended in my going about my own affairs without having seen anything. Still some recollection of the house must have been retained (and I certainly should have found it had I searched for it more carefully), not only because Cervantes lived in it, but because an event transpired there, of which all his biographers make mention. Shortly after the birth of Philip IV, a cavalier of the court having met one night with some unknown man, they began disputing—it is not known why,—and finally seizing their swords fought until the cavalier was mortally wounded. The man who gave the wound disappeared. The cavalier, all covered with blood, ran to beg assistance at a neighboring house, which was the one inhabited by Cervantes and his family and the widow of a renowned writer of chronicles with two sons. One of the latter raised the wounded man from the ground, and called Cervantes, who was already in bed. Cer-

vantes came down stairs and assisted his friend to carry the cavalier into the widow's house. Two days later he died. Justice took up the affair and tried to discover the cause of the duel. It was believed that the two combatants were paying court to the daughter or the niece of Cervantes, and all the family was imprisoned. A short time afterward they were set at liberty and nothing more was known about the matter. This, too, had to fall to the lot of the poor author of *Don Chisciotte*, so that he could be said to have experienced every kind of trial.

In that same street I enjoyed a little scene which rewarded me a thousand times for not having found the house. Passing a door I surprised at the foot of the steps a little Castilian girl of twelve or thirteen, beautiful as an angel, who held a child in her arms. I cannot find words delicate enough with which to describe what she was doing. A childish curiosity about the sweets of maternal love had gently tempted her. The buttons of her little waist had slipped out of the button-holes one by one, under the pressure of a wee, trembling finger. She was alone; no sound was heard in the street; she had hidden her hand in her bosom; then, perhaps, had been perplexed for a moment; but giving a glance at the baby and feeling her courage return, had made an effort with the hidden hand, and, baring the breast, held apart the baby's lips with her forefinger and thumb, while she said with tenderness:

"*Héla aqui*" (here it is), her face quite scarlet and a sweet smile in her eyes. Hearing my steps, she uttered a cry and disappeared.

Instead of Cervantes' house, I found, a little way beyond, the one in which Don José Zorilla was born.

He is one of the most valiant Spanish poets of the present day; still living, but not to be confounded, as many in Italy do, with Zorilla, the head of the Radical party, although the latter, too, has some poetry in him, and scatters it generously through his political speeches, giving it additional force by shouts and furious gestures. Don José Zorilla is to Spanish literature, in my opinion, rather more than Prati is to the Italian, although they have several traits in common; such as, religious sentiment, passion, fecundity, spontaneity, and an indescribable vague and bold something which excites the youthful mind, and a way of reading, as it is said, very resonant and solemn, although a trifle monotonous, about which, however, many Spaniards go crazy. As to form, I should say the Spanish poet was more correct; both are rather prolix, and in each there is a germ of a great poet. Admirable, above every other work of Zorilla, are the "Songs of the Troubadour," narratives and legends, full of sweet love-verses and descriptions of an incomparable power. He wrote also for the theatre, and his *Don Juan Tenorio*, a fantastic drama in rhyme, in eight-line verses, is one of the most popular dramatic works in Spain. It is given every year on All-saints-day, splendidly mounted, and the people all go to witness it as they would to a fête. Some lyric bits, scattered through the drama, are quoted by every one; especially Don Juan's declaration of love to his sweetheart, whom he has abducted, which is one of the sweetest, tenderest, and most impassioned ones that can fall from the lips of an enamored youth in the most impetuous burst of passion. I challenge the coldest man to read these verses without trembling! Yet, perhaps, the woman's reply is more powerful still:

"Don Juan! Don Juan! I implore thy noble compassion; oh, tear out my heart or love me, because I adore thee!" Let some Andalusian woman repeat those lines to you, and you will appreciate them, or, if you cannot do this, try to read the ballad entitled *La Pasionaria*, which is a trifle long, but full of affection and a melancholy which enchants you. I cannot think of it without my eyes filling with tears; for I see those two young lovers, Aurora and Felix, in a deserted campagna, at sunset, as they move away from each other in different directions, turning now and then, saluting each other and never tiring of looking at one another. They are verses which the Spanish call *asonantes*, without rhyme, but composed and arranged so that the last syllable but one of each verse (equal or unequal), upon which the accent falls, always has the vowel. This is the most popular kind of poetry in Spain,—the *Romancero*, in which many improvise with marvellous facility. Nor can a stranger catch all its harmony unless his ear is accustomed to it.

"Can I see the picture-gallery?"

"Why not, sir?"

The portress opened the door of the principal college of Santa Croce, and accompanied me into the interior. The pictures are many in number, but aside from some of Rubens, Mascagni, Cardenas, and Vincenzo Carducci, the remainder are of little value, gathered here and there from convents, and scattered at random through the corridors, rooms, staircases, and galleries. Notwithstanding this, it is a museum which leaves a profound impression upon the mind, not unlike that produced by the first sight of the bull-fights. In fact, more than six months have passed since that day, yet the impression is as

fresh as if I had received it a few hours ago. The saddest, most sanguinary, and most horrible things that have issued from the pencil of the fiercest Spanish painters are gathered there. Picture to yourself sores, mutilated members, heads severed from the body, extenuated bodies, people who have been flogged, torn with pincers, burned, and martyrized with all the torments that you have ever found described in the romances of Guerrazzi, or in the histories of the Inquisition, and you will not succeed in forming an adequate idea of the Museum of Valladolid. Pass from room to room, and you see nothing but distorted faces of the dead, dying, of those possessed with devils, of executioners, and on every side blood, blood, blood, so that you seem to see it spurt from the walls, and to wade in it like the Babette of Padre Bresciani in the prisons of Naples. It is a collection of pains and horrors, sufficient in number to fill the hospitals of a State. At first, one experiences a sense of sadness, then a repulsion—in fact, more than repulsion—of disdain for the butcher artists who degraded the art of Raphael and Murillo in such an indecent manner. The picture most worthy of notice among the many bad ones, although it is also of a pitiless Spanish realism, represented the circumcision of Jesus, with all the most minute details of the operation, and a group of spectators, bowed and immovable, like the students in surgical clinic around the chief operator. "Let us go—let us go!" I said to the courteous portress; "if I remain here another half hour, I shall leave burned, flayed, or quartered; have you nothing more cheerful to show me?" She took me to see the Ascension, of Rubens, a grand and effective picture, which would be well placed above a high altar: it repre-

sents a majestic and gleaming Virgin who is ascending toward Heaven; at the sides, above and below, there is a crowd of angels' faces, wreaths of flowers, golden heads, white wings, flying objects, and rays of light. Every thing is trembling, breaking through the air, and going upward, like a flock of sparrows, so that it seems as if from one moment to another every thing would rise and disappear.

But it was foreordained that I should not leave the museum with an agreeable image before my eyes. The portress opened a door and laughingly said to me:

"Go in."

I entered and stepped back quite startled. I seemed to have stumbled into a mad-house of giants. The immense room was full of colossal statues in colored wood, representing all the actors and all those who took part in the Passion Play,—soldiers, officers, and spectators, each in the attitude which his office required; some in the act of beating, some who were binding, others wounding, and others still, mocking—horrible faces horribly contracted—there the kneeling women, Jesus fastened upon an enormous cross, the thieves, the ladder, the instruments of torture,—everything necessary, in fact, to represent the Passion as was once done on the square with a group of those colossal creatures who must have occupied the space of a house. And here, too, were wounds, heads immersed in blood, and lacerations which made one shudder.

"Look at that Judas," said the woman, pointing to one of the statues with a gallows face of which I still dream from time to time. "That one they were obliged to take away when the groups were formed outside, because it was so sad and ugly;

the people hated it, and wished to break it into pieces, so that the guards always had their hands full to keep the populaces from passing from threats to deeds. It was finally decided to form the group without it."

One Madonna struck me as being very beautiful (I do not know whether it was that of Berrugnete, Juan di Juni, or Hernandez, for there are statues of all three). She was kneeling, her hands clasped and her eyes turned upward, with an expression of such desperate grief, that it moves one to pity like a living person, and seems, in fact, a few feet away, to be really alive, so much so, that in seeing it suddenly, one cannot withhold an exclamation of surprise.

"The English," said the portress (because guides adopt the opinion of the English as a seal for their own, and sometimes accredit them with the most extravagant absurdities), "the English say that only speech is lacking."

I joyfully acquiesced in the opinion of the English, gave the portress the usual *reales*, and going out with my head full of sanguinary images, I greeted the cheerful day with an unusual feeling of pleasure, like that of a young student on leaving the anatomical-room where he has witnessed the first autopsy.

I visited the beautiful palace of the University, *La plaza campo grande* (where the Holy Inquisition lighted its pyres), which is large, gay, and surrounded by fifteen convents ; and some churches containing noted pictures. When I began to feel that the recollections of the things seen were becoming confused in my brain, I put my guide-book in my pocket and walked toward the principal square. I did the same

thing in all the other cities, for when the mind is weary, the desire to force its attention from the pedantic idea of not paying proper regard to the guide-book, may be a proof of constancy, but it is baleful to one who is travelling with the object of narrating afterward this impression of the objects seen. Since one cannot retain everything, it is better not to confuse the distinct recollection of the principal things with a crowd of vague reminiscences of inferior ones. Besides this, one never retains a grateful remembrance of a city in which one has tried to do too much.

In order to see the appearaece of the city at nightfall, I went to walk under the porticos, where they were beginning to light the shops, and there was a coming and going of soldiers, students, and girls who disappeared through the little doors, slipped around the columns, and glided here and there, flying from the importunate hands of the pursuers, enveloped in their ample cloaks; and a crowd of boys raced around the square, filling the air with their cries, and everywhere there were groups of *caballeros*, in which one heard from time to time the names of Serrano, Sagasta, and Amadeus, alternating with the words *justicia*, *libertad*, *traicion*, *honra de España*, and the like. I entered an immense café filled with students, and there satisfied, as a choice writer would say, the natural talent of eating and drinking. But as I felt a great desire to talk, I fixed my eyes upon two students who were sipping their coffee at a table near by, and, without preamble, I addressed one of them,—a most natural thing to do in Spain, where one is always sure of receiving a courteous answer. The two students approached, and the usual discussion fol-

lowed, such as Italy, Amadeus, the University, Cervantes, Andalusian women, bulls, Dante, and travels,—a course, in fact, of geography, literary history, and the customs of the two countries; then a glass of Malaga and a friendly clasp of the hand.

Oh, *caballeros*, so pleasantly remembered, frequenters of all the cafés, guests at all the table d' hôtes, neighbors at the theatre, traveling companions on all the railways in Spain; you who so many times, moved by kind pity for an unknown stranger, who glanced with a melancholy eye over the *Indicatore delle Ferrovie* (railway guide) or the *Correspondencia Española*, thinking of his family, friends, and distant country, you offered him, with amiable spontaneity, a *cigarrito*, and, taking part in a conversation which broke up the train of sad thoughts, left him calm and cheerful; I thank you. Oh, *caballeros*, so pleasantly remembered, whomsoever you may be, whether Carlists, Alphonsists, followers of Amadeus, or liberals, I thank you from the depths of my heart, in the name of all the Italians who travel and all those who shall travel in your dear country. And I swear upon the everlasting volume of Michael Cervantes, that every time I hear you accused of ferocious souls and savage customs by your most civilized European brothers, I will rise and defend you with the impetuosity of an Andalusian and the tenacity of a Catalan, as long as I have voice enough left to cry: "Long live hospitality!"

A few hours afterward I found myself in the carriage of a train going to Madrid, and the whistle for departure had scarcely ceased, when I struck my forehead in sign of despair. Alas! it was late; and at Valladolid I had forgotten to visit the room where Christopher Columbus died!

CHAPTER V.

MADRID.

IT was day when one of my neighbors cried in my ear:

"*Caballero!*"

"Are we at Madrid?" I asked, waking up.

"Not yet," he replied; "but look!"

I turned toward the country, and saw at the distance of half a mile, on the slope of a high mountain, the convent of the Escurial, illuminated by the first rays of the sun. *Le plus grand tas de granit qui existe sur la terre*, as it is called by an illustrious traveller, did not seem to me, at first sight, the immense edifice which the Spanish people consider the eighth marvel of the world. Nevertheless, I uttered my *Oh!* like the other tourists who saw it for the first time, reserving all my admiration for the day when I should have seen it from a nearer point of view. From the Escurial to Madrid the railway traverses an arid plain, which reminds one of that at Rome.

"You have never seen Madrid?" my neighbor asked.

I replied in the negative.

"It seems impossible," exclaimed the good Spaniard, and he looked at me with an air of curiosity, as if he were saying to himself:

"Oh, let me see how a man is made who has not seen Madrid!"

Then he began enumerating the great things which I would see.

"What promenades! What cafés! What theatres! What women! For any one having three hundred thousand francs to spend, there is nothing better than Madrid; it is a great monster who lives upon fortunes; if I were you, I should like to pour mine down its throat."

I squeezed my flabby pocket-book and murmurred:

"Poor monster!"

"Here we are!" cried the Spaniard; "look out!"

I put my head out of the window.

"That is the royal palace!"

I saw an immense pile on a hill, but instantly closed my eyes, because the sun was in my face. Every one rose, and the usual bustle of

"Coats, shawls, and other rags"

began, which always impedes the first view of a city. The train stops, I get out, and find myself in a square full of carriages, in the midst of a noisy crowd; a thousand hands are stretched out toward my valise, a hundred mouths shriek in my ear. It is an indescribable confusion of porters, hackmen, guards, guides, boys, and commissioners of *casas de huespedes*. I make way for myself with my elbows, jump into an omnibus full of people, and away we go. We pass through a large street, cross a great square, traverse a broad, straight street, and arrive at the *Puerta del Sol*. It is a stupendous sight! It is an immense semicircular square (surrounded by high buildings), into which

open, like ten torrents, ten great streets, and from every street comes a continuous, noisy wave of people and carriages, and everything seen there is in proportion with the vastness of the locality. The sidewalks are as wide as streets, the cafés large as squares, the basin of a fountain the size of a lake ; and on every side there is a dense and mobile crowd, a deafening racket, an indescribable gayety and brightness in the features, gestures, and colors, which makes you feel that neither the populace nor the city are strange to you, and which produces in you a desire to mingle in the tumult, greet every one, and run here and there, rather to recognize persons and things than to see them for the first time.

I get out at a hotel, leave it instantly, and begin roaming about the streets at random. No great palaces nor ancient monuments of art meet the eye : but there are wide, clean, gay streets, flanked by houses painted in vivid colors, broken here and there by squares of a thousand different forms, laid out almost at random, and every square contains a garden, fountain, and statuette. Some streets have a slight ascent, so that in entering them one sees at the end the sky, and seems to be emerging into the open country ; but on reaching the highest point another long street extends before one. Every now and then there are cross roads of five, six, and even eight streets, and here there is a continuous mingling of carriages and people ; the walls are covered, for some distance, with play bills ; in the shops there is an incessant coming and going ; the cafés are crowded ; and on every side there is the bustle of a large city. The street Alcalà, which is so wide that it seems almost like a rectangular square, divides Madrid in half, from the *Puerta del Sol* toward the

east, and ends in an immense plain, that extends all along the side of the city, and contains gardens, walks, squares, theatres, bull-circuses, triumphal arches, museums, small palaces, and fountains. I jump into a carriage and say to the coachman: "*Vuela!*" I pass the statue of Murillo, reascend the street Alcalà, traverse the street of the Turk, where General Prim was assassinated; cross the square of the Cortes, in which the statue of Michael Cervantes stands; emerge on the Plaza Major, where the Inquisition lighted its pyres; turn back, and in front of the house of Lopez de Vega, come out on the immense square of the Orient, opposite the royal palace, where rises the equestrian statue of Philip IV in the midst of a garden surrounded by forty colossal statues; climb again toward the heart of the city, crossing other broad streets, gay squares, and cross-roads filled with people; then finally return to the hotel, declaring that Madrid is grand, gay, rich, populous, and charming, and that I should like to stay there some time, see everything, and enjoy myself as long as my purse and the clemency of the season would permit.

After a few days a kind friend found me a *casa de huespedes* (boarding-house), and I established myself there. These guest-houses are nothing more than families who furnish board and lodging to students, artists, and strangers, at different prices, be it understood, according to one's accommodation; but always more reasonably than the hotels, with the inestimable advantage that one enjoys a breath of home life therein, forms friendships, and is treated more like one of the family than like a boarder. The landlady was a good woman in the fifties, the widow of a painter who had studied at Rome,

Florence, and Naples, and had retained throughout life a grateful and affectionate recollection of Italy. She, too, quite naturally, evinced a lively sympathy for our country, and displayed it every day by being present when I dined, recounting to me the life, death, and miracles of all of her relations and friends, as if I were the sole confidant she had at Madrid. I heard few Spaniards talk as quickly, frankly, and with as great an abundance of phrases, bons-mots, comparisons, proverbs, and as large a choice of words as she. During the first few days I was disconcerted by them ; I comprehended very little, was obliged to beg her to repeat every moment, could not always make myself understood, and became aware of the fact that in studying the language from books I had wasted much time in filling my head with phrases and words which rarely occur in ordinary conversation, while I had neglected many others that are indispensable. Therefore, I was obliged to begin by collecting, noting down, and, above all, straining my ears in order to profit as much as I could from the conversation of people. And I persuaded myself of this truth—that one may remain ten, thirty, forty years in a foreign city, but that if one does not make an effort in the beginning, if one does not continue to study for a long time, if one does not always keep—as Giusti said—" the eyes wide open," one never learns to speak the language, or will always speak it badly. I knew at Madrid some old Italians who had lived since their youth in Spain and spoke Spanish atrociously. In fact, it is not, even for us Italians, an easy language ; or to express myself better, it presents the great difficulty of easy languages, which is, that it is not permissable to talk them badly, because it is not in-

dispensable to speak them well in order to be understood. The Italian who wishes to speak Spanish with cultivated people, all of whom would understand French, must justify his presumption by talking it with facility and grace.

Now the Spanish language, especially because it resembles ours more closely than the French, is decidedly more difficult to speak quickly, and, so to express myself, by ear, without making mistakes, because one can say more easily, for instance, *propre*, *mortuaire*, *délice*, without running the risk of letting *proprio*, *mortuario*, *delicia* escape one, than the words *propio*, *mortuorio*, *delicia*. One drops into the Italian involuntarily, inverts syntax at every instant, and has his own language continually in his ear or on his tongue, so that he stammers, becomes confused, and betrays himself. Neither is the Spanish pronunciation any less difficult than the French; the Spanish J— so easy to pronounce when alone, is exceedingly difficult when two appear in a word, or several of them in a proposition; the Z which is pronounced like S, is not acquired save after long and patient practice, because it is a sound which is disagreeable to us at first, and many, even knowing it, will never permit it to be heard. Yet if there is a city in Europe where the language of a country can be well learned, that city is Madrid; and the same may be said of Toledo, Valladolid, and Burgos. The populaces speak as the cultivated write; the differences of pronunciation between the educated class and the common people of the suburbs are very slight; and setting aside those four cities, the Spanish language is incomparably more spoken, more common, and for this reason more forcible, and consequently more efficacious in the newspapers,

theatres, and popular literature, than the Italian language. There are in Spain the Valencian, Catalan, Gallician, Murcian dialects, and the ancient language of the Basque provinces; but Spanish is spoken in the Castiles, Arragon, Estramadura, and Andalusia, that is to say in the five great provinces. The joke enjoyed at Saragossa is enjoyed at Seville also; the popular phrase which pleases the pit in a theatre at Salamanca, obtains the same success in a theatre at Granada. It is said that the Spanish language of to-day is no longer that of Cervantes, Quevedo, Lopez de Vega; that the French tongue has corrupted it; that if Charles V were to live again he would not say that it was the language to speak with God; and that Sancho Panza would no longer be understood or enjoyed. Ah! Any one who may have frequented the eating-houses and miserable theatres of the suburbs, reluctantly reconciles himself to this conclusion!

Passing from the tongue to the palate, a little good-will is needful in order to habituate one's self to certain sauces and gravies peculiar to the Spanish kitchen,—but I accustomed myself to them. The French, who, in the matter of cooking, are as difficult to please as badly-trained children, cry out against it; Dumas says he has suffered from hunger in Spain; and in a book on Spain which I have before me, it is stated that the Spaniards live on nothing but honey, mushrooms, eggs, and snails. This is all nonsense; the same thing may be said of our cooking. I have seen many Spanish who were made sick by the sight of macaroni with sauce. They mix things a trifle too much, abuse the use of fat, and season too highly; but really not enough to take away Dumas' "appetite." They are masters,

among other things, of sweets. Then comes their *puchero*, a national dish, eaten every day by the Spaniards, in every place, and I tell the truth when I say that I devoured it with a voracious enjoyment. The *puchero* is, in regard to the culinary art, what an anthology is to literature : it is a little of everything and the best. A good slice of boiled meat forms the nucleus of the dish ; around it are the wings of a fowl, a piece of *chorizo* (sausage), lard, vegetables and ham ; under it, over it, and in all the interstices are *garbanzos*. Epicures pronounce the name of *garbanzos* with reverence. They are a species of bean, but are larger, more tender, and richer in flavor ; beans, an extravagant person would say, which had fallen down from some world where a vegetation equal to ours is enriched by a more powerful sun. Such is the ordinary *puchero;* but every family modifies it according to its purse ; the poor man is content with meat and *garbanzos ;* the gentleman adds to it a hundred delicious tid-bits. At the bottom, it is really more of a dinner than a dish, and therefore many eat nothing else. A good *puchero* with a bottle of *Val de Peñas* ought to satisfy any one. I say nothing of the oranges, Malaga grapes, asparagus, artichokes, and every species of fruits and vegetables, which every one knows are most beautiful and delicious in Spain. Nevertheless the Spaniards eat little, and although pepper, strong sauces, and salted meat predominate in their kitchen, although they eat *chorizos*, which, as they themselves say, *levantan las piedras*, or, in other words, burn the intestines ; they drink little wine. After the fruit, instead of sitting and sipping a good bottle, they ordinarily take a cup of coffee with milk, and rarely drink wine even in the morning. At the

hotel's tables d' hôte I have never seen a Spaniard empty a bottle, and I, who emptied mine, was looked at in surprise as if I were a veritable brute. It is a rare occurrence in the cities of Spain, even on a fête day, to encounter a drunken man, and for this reason, when one takes into consideration the fiery blood and very free use of knives and daggers, there are many less fights which end in bloodshed and death than is generally believed out of Spain.

Having found board and lodging, no other thought remained than that of roaming about the city, with my guide-book in hand and a cigar worth *three cuartos* in my mouth; a task both easy and agreeable.

During the first few days I could not tear myself away from the square of the *Puerta del Sol*. I stayed there by the hour, and amused myself so much that I should like to have passed the day there. It is a square worthy of its fame; not so much on account of its size and beauty as for the people, life, and variety of spectacle which it presents at every hour of the day. It is not a square like the others; it is a mingling of salon, promenade, theatre, academy, garden, a square of arms, and a market. From daybreak until one o'clock at night, there is an immovable crowd, and a crowd that comes and goes through the ten streets leading into it, and a passing and mingling of carriages which makes one giddy. There gather the merchants, the disengaged demagogues, the unemployed clerks, the aged pensioners, and the elegant young men; there they traffic, talk politics, make love, promenade, read the newspapers, hunt down their debtors, seek their friends, prepare demonstrations against the ministry, coin the false reports which circulate through Spain,

and weave the scandalous gossip of the city. Upon the side-walks, which are wide enough to allow four carriages to pass in a row, one has to force his way with his elbows. On a single paving stone you see a civil guard, a match vender, a broker, a beggar, and a soldier, all in one group. Crowds of students, servants, generals, officials, peasants, *toreros*, and ladies pass; importunate beggars ask for alms in your ear so not to be discovered; cocoltes question you with their eyes; courtesans hit your elbow; on every side you see hats lifted, handshakings, smiles, pleasant greetings, cries of *Largo* from laden porters and merchants with their wares hung from the neck; you hear shouts of newspaper sellers, shrieks of water venders, blasts of the diligence horns, cracking of whips, clanking of sabres, strumming of guitars, and songs of the blind. Then regiments with their bands of music pass; the king goes by; the square is watered with immense jets of water which cross in the air; the bearers of advertisements announcing the spectacles, troops of ragamuffins with armfuls of supplements, and a body of employés of the ministries, appear; the bands of music repass, the shops begin to be lighted, the crowd grows denser, the blows on the elbow become more frequent, the hum of voices, racket, and commotion increase. It is not the bustle of a busy people; it is the vivacity of gay persons, a carnival-like gaiety, a restless idleness, a feverish overflow of pleasure, which attacks you and forces you around like a reel without permitting you to leave the square; you are seized by a curiosity which never wearies, a desire to amuse yourself, to think of nothing, to listen to gossip, to saunter, and to laugh. Such is the famous square, the *Puerta del Sol.*

An hour passed there is sufficient to enable one to know by sight the people of Madrid in its various aspects. The common people dress as in our large cities; the gentlemen, if they take off the cloak which they wear in winter, copy the Paris models; and are all, from the duke to the clerk, from the beardless youth to the tottering old man, neat, adorned, pomaded, and gloved, as if they had just issued from the dressing-room. They resemble the Neapolitans in this regard, with their fine heads of hair, well-kept beards, and small hands and feet. It is rare to see a low hat; all wear high ones, and there are canes, chains, trinkets, pins, and ribbons in their button-holes by the thousand. The ladies, with the exception of certain fête days, are also dressed like the French; the women of the middle class still wear the mantilla, but the old satin shoes, the *peineta*, and bright colors,—the national costume, in a word, has disappeared. They are still, however, the same little women so besung for their great eyes, small hands, and tiny feet, with their very black hair, but skin rather white than dark, so well formed, erect, lithe, and vivacious.

In order to hold a review of the fair sex of Madrid, one must go to the promenades of the *Prado*, which is to Madrid what the *Cascine* are to Florence. The *Prado*, properly speaking, is a very broad avenue not very long, flanked by minor avenues, which extends to the east of the city, at one side of the famous garden of the *Buen retiro*, and is shut in at the two extremities by two enormous stone fountains, the one surmounted by a colossal cybele, seated upon a shell, and drawn by water-horses; the other by a Neptune of equal size; both of them crowned with copious jets of water, which cross and grace-

fully fall again with a cheerful murmur. This great avenue, hedged in on the sides by thousands of chairs and hundreds of benches belonging to water- and orange-venders, is the most frequented part of the *Prado*, and is called the Salon of the *Prado*. But the promenade extends beyond the fountain of Neptune ; there are other avenues, fountains, and statues ; one can walk among trees and jets of water to the Church of Nuestra Señora di Atocha, the famous church, overloaded with gifts by Isabella II after the assault of February 2, 1852, in which King Amadeus went to visit the body of General Prim.

From here one takes in, with a glance, a vast tract of the deserted country about Madrid and the snowy mountains of the Guadarrama. But the *Prado* is the most famous, not the largest or most beautiful of the city. On the extension of the *Salon*, beyond the fountain of Cybele, stretches out for nearly two miles the promenade of *Recoletos*, flanked on the right by the vast and smiling suburb of Salamanca, the suburb of the rich, the deputies, and poets ; on the left, by a very long chain of little palaces, villas, theatres, and new buildings painted in bright colors. It is not a single promenade, but ten, one beside the other, and each more beautiful than its predecessor. There are carriage drives, roads for equestrians, avenues for people who seek a crowd, avenues for those who desire solitude, divided by endless hedges of myrtle, flanked and interrupted by gardens and groves, in which rise statues and fountains, and mysterious paths intersect each other. On fête days one enjoys an enchanting spectacle there: from one end to the other of the avenues, there are the processions of people, carriages, and horses ; in the *Prado* one can scarcely walk ; the

gardens are crowded with thousands of boys; the orchestras of the day theatres are playing; on every side one hears the murmur of fountains, the rustling of dresses, the cries of children, the tread of the horses. It is not alone the movement and the gaiety of a promenade, but the luxury, noise, confusion and feverish joy of a fête. The city, at that hour, is deserted. At twilight all that immense crowd rushes back into the great Street Alcala, and then from the fountain of Cybele to the *Puerta del Sol* nothing is to be seen but a sea of heads, ploughed by a line of carriages as far as the eye can reach.

As regards promenades, theatres, and spectacles, Madrid is, without doubt, one of the first cities of the world. Beside the Opera House, which is very large and rich; beside the theatre for comedy, the theatre of the *Zarzuela*, and the Madrid Circus, all of which are of the first order in regard to size, elegance, and the concourse of people, there is a collection of minor theatres for dramatic and equestrian companies, musical associations, *Vaudevilles*, drawing-room theatres, and those with boxes and galleries, large and small, aristocratic and plebian, for every purse, for every taste, and for all hours of the night, and there is not one among them which is not crowded every evening. Then there is the Cock-Circus, the Bull-Circus, the popular balls and the games; some days there are twenty different entertainments, beginning from mid-day until nearly dawn. The opera, of which the Spanish people are very fond, is always superb, not only during the Carnival, but throughout all seasons. While I was at Madrid, Fricci sang at the theatre of the *Zarzuela* and Stagno at the Hippodrome, each supported by fine artists, excellent orchestras and magnificent properties. The

most celebrated singers in the world make every effort to sing in the capital of Spain; the artists there are sought after and fêted; the passion for music is the only one which equals that for the bulls. The theatre for comedy is also much in vogue. Statzembuch, Breton de los Herreros, Tamayo, Ventura, D'Ayala, Guttierrez, and many other dramatic writers, some dead and some living, noted even out of Spain, have enriched the modern theatre with a great number of comedies, which, even though not possessing that true national stamp which rendered immortal the dramatic works of the great century of Spanish literature, are full of fire, wit, and spiciness, and incomparably more healthful in tone than the French comedies. Yet though the modern dramas are represented the old ones are not forgotten: On the anniversaries of Lopez de Vega, Calderon, Moreto, Tirso de Molina, Alarcon, Francesco de Rojas, and the other great lights of the Spanish theatre, their masterpieces are represented with great pomp. The actors, however, do not succeed in satisfying the authors; they have the same defects as ours, such as superfluous movement, ranting, and sobbing,—and many prefer ours, because they find in them greater variety of inflection and accent. Beside the tragedy and the comedy, a dramatic composition, thoroughly Spanish, is represented, *i.e.*, the *zainete*, in which a certain Ramon de la Cruz was master. It is a species of farce, which is, for the greater part, a representation of Andalusian costumes with personages taken from the country and lower classes, and actors who imitate with wonderful cleverness the dress, accent, and manners of that people. The comedies are all printed and read with great avidity, even by most ordinary persons; the

names of the writers are very popular; the dramatic literature, in a word, is still to-day, as was the case in former times, the richest and most diffuse.

There is, too, a great rage for the *Zarzuela*, which is usually represented in the theatre to which it gives its name, and is a composition something between comedy and melodrama, between the opera and *Vaudeville*, with a pleasing alternation of prose and verse, of recitation and song, of the serious and comic; a composition exclusively Spanish in character and most entertaining. In other theatres they represent political comedies intermingled with song and prose in the style of Scalvini's review; satirical farces are the subjects of the day,—a species of *autos sacramentales*, with scenes from the passion of Jesus Christ, during Holy Week; and balls, silly dances, and pantomines of every description. At the small theatres three or four representations are given during the evening, from one hour to another, and the spectators change at every representation. In the famous *Capellanes* theatre they dance every evening of the year a *kan-kan*, scandalous beyond the most obscene imagination, and there gather the fast young men and women, old libertines with wrinkled noses, armed with spectacles, eye-glasses, opera-glasses, and every kind of optical instrument which serve to bring nearer, as Aleardi would say, the forms advertised on the stage.

After the theatre, one finds all the cafés full of people, the city illuminated, and the streets filled with carriages, just as at the beginning of the evening. Upon coming out of the theatre, in a foreign country, one is a trifle sad. So many beautiful creatures have we seen, not one of whom deigned to bestow upon us a glance! But an Italian at Madrid

finds one comfort. Italian operas are almost always sung, and in Italian, so that on returning home you hear hummed in the words of your own language the airs which have been familiar to you since your infancy; you hear a *palpito* here, a *fiero genitor* there, a *tremenda vendetta* further on, and these words produce the same effect as the greeting of a friend. But in order to reach home, what a thick hedge of petticoats you must pass! The palm is given to Paris, and undoubtedly she merits it; but Madrid is not to be laughed at, and what daring, what words of fire, what imperious provocations! Finally you arrive at your house, but you have not the door key.

'Do not give yourself any uneasiness," says the first citizen whom you meet. "Do you see that lantern at the end of the street? The man who is carrying it is a *sereno*, and the *serenos* have the keys of all the houses."

Then you cry out: "*Sereno!*" The lantern approaches, and a man with an enormous bunch of keys in his hand, after giving you a scrutinizing glance, opens the door, lights you to the first-floor, and wishes you good night. In this way, every evening, by the payment of one lira a month, you are relieved from the annoyance of carrying the house keys in your pockets. The *sereno* is an employé of the municipality: there is one for every street, and each carries a whistle. If the house takes fire, or thieves break in, you have only to rush to the window and cry: "*Sereno!* Help!" The *sereno* who is in the street whistles; the *serenos* in the neighboring streets blow their whistles, and in a few moments all the *serenos* in the quarter run to your assistance. At whatever hour of the night you wake, you hear

the voice of the *sereno*, who announces it to you, adding that the weather is fine, that it rains, or that is going to rain. How many things the night-watchman knows, and how many he never reveals! How many subdued farewells he hears! How many little notes he sees drop from the window; how many keys fall on the pavement; how many hands, making mysterious motions, in the air; how many muffled lovers stealing through little doorways; lighted windows suddenly obscured, and dark figures gliding along the walls at the first streak of dawn!

I have only spoken of the theatres. At Madrid there is a concert every day, one might say: concerts in the theatres, in the academy halls, in the streets, and then a crowd of straggling musicians, who deafen you at every hour of the day. After all this, one has a right to ask how it happens that a people, so infatuated with music that it is as necessary to them as the air they breathe, I might say, have never given any grand master to this art. The Spanish refuse to be comforted on the subject!

Much paper could be covered in attempting to describe the great suburbs, gates, promenades outside the city, the squares, and historical streets of Madrid; and any one not wishing to omit anything would speak of the superb cafés: the *Imperial* in the square of the *Puerta del Sol*, the *Fornos* in the street Alcalà, which are two immense halls in which, if the tables were removed, a squadron of cavalry could exercise; and innumerable others, that one meets at every step, in which a hundred couple could easily dance. Then the gorgeous shops that occupy the ground-floor of immense buildings, among which are the stores of Havana tobacco (a rendezvous for the aristocrats) filled with cigars, small, large, huge,

round, flat, pointed, shaped like snakes, arches, and hooks, in every form, suited to every taste and purse; enough, in fact, to content the wildest fancy of smokers and intoxicate the entire population of a city. Then there are spacious markets, barracks for an army, the great royal palace, in which the Quirinal and Pitti could hide themselves without fear of discovery; the great street of Atocha, which crosses the city; the immense garden of the *Buen Retiro*, with its large lake, its heights crowned with kiosks, its thousand birds of passage. But above every thing else, the Naval Museum and those for arms and paintings merit so much attention that one might dedicate a volume to each of them.

The Madrid armory is one of the most beautiful in the world. As you enter the immense hall, your heart gives a leap, the blood surges through your veins, and you stand as motionless at the portal as one who has lost his reason. An entire army of cavalry, clad in armor, with swords in their hands, lances in rest, gleaming and formidable, dash toward you like a legion of spectres. It is an army of emperors, kings, dukes, in the most superb armor that has ever issued from the hands of man, upon which falls a torrent of light from eighteen enormous windows, and this draws from the metal a gleam of rays, sparks, and colors that fairly make one giddy. The walls are covered with cuirasses, helmets, bows, guns, swords, halberds, tournament lances, immense muskets, and gigantic lances, which reach from the floor to the ceiling; from the ceiling hang the banners of all the armies of the world, trophies of Lepanto, San Quintino, the War of the Independence, and those of Africa, Cuba, and Mexico; on every side there is a profusion of glorious ensigns, illus-

trious arms, marvellous works of art, effigies, emblems, and immortal names. One does not know where to begin to admire, and runs, at first, here and there, looking at every thing, and seeing nothing, and really weary before having fairly commenced one's task. In the centre of the hall is the equestrian armor, with horses and cavaliers ranged in a row, by twos and threes, all turning in the same direction, like the column of a squadron; and one distinguishes, at first sight, among others, the armors of Philip II, Charles V, Philibert Emanuel, and Christopher Columbus. Here and there, on pedestals, one sees helmets, casques, morions, collars, and bucklers, belonging to the kings of Arragon, Castile, and Navarre, finished in fine relief of silver, representing battles, scenes from mythology, symbolical figures, trophies, and grotesque garlands; some of them of inestimable value, the work of the most distinguished artists of Europe; others of strange shapes, overladen with ornaments, tufts, vizors, and colossal crests; then small helmets and cuirasses of young princes, together with swords and shields, donated by popes and monarchs. In the midst of the equestrian armor, one sees statues clothed in the fantastic costumes of Indians, Africans, and Chinese, ornamented with feathers and bells, with bows and quivers; frightful warlike masks; costumes of mandarins of woven gold and silk. Along the walls are other pieces of armor; that of the Marquis of Pescara, the poet Garcilaso of Vega, the Marquis of Santa Cruz, the gigantic one of Frederick the Magnanimous, Duke of Saxony; and among one and another Arabian, Persian, and Moorish banners, that are falling to pieces. In the glass cases is a collection of swords, which make

you shudder when you hear the names of those who wielded them : such as those belonging to the Prince of Condé, Isabella the Catholic, Philip II, Ferdinand Cortes, the Count Duke of Olivares, John of Austria, Gonzalvo of Cordova, Pizarro, the Cid ; and, a little farther on, are the helmet of King Boabdil of Granada, the buckler of Francis I, and the camp-chair of Charles V. In a corner of the room are ranged the trophies of the Ottoman armies : helmets studded with gems, spurs, gilded stirrups, the collars of slaves, daggers, scimetars in velvet sheaths, circlets of gold, embroidered and covered with pearls ; the spoils of Ali Pacha, who was killed on the flagship, at the battle of Lepanto ; his caftan of gold and silver brocade, his belt, sandals, and shield ; the spoils of his sons, and the banners torn from the galleys. On another side are votive crowns, crosses, and necklaces, belonging to Gothic princes. In another compartment are objects taken from the Indians of Mariveles, the Moors of Cagayan and Mindano, and from savages of the most distant oceanic islands : such as necklaces of snail shells, pipes of wooden idols, reed flutes, ornaments made from the feet of insects, slaves' robes made of palm leaves, written leaves which served as safeguards, poisoned arrows, and executioners' hatchets. And then, on every side one turns, there are the saddles of kings, coats of mail, culverins, historical drums, sashes, inscriptions, mementos and images of all times and countries, from the fall of the Goths to the battle of Teuan, from Mexico to China ; a collection of treasures and masterpieces, which one leaves dazed, moved, and exhausted, to return to self-consciousness later (as if coming out of a dream), with one's memory wearied and confused.

If on some future day a great Italian poet shall desire to sing of the discovery of the new world, in no place can he obtain more powerful inspiration than in the Naval Museum of Madrid, because in no place does one feel more deeply the virginal atmosphere of the wild America and the mysterious presence of Columbus. There is a room called the cabinet of the discoverers: the poet, on entering it, if he really possess the soul of a poet, will uncover his head in reverence. In whatever portion of the room the eye falls, one sees some image that stirs the heart; one is no longer in Europe, nor in the present century, but in the America of the 15th century; one breathes that air, sees those places, and feels that life. In the centre is a trophy of arms taken from the natives of the discovered territory; shields covered with the skins of wild beasts, javelins of cane with plumed notches, wooden sabres in osier scabbards, their hilts ornamented with manes and hair falling in long bunches; canes, poles, and enormous clubs, great swords indented like a saw, shapeless sceptres, gigantic quivers, clothes of monkey skin, daggers of kings and executioners, arms belonging to the savages of Cuba, Mexico, New Caledonia, the Carolinas, and the most remote islands of the Pacific, black, strange and horrible, which awaken in one's mind confused visions of terrible struggles, in the mysterious obscurity of virginal forests, within interminable labyrinths of unknown trees. And round about these spoils of a savage country are the images and mementos of the conquerors: here the portrait of Columbus; there, that of Pizarro; beyond, that of Ferdinand Cortes; on one wall the map of America, drawn by Giovanni de la Cosa, during the second voyage of the Genoese,

on a broad canvas covered with figures, colors, and signs, which were intended to serve as a guide for the expeditions into the interior of the territories; near the canvas, is a piece of the tree under which the conqueror of Mexico reposed during the famous "*Notte triste*," after he had opened his path through the immense army which awaited him in the valley of Otumba; then a vase taken from the trunk of the tree near which the celebrated Captain Cook died; imitations of boats, barks, and rafts used by the savages; a collection of portraits of illustrious navigators. Then, in the middle portion, there is a large picture which represents the three ships of Christopher Columbus,—the *Nina*, the *Pinta*, and the *Santa Maria*, at the moment in which American soil appears, and all the sailors, erect on the poops, waving their arms, and uttering loud cries, salute the new world and give thanks to God. There are no words which express the emotion that one experiences at the sight of that spectacle, nor tears worth that which trembles in one's eye at that instant, nor human soul which, in that moment, does not feel itself more grand!

The other rooms, which are ten in number, are also full of valuable objects. In the room next the cabinet of the discoverers, are gathered the mementos of the battle of Trafalgar; the picture of the Holy Trinity, which was in a little room in the poop of the ship *Real Trinidad*, and which was taken from the English a few moments before the ship sank; the hat and sword of Gravina, admiral of the Spanish fleet, who died that day; a large, complete model of the ship *Sant' Anna*, one of the few which came out of the battle; and banners, portraits of admirals, and pictures representing incidents of that

tremendous struggle. Besides the mementos of Trafalgar, there are many others which do not appeal less strongly to the soul, such as a chalice made from the wood of a tree called *Ceiba*, under whose shade the first mass was celebrated at Havana, on the 19th of March, 1519; the cane of Captain Cook; Indian idols, and stone chisels with which the Indians of Porto Rico fashioned their idols before the discovery of the island. Beyond this room is another large one, upon entering which one finds one's self in the midst of a fleet of galleys, caravelas, feluccas, brigantines, corvettes, and frigates,—boats, in fact, of every country and every century, armed, beflagged, and provisioned, that only seem to be waiting for the wind to set sail and scatter over the world. In the other rooms, there is a collection of engines, tools, and naval arms; of pictures representing all the maritime enterprises of the Spanish people; of portraits of admirals, navigators, and sailors; of trophies from Asia, America, Africa, Oceanica, piled up and crowded together, so that one ought to pass them on a run in order to see every thing before the night overtakes him. On coming out of the Naval Museum, it seems like returning from a voyage around the world, so fast has one lived during those few hours.

Besides this, there is, at Madrid, a large Artillery Museum, an immense Museum of Engineering, an Archeological Museum, and a noteworthy Museum of Natural History; then there are a thousand other things worth seeing, but one must sacrifice the description of them to that of the marvellous picture-gallery.

The day on which one enters for the first time a gallery like that of Madrid, becomes a marked one

in the life of a man ; it is an important event like marriage, the birth of a child, or the coming into an inheritance ; for one feels the effects of it to the day of his death. And this is the reason why galleries like those of Madrid, Florence, and Rome, constitute a world in themselves ; a day passed among their walls is like the year of a life, a year stirred by all the passions which vary a real life, such as love, religion, love of country, and glory ; a year for that which is enjoyed in it, for that which one learns in it, for that comfort which is extracted from it for the future ; a year in which a thousand volumes are read, a thousand sensations are experienced, and a thousand adventures encountered. These thoughts revolved in my mind as I rapidly approached the picture-gallery, situated at the left of the Prado (for any one coming from the street Alcalà) ; and such was the pleasure I felt, that on reaching the door I stopped and said to myself : " Let us see ! what have you done during your life to deserve the privilege of entering here ? Nothing ! Very well ; on the day when some misfortune comes to you, bow your head and feel that you are quits with Fate.

I entered, and involuntarily raised my hat : My heart was beating and a shiver ran from head to foot. In the first rooms there are only a few large pictures of Luca Giordano. I passed on. In the second room *I was no longer myself*, and instead of beginning to look at the pictures one by one, I postponed the examination until later, and made the tour of the gallery almost running. In the second room are the pictures of Goya, the last great Spanish painter ; in the third, which is as large as a square, are the masterpieces of the great masters. On entering, you find, on one side, the Virgins, of Murillo ; on the other, the Saints,

of Ribera; a little farther on, the portraits of Velasquez: in the centre of the room are the pictures of Raphael, Michael Angelo, Andrea del Sarto, Titian, Tintorette, Paul Veronese, Correggio, Domenichino, and Guido Reni. Turn back; enter a large room on the right, and you see at the end other pictures of Raphael; on the right and left Velasquez, Titian, and Ribera; near the door Rubens, Van Dyck, Fra Angelico, and Murillo. In another room the French school: Poussin, Duguet, Lorrain; in two other large ones the walls are covered with pictures of Breughel, Téniers, Jordaens, Rubens, Dürer, Schoen, Mengs, Rembrandt, and Bosch. In three others, of the same size, are a quantity of pictures of Joanes, Carbajal, Herrera, Luca Giordano, Carducci, Salvator Rosa, Menendez, Cano, and Ribera. You roam around for an hour, and you have seen nothing; for the first hour it is a struggle—the master-pieces dispute the space in your soul; the *Conception*, of Murillo, covers with a torrent of light the *Martyrdom of Saint Bartholomew*, of Ribera; the *St. James*, of Ribera, crushes the *St. Stephen*, of Joanes; the *Charles V.* of Titian, fulminates the *Conte duca Olivares*, of Velasquez; the *Spasimo of Sicily*, of Raphael, casts into the shade all the pictures around it; the *Drunkards*, of Velasquez, disturb with a reflection of bacchanalian joy the faces of the neighboring saints and princes. Rubens overthrows Van Dyck, Paul Veronese outdoes Tiepolo, and Goya kills Madrazo; the conquered take their revenge upon their inferiors; elsewhere they supersede, in their turn, their conquerors. It is, in fact, a rivalry of miracles of art, in the midst of which your restless soul trembles like a flame stirred by a thousand breezes, and your heart expands in a feeling of pride for the power of human genius.

When the first enthusiasm has passed, one begins to admire. In the midst of an army of such artists, each one of whom might claim a volume in himself, I confine myself to the Spaniards, and among these, to four who aroused my profoundest admiration, and whose canvases I remember most distinctly.

The most recent is Goya, born toward the middle of the last century. He is the most thoroughly Spanish painter of *toreros*, peasants, smugglers, massacres, thieves, the War of the Independence, and that ancient Spanish society which was dissolved under his eyes. He was a fiery Arragonese, with an iron temperament, passionately found of bull-fights, so much so that, during the last years of his life, while residing at Bordeaux, he went once a week to Madrid for no other purpose than that of witnessing these spectacles, and he left there like an arrow, without even saluting his friends. He was a robust, sharp, imperious, and fulminating genius, who, in the heat of his violent inspirations, covered in a few moments with figures a wall or a canvas, and gave the effective touches with whatever happened to fall under his hand—sponges, besoms, or sticks; who in tracing the face of a hated person insulted it; who painted a picture as he would have fought a battle. He was a very bold designer, an original and a powerful colorist, a creator of an inimitable style of painting, of frightful shadows, mysterious lights, and of extraordinary but veritable semblances; he was a great master in the expression of all terrible emotions, of anger, hatred, desperation, and sanguinary rage; an athletic, warlike, and, indefatigable painter; a naturalist, like Velasquez; fantastic, like Hogarth; energetic, like Rembrandt; the last flame-colored flash of Spanish genius.

There are several of his pictures in the Madrid gallery, among which is a very large one, representing all the family of Charles IV; but the two into which he threw all his soul are: the French soldiers shooting the Spaniards on the second of May, and a struggle of the people of Madrid with the Marmadukes of Napoleon I, all life-size. They are two pictures which make one shudder. Nothing more tremendous can be imagined: one can give no more execrable form to power, nor frightful aspect to desperation, nor a more ferocious expression to the fury of a fray. In the first one, there is a dark sky, the light of a lantern, a pool of blood, a pile of bodies, a crowd of men condemned to death, and a line of French soldiers in the act of firing; in the other are horses, with their veins cut, and horsemen dragged from their saddles, stabbed, trodden upon, and lacerated. What faces! what attitudes! one seems to hear the cries, and see the blood running; the veritable scene could not cause more horror. Goya must have painted those pictures with his eyes glaring, foam at his mouth, and with the fury of a demoniac; it is the last point which painting can reach before being translated into action; having passed that point, one throws away the brush, and seizes the dagger; one must commit murder in order to do anything more terrible than those pictures; after those colors, comes blood.

Of the pictures of Ribera, whom we know under the name of *Spagnoletto*, there are a sufficient number to form a gallery; the greater part of them are figures of saints, life-size; a massacre of St. Bartholomew, containing many figures, and a colossal Prometheus, chained to a rock. Other pictures of his are to be found in other galleries, at the Escurial,

and in the churches, as he was fruitful and laborious, like all the Spanish artists. After seeing one of his pictures, one recognizes, at a glance, all the others; and it is not necessary to have the eye of an expert to do this. There are old, emaciated saints, with bald heads, who are perfectly nude, and whose very veins can be counted; they have hollow eyes, fleshless cheeks, wrinkled foreheads, sunken chests, which allow the ribs to be seen, and arms that are only skin and bones; extenuated and decaying bodies, clothed in rags, yellow with that deathly hue of corpses, terribly covered with sores, and bleeding; they are carcases that seem to have been dragged from the bier, bearing on their faces the imprint of all the spasms of illness, torture, hunger, and insomnia; they are figures of the anatomical table, from which one could study all the secrets of the human organism. They are admirable; yes, for baldness of design, vigor of color, and for the thousand other virtues which procured for Ribera the fame of a powerful painter, but this is not true, great art! In those faces one does not find that celestial light, that *immortal ray of the soul*, which reveals, with sublime suffering, sublime aspirations, and the *secret flashes, and immense desires*, that light which draws the eye from the sores, and raises the thoughts to heaven; there is nought but the cruel pain which inspires repugnance and terror; there is only weariness of life, and the presentiment of death; there is nothing save human life, which is fleeing away, without the reflection of that immortal one which is beginning. There is not one of those saints whose image is recalled with pleasure; one looks at them, is chilled to the heart, but the heart keeps on beating; Ribera never loved. Yet in passing through

the rooms of the gallery, despite the intense feeling of repugnance which many of the pictures aroused in me, I was forced to look at them, and could not take my eyes from them, so great is the attraction of the true, even though it be displeasing: and Ribera's pictures are so true to life! I recognized those faces; I had seen them in the hospitals, mortuary chambers, and behind the doors of churches; they are faces of beggars, dying persons, and of those condemned to death, which appear before me at night, even to-day, in going through a deserted street, passing a cemetery, or climbing an unknown staircase. There are several of them at which one cannot look; a hermit, quite nude, who is stretched on the ground, and seems a skeleton with skin; an old saint, to whom the wasted skin gives the appearance of a flayed body, and the Prometheus, with his bowels starting out of the chest. Blood, lacerated members, and agony pleased Ribera; he must have enjoyed representing pain; he must have believed in a hell more horrible than that of Dante, and in a God more terrible than that of Philip II. In the gallery at Madrid he represents religious terror, old age, suffering, and death.

The great Velasquez is gayer, more varied, and more superb. Almost all his masterpieces are there. They are a world in themselves; everything is depicted: war, the court, the cross-road, the tavern, and paradise. It is a gallery of dwarfs, imbeciles, beggars, buffoons, drunkards, comedians, kings, warriors, martyrs, and deities; all living and speaking, in novel and bold attitudes, with serene faces and a smile on their lips, full of frankness and vigor. There is a large portrait of Count Duke d'Olivares

on horseback, the celebrated picture *de las Meninas*, that of the *Weavers*, that of the *Revellers*, that of the *Forge of Vulcan*, that of the *Surrender of Breda*, huge canvases full of figures, some of whose slightest points, once seen, one remembers distinctly, such as a motion or a shadow on a face, just like living persons, met at present; people with whom one seems to have talked, of whom one thinks a long time afterward as of acquaintances of some unknown period; people who inspire gaiety, and rouse with admiration a smile, and make one almost experience a feeling of regret that one can only enjoy them with the eyes, that one cannot mingle with them, or attain a little of that exurberant life. It is not the effect of the favorable anticipation to which the name of the great artist gives rise, one need not be a connoiseur of art to enjoy them; the poor woman and the boy stop before those pictures, clap their hands, and laugh. It is nature depicted with a surprising fidelity; one forgets the painter, does not think of the art, nor does he discover the aim, but exclaims: "It is true! it is thus! It is the image I had in my mind!" One would say that Velasquez had put none of his ideas into it, that he had allowed his hand to do as it chose, and that the hand had done nothing but fasten upon the canvas the lines and colors of an optical camera, which reproduced the real personages whom he was depicting. More than sixty of his pictures are in the gallery at Madrid, and if one saw them hastily but once, not one of them would be forgotten. It is the case with the pictures of Velasquez as it is with the romance of Alessandro Manzoni, which, after reading it ten times, becomes so interlaced and confused with our particular recollections, that we seem to

have *lived through* it. Thus the personages in the pictures of Velasquez mingle in the crowd of the friends and acquaintances (absent and present) of our entire life, and present themselves to our minds, and hold converse with us, without our even remembering that we have seen them painted.

Now let us talk of Murillo in the gentlest tone of voice that is possible. In art Velasquez is an eagle; Murillo an angel. We admire the former and adore the latter. His canvases make him known as if he had lived with us. He was handsome, good, and pious; many knew not where to touch him; around his crown of glory he bore one of love. He was born to paint the sky. Fate had given him a peaceful and serene genius, which bore him heavenward on the wings of a placid inspiration; and yet his most admirable pictures breathe an air of modest sweetness, which inspires sympathy and affection even before wonder. A simple and noble elegance of outline, an expression full of vivacity and grace, an ineffable harmony of color are the points which strike one at first sight, but the longer one looks at them, the more one discovers in them, and astonishment is transformed, little by little, into a sweet feeling of gladness. His saints have a benign expression that cheers and consoles one; his angels, whom he groups with a marvellous mastery, make one's life tremble with the desire to kiss them; his virgins, clothed in white and enveloped in their blue mantles, with their great black eyes, their folded hands, so willowy, slight, and aerial in appearance, make one's heart tremble with sweetness and one's eyes fill with tears. He combines the truth of Velasquez with the vigorous effects of Ribera, the harmonious transparency of Titian, and the brilliant

vivacity of Rubens. Spain gave him the name of the *Painter of the Conceptions*, because he was insuperable in the art of representing this divine idea. There are four great *Conceptions* in the Madrid gallery. I passed half days before those four pictures, quite motionless and almost in a state of ecstasy. I was most completely carried away by that one in which only a part of the figure is given, with the arms folded over the breast and the half-moon across the waist. Many place this one after the others. I trembled in hearing this said, because I was seized with inexplicable passion for that face. More than once in looking at it, I felt the tears coursing down my cheeks. Standing before that picture my heart softened, and my mind rose to a height which it had never attained before. It was not the enthusiasm of faith ; it was a desire, a limitless aspiration toward faith, a hope which gave me glimpses of a nobler, richer, more beautiful life than I had hitherto led ; it was a new feeling of prayerfulness, a desire to love, to do good, to suffer for others, to expiate, and ennoble my mind and heart. I have never been so near believing as at that time ; I have never been so good and full of affection, and I fancy that my soul never shone more clearly in my face than then.

The Virgin of Sorrows, *St. Anna teaching the Virgin to read*, *The Crucifixion of Christ*, *the Annunciation*, *the Adoration of the Shepherds*, *the Holy Family*, *the Virgin of the Rosary*, and *the infant Jesus*, are all admirable and beautiful pictures of a soft and quiet coloring which goes to the soul. One ought to see on Sunday the boys, girls, and women of the people before those figures, see how their faces brighten, and hear the sweet words which issue

from their lips. Murillo is a saint to them; they utter his name with a smile, as if to say: "He belongs to us!" and in doing so look at you as if to impose an act of reverence upon you. The artists do not all hold the same opinion regarding him; but they love him above every one else, and do not succeed in separating this love from their admiration. Murillo is not only a great painter, but has a great soul; is more than a glory; is, in fact, an object of affection for Spain; he is more than a sovereign master of the beautiful, he is a benefactor, one who inspires good actions, and a lovely image which is once found in his canvases, is borne in one's heart throughout life, with a feeling of gratitude and religious devotion. He is one of those men of whom an indescribable prophetic sentiment tells us that we shall see them again; that the meeting with them is due to us like some prize; that they cannot have disappeared forever, they are still in some place; that their life has only been like a flash of inextinguishable light, which must appear once more in all its splendor to the eyes of mortals! One may call these ideas the errors of fancy!—but they are cherished errors!

After the works of these four great masters, one may admire the pictures of Joanes, an artist thoroughly Italian in style, whose correct drawing and nobility of his character made him worthy of the title, though given sotto voce, of the Spanish Raphael. Not in art, but in life, he resembled Fra Angelico (whose study was an oratory where he fasted and did penance), and he, too, before beginning work, went to take the communion. Then there are the pictures of Alonzo Cano; those of Pacheco (Murillo's master); those of Pareja, a slave of Velasquez; of

Navarrate the Mute ; of Menendez, a great flower-painter ; of Herrera, Coello, Carbajal, Collantes, and Rizzi. There is little work of Zurbaran, one of the greatest Spanish painters, who is worthy of a place beside the three first. The corridors, ante-chambers, and passage-rooms are full of the pictures of other artists, inferior to those already mentioned, but still admirable for different merits. But this is not the only picture-gallery of Madrid ; there are a hundred pictures in the Academy of San Fernando, in the ministry of the *Fomento*, and in other private galleries. It would require months and months to see every thing well ; and would it not take the same length of time to describe them, even if one had sufficient talent to do so ? One of the most powerful writers of France, who was a passionate admirer of painting and a great master of description, when he was put to the test, became frightened, and not knowing any other way of evading the difficulty, said there would be too much to say on the subject ; so if he considered it best to be silent, it seems as if I may have said too much already. It is one of the most dolorous consequences of a charming journey, this finding one's mind full of beautiful images, and the heart a tumult of intense emotions, and only being able to give expression to so small a portion of them ! With what profound disdain I could tear up these pages when I think of those pictures ! Oh, Murillo ; oh, Velasquez ; oh, poor pen of mine !

A few days after I had arrived at Madrid, I saw, for the first time, coming out from Alcala into the square of the *Puerta del Sol*, King Amadeus, and I experienced as great a pleasure in this as if I had met again one of my intimate friends. It is a curious sensation that of finding one's self in a country

where the only person one knows is the king. One has almost the desire to rush after him, crying :

"Your majesty! it is I. I have come."

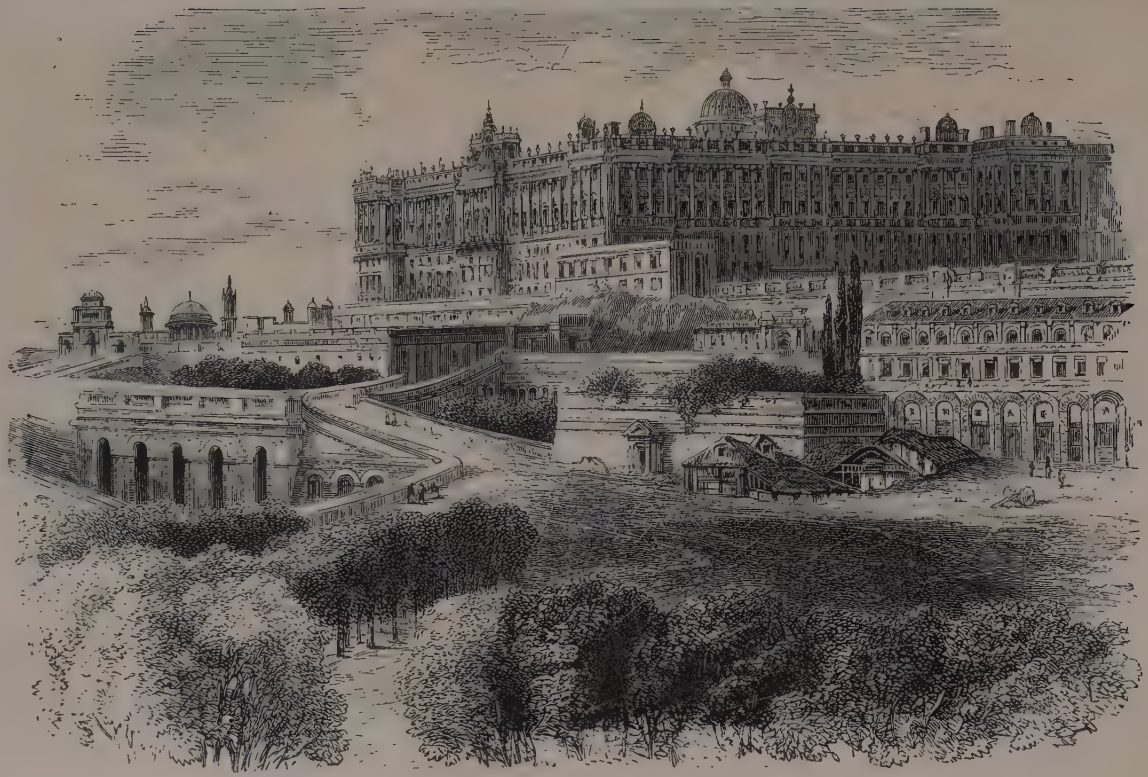
Don Amadeus followed at Madrid the habits of his father. He rose at daybreak and went to take a walk in the gardens of the Moro, which extend between the royal palace and the Manzanares, or betook himself to the museum, traversing the city on foot accompanied only by an aide-de-camp. *Las criados* (maid-servants) on returning home quite breathless with their full baskets, related to their sleepy mistresses that they had met him, that he had passed so near that they could have touched him, and the republican house-keepers would say : *Asi debe hacer;* and the Carlists, with a grimace, murmuring : *Que clase de rey !* (What kind of a king is he!) or, as I once heard : He is determined that some one shall shoot him! On returning to the palace he received the captain-general and the governor of Madrid, who, in accordance with an old custom, were obliged to present themselves to the king every day to ask him if he had no order to give to the army or the police. Then followed the ministers. Besides seeing them all once a week in council, Amadeus received one of them every day. When the minister had taken his departure, the audience began. Don Amadeus gave an audience of one hour at least, and sometimes two, every day. The demands were innumerable, and the object of the demands easy to imagine : assistance, pension, employment, privileges, and crosses ; the king received all.

The queen, too, received, although not every day, on account of the uncertain state of her health. All the works of benevolence fell to her lot. She re-

ceived, in the presence of a major-domo and a lady-in-waiting, at the same hour as the king, all sorts of people,—ladies, workmen, and women of the people, listening with pity to the long stories of poverty and suffering. She distributed more than one hundred thousand lire a month in charity, without counting extra donations to alms-houses, hospitals, and other benevolent institutions ; some of these she founded herself. On the bank of the Manzanares, in sight of the royal palace, in an open and cheerful locality, one sees a little house painted in bright colors, surrounded by a garden, from which, in passing, one hears the laughter, shouts, and cries of children. The queen had it built as a resort for the little children of the laundresses, who, while their mothers were working, used to be left in the street exposed to a thousand dangers. There are to be found teachers, wet-nurses, and servants, who provide for all the needs of the children ; it is a mingling of alms-house and school. The expenditures for the construction of the house and for its maintenance were met with the twenty-five thousand francs a month which the State had assigned to the Duke of Puglia. The queen also founded a hospital for foundlings ; a house or species of college for the children of the tobacco-workers ; and a distribution of soup, meat, and bread for all the poor of the city. She went several times quite unexpectedly to assist in the distribution, in order to assure herself that no abuse was made of it, and having discovered some roguery, she provided against any repetition of the offense. Besides this, the Sisters of Charity received from her every month the sum of thirty thousand lire for the assistance of those families who could not take advantage of the soup kitchen

on account of their social position. It was difficult to obtain any knowledge of the queen's private acts of benevolence because she was not accustomed to mention them to any one. Little was known also of her habits, because she did everything without ostentation, and with a reserve which would have appeared almost excessive even in a lady in private life. Not even the court ladies knew that she went to hear the sermon at San Luis de Frances, but a lady saw her for the first time, by chance, among her neighbors. In her dress there was nothing that distinguished her as queen, not even on the days when the court dinners were given. Queen Isabella wore a great mantle with the arms of Castile, a diadem, ornaments, and the ensignia of royalty; Donna Victoria, nothing. She generally dressed herself in the colors of the Spanish flag, and with a simplicity which announced the right to the crown much more effectively than splendor and pomp would have done. But Spanish gold had nothing to do with this simplicity, for all her personal expenses and those of her children and maids were paid with her own money.

When the Bourbons were reigning, the entire palace was occupied. The king lived in the portion on the left toward the Square of the Orient; Isabella, in the part which looks on one side into the Square of the Orient, and, on the other, into the Square of the Armory; Montpensier was in the part opposite that of the queen; and the princes each had an apartment toward the Garden del Moro. At the time King Amadeus resided there, a great portion of the immense edifice remained empty. He had only three small rooms,—a study, a sleeping-room, and dressing-room. The sleeping-room opened



THE ROYAL PALACE, MADRID.

upon a long hall which led to the two little rooms of the princes, near which was the apartment of the queen, who would never be separated from her children. Then there was a drawing-room for receptions. All this portion of the palace which served as a dwelling for the entire royal family, was formerly occupied by Queen Isabella alone. When she learned that Don Amadeus and Donna Victoria had been contented with so small a space, she is said to have exclaimed, with surprise :

" Poor young people ; they cannot move there ! "

The king and the queen used to dine with a major-domo and a lady-in-waiting. After dinner the king smoked a Virginia cigar (if the detractors of this prince of cigars would like to know the fact), and then went into his study to occupy himself with the affairs of state. He used to take many notes, and often consulted with the queen, especially when it was a question of making peace between the ministers, or of soothing the different opinions of the heads of the parties. He read a great number of magazines of every kind, anonymous letters which threatened his death, those which offered him advice, satirical poems, projects for a social renovation, and, in fact, every thing that was sent him. About three o'clock he left the palace on horseback, the trumpets of the guards sounded, and a servant in scarlet livery followed at the distance of fifty paces. To see him, one would have said that he did not know he was king ; he looked at the children who passed, the signs over the shops, the soldiers, the diligences, and the fountains, with an almost childish expression of curiosity. He traversed the entire street Alcalà as slowly as an unknown citizen who was thinking of his own affairs, and betook himself to the Prado

to enjoy his portion of the sunshine and air. The ministers cried out against it; the bourbon party, who were accustomed to the imposing cortege of Isabella, said that he dragged the majesty of the throne of San Fernando through the streets; even the servant who followed him looked around with a mortified air, as if to say: "Just see what madness!" But despite of what was said, the king could not assume the habit of being afraid. And the Spaniards, it is only fair to say, did him justice, and whatever might have been the opinion which they held concerning his mind, conduct, and style of government, they never failed to add: "As far as courage is concerned, there is nothing to be said."

Every Sunday there was a court dinner. The generals, deputies, professors, academicians, and men noted in science and literature were invited. The queen talked with all of them about every thing, with a security and grace which quite surpassed their expectations, despite all they had already known of her intellect and culture. The people, naturally, in talking of what she knew, were inclined to exaggeration, and spoke of Greek, Arabic, Sanscrit, astronomy, and mathematics. But it is true that she conversed very skillfully about things quite foreign to the usual course of feminine studies, and not in that vague and flippant style which is customary to those who know nothing beyond a few titles and names. She had studied most thoroughly the Spanish language, and spoke it like her own. The history, literature, and customs of her new country were familiar to her; nothing was lacking to make her genuinely Spanish but the desire to remain in Spain. The *liberals* grumbled, the bourbon party said: "She is not our queen;" but all of them nourished a profound feeling

of respect for her. The most furious newspapers only said she was the *wife* of Don Amadeus, instead of saying the queen. The most violent of the republican deputies, in making allusion to her in one of his speeches at the Cortes, could not do less than proclaim her illustrious and virtuous. She was the only person in the household whom no one allowed himself to parody by speech or with the pen. She was like a figure left in white in the midst of a picture of wretched caricatures.

As to the king, it seems as if the Spanish press enjoyed a limitless freedom regarding him. Under the safeguard of the appellative of Savoyard, foreigner, young courtier, the journals adverse to the dynasty said, in substance, whatsoever they chose, and said such charming things! This one quite took it to heart because the king *was ugly in face and profile;* that one was annoyed because he had such a stilted gait; a third found fault with his manner of returning a salute; and various other trifles which could hardly be credited. Notwithstanding this, however, the people in Madrid felt for him if not the enthusiasm of the *Stefani Telegraphic Agency*, at least a very lively sympathy. The simplicity of his habits, and his goodness of heart, were proverbial even among children. It was known that he retained no feeling of rancor toward any one, not even toward those who had behaved badly to him; that he had never been guilty of a discourteous act to any one; and that he had never allowed a bitter word to escape his lips against his enemies. To any one who would speak of the personal dangers he ran, any good man of the people would reply most disdainfully that the Spanish respect those who have faith in them. His most acrimonious enemies

spoke of him with anger, but not with hatred ; even those who did not raise their hats when meeting him in the street felt their heart-strings tighten in seeing that others did not do it either, and they could not conceal a feeling of sadness. There are pictures of fallen kings over which is drawn a black curtain ; others which are covered with a white veil that makes them appear more beautiful and more worthy of veneration ; over this one Spain has stretched the white veil. And who knows whether on some future day the sight of this image will not draw from the breast of every honest Spaniard a secret sigh, like the recollection of a dear one who has been offended, or of the peaceful, benignant voice which says in a tone of sad reproach : "Yet—thou hast done wrong!"

One Sunday the king held a review of all the *voluntarios de la libertad*, who are a sort of Italian national guard, with this difference, that those lend their aid spontaneously, and these never render it, even by force. The *voluntarios* were to draw themselves up in line along the avenues of the Prado, and an immense crowd was awaiting them. When I arrived there were three or four batallions already assembled. The first was a batallion of veterans, men in the fifties, and not a few of them very old, dressed in black, wearing the cap à la Ros, with galloons above galoons, crosses above crosses, as neat and gleaming as the scholars of an academy, and in the proud flashing of their eyes they might have been mistaken for the grenadiers of the Old Guard. Then followed another batallion with another uniform : gray trousers, open jacket, folded back on the breast with a large display of a very red cloth ; instead of the Ros caps there were hats with

blue feathers, and bayonets fastened on to their muskets. Then a batallions with a different uniform, and Ros caps instead of the other kind. No more display of red cloth, but with green in its stead; trousers of other colors, and daggers instead of bayonets. A fourth batallion has a fourth uniform,—plumes, colors, arms, and every thing quite different. Other batallions arrive in other dresses. Some wear the Prussian helmet, others the helmet without the point; some carry bayonets, some straight daggers, some curved ones, and others still serpentine ones; here, there are soldiers with cordons; there, are some without; further on, there are cordons again; then there are belts, epaulettes, cravats, plumes, and every thing changes at every instant. They are all gay and splendid uniforms of a hundred colors, with trinkets which hang, gleam, and wave. Every batallion has a different-shaped banner, covered with embroidery, ribbons, and fringes; among others, one sees militia dressed like peasants, with any kind of a stripe sewed in long stitches on to a pair of torn trousers; some are without cravats, others with black ones, open waistcoat and embroidered shirt; there are boys of fifteen and twelve fully armed among the lines; there are vivandiers with short skirts and red trousers, and baskets full of cigars and oranges. In front of the batallions is a continual running to and fro of mounted officers. Every major wears on his head, on his breast, or on his saddle some ornament of his own invention. One sees galloons, on the arms, shoulders, around the neck, of silver, gold, and wool, together with medallions and crosses so thickly scattered as to hide half the breast, placed one above the other, and above and below the belt; there are

gloves of all the colors of the rainbow, sabres, swords, small swords, large swords, pistols, and revolvers ; a mixture, in fine, of all kinds of uniforms, arms, and armies, a variety sufficient to weary ten ministerial commissioners for the modification of dress, and a confusion in which one loses his head. I do not remember whether there were twelve or fourteen batallions ; each one choosing its own uniform, was obliged to appear as different as possible from the others. They were commanded by the Syndic, who also wore a fantastic uniform. At the hour fixed, a sudden rushing backward and forward of the officers of the staff, and a noisy blast of the trumpets announced the arrival of the king. Don Amadeus, in fact, arrived on horseback from the street Alcalà ; he was dressed as captain-general, with high boots, white breeches, and full-dress uniform. Behind him was a body of generals, aides-de-camp, scarlet-liveried servants, lanciers, cuirassiers, and guards. After he had passed the entire line of soldiers, from the Prado to the Atocha church, amidst a dense and silent crowd, he returned in the direction of the street Alcalà. At this point there was an immense multitude, which swayed to and fro with the noise of the sea. The king and his staff moved off, and took their stand in front of the church of San José, with their backs to the façade, and the cavalry, with great trouble, succeeded in clearing a space so that the batallions could file by.

They passed in platoons. As they moved on, at a sign from the commander, they cried : "*Viva el Rey ! Viva Don Amadeo primero ?*"

The first officer who uttered the cry had an unfortunate idea. The *viva* shouted spontaneously

by the first became a duty for all the others, and was the cause of the public's taking the greater or less force and harmony of the voices as a sign of political demonstration. Some of the platoons gave such a short and weak cheer that it seemed like the voice of a parcel of sick men who were calling for help; then the crowd broke out into a laugh. Other platoons shouted at the top of their lungs, and their cry was taken also as a demonstration hostile to the dynasty. There were several rumors afloat in the tightly-packed crowd around me. One person said: "Now such and such a batallion is coming, they are republicans; you will see that they will not cheer." The batallion did not cheer; the spectators coughed. Another said: "It is a shame, a lack of good breeding; Don Amadeus pleases me little, but I keep quiet and respect him."

There were some disputes. A young fellow cried, *Viva*, in a falsetto voice; a *caballero* called him impertinent; the former resented this; both raised their hands to strike, and a third divided them. Between the batallions passed citizens on horseback; some of them did not raise their hats, and did not even look at the king; then one heard different voices in the crowd, crying, Well done! or, What ill breeding! Others, who would have saluted him, did not dare do so; and they passed with bowed heads and blushing faces. Others, on the other hand, disgusted by the spectacle, braved the anger of the rest, and made a courageous demonstration in favor of Amadeus; by passing, hat in hand, looking, now respectfully at the king, now proudly at the crowd, for the space of ten paces. The king sat motionless until the procession was over, with an unchanging expression of serene haughtiness. So ended the review.

This national militia, although less disorganized and worn out than ours, is really only a mask; the ludicrous has gnawed at its roots; but, as a diversion on fête days, although the number of volunteers has greatly diminished (once it amounted to thirty million), it is always a spectacle which outdoes all the *flag-poles and red rags of Signor Ottino.*

THE BULL-FIGHTS.

On the thirty-first day of March, the spectacle of the bull-fights was inaugurated. We will discuss the matter at our leisure, for the subject is worthy of it. Let any one who has read Baretti's description of them, consider that he has read nothing. Baretti only saw the fights at Lisbon, and these are child's play in comparison with those at Madrid, which is the seat of the art. Here are the great artists, the superb spectacles, the spectators who are experts, and the judges who bestow the glory upon the victorious *toreros.* The circus at Madrid is the Theatre La Scala for the art of bull-fighting.

The inauguration of the bull-fights at Madrid is decidedly more important than a change in the ministry. A month beforehand a notice of it is scattered all over Spain; from Cadiz to Barcelona, from Bilbao to Almeria, in the palaces of the grandees, n the hovels ot the poor, they talk of the artists and the pedigree of the bulls; and they institute fights for pleasure between the provinces and the capital. He who is short of money begins to lay aside, so that he may procure a fine place in the circus on the solemn day. Fathers and mothers promise their studious children to take them there; lovers

give the same promise to their sweethearts; the newspapers assure the world that there will be a fine *season*; the chosen *toreros*, who are already to be seen in the streets, are pointed out. Then there are rumors that the bulls have arrived; some have seen them, and others solicit permission to visit them. There are bulls from the pastures of the Duke of Veragua, the Marquis de la Merced, and her Excellency, the widow of Villaseca, which are enormous and formidable. The subscription office is opened; a crowd of diletantti, servants of the noble families, brokers, and friends commissioned by the absent, flock thither; the impresario has taken in fifty thousand lire on the first day, thirty on the second, and, in a week, one hundred thousand. Frascuelo, the famous *matador*, has arrived, together with Cuco, and Calderon; in fact, they are all here. Three days more! A thousand people talk of nothing else; there are ladies who dream of the circus; ministers who no longer have any head for their affairs; old dilettanti who can hardly contain themselves; workmen, and poor people, who do not smoke any more *cigarritos*, in order to have a few sous for the day of the spectacle. Finally, the day before arrives: Saturday morning, ere it is dawn, they begin to sell tickets in a room on the ground-floor in the street Alcalà; and a crowd has gathered even before the opening of the doors; they shout, push, aud beat each other; twenty civil guards, with revolvers at their belts, have the greatest difficulty in maintaining order; until night there is an incessant coming and going. The longed-for day arrives; the spectacle begins at three o'clock. At noon people commence moving from all parts of the town toward the circus, which is at the end of the

suburb of Salamanaca, beyond the Prado, outside of the gate of the Alcalà; all the streets leading to it are filled with a procession of people; around the edifice there is a perfect hive; a body of soldiers and volunteers arrive, preceded by bands of music; a crowd of water- and orange-venders fill the air with their cries; the ticket-speculators run here and there, called by a thousand voices; unfortunate he who has not got one—he will pay double, triple, quadruple for it! What difference does it make? Fifty, and even eighty francs, were paid for a ticket! The king is expected, and they say the queen is coming too; the carriages of the great people begin to arrive: the Duke Fernan Nunez, Duke di Abrantes, Marquis de la Vega de Armijo, a crowd of the grandees of Spain, the goddesses of the aristocracy, ministers, generals, and ambassadors, all that is beautiful, splendid, and powerful in the great city. They enter the circus by many doors; but before getting in one is fairly deafened by the noise.

I entered; the circus is immense. Seen from the exterior, there is nothing noticeable about it, for it is a round building, very low, without windows, and painted yellow; but upon entering one experiences a feeling of surprise. It is a circus for a nation; it holds ten thousand spectators, and a regiment of cavalry could hold a tournament therein. The arena is circular, very large, and must make ten of our equestrian circuses; it is surrounded by a modern barrier, almost as high as a man's neck, furnished on the inside with a small elevation a few feet from the ground, upon which the *toreros* place their feet in order to jump over it when pursued by the bull. This barrier is followed by another higher still, because the bull often leaps the first. Between this

and the first, which runs around the arena, there is a walk, rather more than a metre in width, in which the *toreros* come and go before the fight, and where stand the servants of the circus, the carpenters ready to repair any damage done by the bull, the guard, orange-venders, the dilettanti who enjoy the friendship of the impresario, and the great personages who are allowed to break through the rules. Beyond the second barrier, rise tons of stone seats; beyond these, boxes; under the boxes rises a gallery, occupied by three rows of benches. The boxes are large enough to hold two or three families each. The king's box is a great drawing-room. Beside that of the king is one for the municipality, in which the Syndic or his representative presides at the spectacle. There is the box for the ministers, governors, and ambassadors,—each family has one; the young bloods, as Giusti would say, have one together; then there are the boxes to rent, which cost a fortune. All the places on the stone rows are numbered; each person has his own ticket, and the entrance is effected without any confusion. The circus is divided into two parts, that where the sun strikes, and that in the shade; in the latter one pays more, the other is occupied by the common people. The arena has four roads, almost equidistant from each other: the one through which the *toreros* enter, that for the bulls, that for the horses, and that for the heralds of the spectacle, which is under the king's box. Above the door, where the bulls enter, rises a sort of balcony called the *Toril*, and any one is fortunate who obtains a place here! On this balcony, upon a bench, stand those who, at a sign from the box of the municipality, sound the trumpet and drum to announce the exit of the bull. Opposite

the *Toril*, on the other side of the arena, on the stone terrace, is the band. This whole terrace of seats is divided into compartments, each one having its own entrance. Before the spectacle begins the people are permitted to enter the arena and circulate through all the recesses of the building. They go to see the horses, kept in a court-yard, destined for the greater part, poor brutes, to die ; then to visit the dark enclosures, in which are fastened the bulls, that are afterward passed from one to the other, until they reach a corridor, through which they dart into the arena; and then to look at the infirmary, whither the wounded *toreros* are carried. Once there was a chapel, in which mass was celebrated during the fights, and the *toreros* went there to pray before confronting the bull. One can also go near the principal door of entrance, where are displayed the *banderillas* which will be struck into the bulls' necks, and where one sees a crowd of old *toreros*, some lame, some without an arm, some with crutches, and the young *toreros*, who are not yet admitted to the honors of the Madrid Circus. Then to buy a paper, the *Buletin de los Toros*, which promises marvels for the day's doings, then to procure from the custodians a programme and a printed sheet, divided into columns, on which to note the blows of the lance, the thrusts, the falls, and the wounds ; then wander through interminable corridors and stairways among a crowd who come and go, ascend and descend, shouting and making noise enough to shake the building and finally one returns to his place.

The circus is very full, and offers a sight of which it is impossible, for any one who has not seen it, to form an idea. There is a sea of heads, hats, fans,

hands moving in the air. On the shady side, where the nicer people are, all is black. On the sunny side, where the lower classes sit, there are a thousand bright colors from dresses, parasols, and paper-fans, making it look like an immense masquerade. There is not place for a child; the crowd is as compact as a phalanx; no one can get out, and it is with difficulty that an arm can be moved. It is not as buzzing a noise like that of other theatres; it is totally different; it is an agitation, a life quite peculiar to the circus. Every one is shouting, calling, and greeting his friends with a frantic joy. The children and women shriek, the gravest men behave like the younger ones; the youths, in groups of twenty and thirty, screaming together, and beating with their canes on the steps, announce to the representative of the municipality that the hour has arrived. In the boxes there is a commotion like that of the upper gallery of a ordinary theatre; to the deafening cries of the crowd are added the shouts of a hundred venders, who throw oranges around on all sides. The band begins to play, the bulls bellow, the crowd gathered outside becomes noisy, and it is really a spectacle which makes one giddy, so that before the struggle begins one is weary, intoxicated, and fairly out of one's mind.

Suddenly a cry is heard: "The king!" The king has arrived; has come in a carriage drawn by four white horses, mounted by servants dressed in the picturesque Andalusian costume; the glass doors of the king's box open, and his majesty enters with a crowd of ministers, generals, and major-domos. The queen is not there; that was foreseen, for every one knows she has a horror of this spectacle. Oh! but the king would not miss it; he has always come,

and they say he is wild about it. The hour has arrived, and the affair has begun. I shall always remember the chill that I felt in my veins at that point.

The trumpet sounds; four guards of the circus, on horseback, wearing hats with plumes à la Henry IV, a small black mantle, waistcoats, high boots, and swords, enter through the door under the royal box, and slowly make the circuit of the arena; the people disperse, every one going to his own seat. The four horsemen place themselves, two by two, before the door, still closed, which faces the king's box. The ten thousand spectators fasten their eyes upon that point, and a general silence ensues. From here enter the *cuadrilla* and all the *toreros* in full dress, to present themselves to the king and the people. The band strikes up, the door opens, one hears a burst of applause, and the *toreros* advance. First come the three *espadas*, Frascuelo, Lagartijo, and Cayetano, the three famous ones, dressed in the costume of Figaro in the "Barber of Seville," in silk, satin, and velvet, orange, blue, and carnation. They are covered with embroideries, galloons, fringes, filagrees, spangles, and trinkets of gold and silver, which almost hide their dress; they are enveloped in ample yellow and red capes, and wear white stockings, silken girders, a bunch of braids on the nape of the neck, and a fur cap. After them come the *banderilleros* and *capeadores*, a band, covered like their predecessors, with gold and silver; then come the *picadores* on horseback, two by two, holding great lances and wearing a gray hat, very low and broad-brimmed, an embroidered jacket, a pair of breeches of yellow buffalo-skin, quilted and lined with strips of iron; then the *chulos*, or servants,

dressed in holiday costume. All majestically cross the arena toward the king's box. Nothing more picturesque can be imagined. There are all the colors of a garden, all the splendors of a royal court, all the gayety of a troup of maskers, and all the imposing effect of a band of warriors; in closing the eyes one sees nothing but a gleam of gold and silver. They are very handsome men : the *picadores* tall and sinewy as athletes; the others slender, quick, superbly formed, with dark faces and large proud eyes; figures like the ancient gladiators, dressed with the pomp of Asiatic princes.

The whole *cuadrilla* stops before the king's box and salutes him ; the alcade makes a sign that they may begin ; the key of the *toril* where the bulls are kept is dropped from the box into the arena ; a guard of the circus picks it up and places himself before the door ready to open it. The body of *toreros* separates; the *espadas* jump over the barrier ; the *capeadores* scatter through the arena, waving their red and yellow *capas;* some of the *picadores* retire to await their turn ; the others put spurs to their horses, and go to take their places on the left of the *toril*, at a distance of twenty feet one from the other, with their backs to the barrier and their lances in their rest. It is a moment of agitation and inexpressible anxiety ; every eye is fastened upon the door through which the bull will enter ; every heart is beating ; a profound silence reigns throughout the circus ; nothing is heard but the bellowing of the bull, who advances from enclosure to enclosure, in the darkness of his vast prison, almost crying : "Blood! blood!" The horses tremble, the *picadores* turn pale ; another instant—the trumpet sounds, the door opens, and an enormous bull dashes into the

arena; a tremendous shout bursts at this moment from ten thousand breasts to greet him, and the massacre begins.

Ah! it is well to have strong nerves; for, despite the fact, one becomes as pale as a ghost!

I do not remember, save confusedly, what happened during the first few moments; I do not know where my head was. The bull dashed toward the first *picador*, then retreated, continued his course, and dashed against the second; whether a struggle ensued I do not recollect; a moment afterward the bull dashed toward the third, then ran into the middle of the arena, and stopped and looked around him.

All that portion of the arena which the bull had passed was streaked with blood; the first horse lay on the ground, his body torn open, the bowels scattered; the second, with the breast opened by a broad wound, from which blood issued in floods, went staggering here and there; the third, which had been thrown down, tried to rise; the *chulos* hastened forward, raised the *picadores*, took off the saddle and bridle from the dead horse, and tried to put the wounded one on his feet; and a horrible shout resounded on all sides. This is the way the spectacle generally begins. The first to receive the attack of the bull are the *picadores*, who await it, with a firm footing, and plant their lances between the heart and the neck of the animal, as he bends to strike the horse with his horns. The lance, be it noted, has only a small point, which can only open a slight wound, and the *picadores* are obliged, by the strength of their arm, to hold the bull off, and save their horses. For this, a steady eye, an arm of bronze, and an intrepid heart, are necessary; they do

not always succeed; in fact, they rarely do; the bull plants his horns in the horse's belly, and the *picadore* falls to the ground. Then the *capeadores* hasten forward, and while the bull is extracting his horns from the bowels of this poor victim, they wave the *capas* across his eyes, attract his attention, and make him follow them, and so save the fallen horseman, whom the *chulos* assist into his saddle, if the horse can still stand, or to carry to the infirmary, if he has broken his head.

The bull, standing in the centre of the arena, with bleeding horns, looked around him as if to say: "Have you had enough?" A band of *capeadores* ran toward him, surrounded him, and began provoking him, teazing him, and making him run here and there, shaking their *capas* in his eyes, passing them over his head, attracting him, and flying from him with rapid turns, to come back and torment him, and flee from him again; and the bull to follow them one after the other, as far as the barrier, and then to butt against the partitions, to kick, and caper, bellow, rebury his horns, in passing, in the belly of the dead horses, try to leap into the walk, and to run around the arena. Meanwhile, the other *picadores* entered, to take the places of those whose horses had been killed, and stationed themselves, quite a distance from one another, on the side of the *toril*, their lances in rest, waiting for the bull to attack them. The *capeadores* dexterously drew him to that side; the bull, at the sight of the first horse, dashed toward him with lowered head. But this time his assault failed; the lance of the *picador* fastened itself into his shoulder, and kept him back; the bull resisted, struggled, used all his strength, but in vain; the *picador* held him firmly, the bull retreated,

the horse was saved, and a loud burst of applause greeted the hero. The other *picador* was less fortunate: the bull attacked him; he did not succeed in planting his lance, the formidable horns penetrated the belly of the horse, with the rapidity of a sword, struggled in the wound, were withdrawn, and the intestines of the poor animal fell out, and kept dangling like a bag nearly to the ground; the *picador* remained in his saddle. Here a horrible sight was witnessed. Instead of dismounting, on seeing that the wound was not mortal, he gave spurs to the horse, and went and placed himself on the other side to await a second attack. The horse crossed the arena, with the intestines hanging and hitting its legs with every step; the bull followed it for a moment, and then stopped. At that point the blast of a trumpet was heard; it was the signal for the *picadores* to retire, a door opened, and they galloped off one after the other; two horses were killed, and, here and there, were streaks and splashes of blood, which two *chulos* covered with earth.

After the *picadores* came the *banderilleors*. For the profane this is the part of the spectacle most amusing, because least cruel. The *banderillas* are arrows, two palms in length, ornamented with colored paper, furnished with a metallic point, made in such a way that, once stuck in the flesh, they cannot be detached, and the bull, struggling and shaking himself, only drives them farther in. The *banderillero* takes two of the darts, one in each hand, and goes and takes his stand about fifteen paces from the bull; then raising his arms, and shouting, he provokes him to the assault. The bull dashes toward him; the *banderillero*, in his turn, runs toward the bull; the latter lowers its head to run its horns into his

body, and the man plants the *banderillas* in its neck, one here and one there, and, with a rapid whirl, saves himself. If he bends, if his foot slips, if he hesitates an instant, he will be pierced like a toad. The bull bellows, snorts, leaps, and begins following the *capeadores* with a terrible fury; in a moment all have sprung into the walk; the arena is empty; the wild beast, with foaming nostrils, bloodthirsty eyes, neck streaked with blood, stamps the ground, struggles, strikes the barrier, demands revenge, wishes to kill, and is thirsting for a massacre; no one attempts to confront him; the spectators fill the air with cries.

"Forward! courage!"

The other *banderillero* advances, plants his arrow, then a third, then once more the first. That day eight were planted; when the poor brute felt the last two, he uttered a long bellow, agonized and horrible, and dashed after one of his enemies, followed him to the barrier, took the leap with him, and fell into the walk; the ten thousand spectators arose to their feet in an instant, crying: "He has killed him!" But the *banderillero* had escaped. The bull ran backward and forward between the two barriers, under a shower of blows with sticks and fists, until he reached an open door which led into the arena; the door was closed behind as he passed through it. Then all the *banderilleros* and all the *capeadores* dashed toward him again; one, passing behind him, pulled his tail, and disappeared like lightning; another, rushing past him, dropped his *capa* around his horns; a third had the audacity to go and take off with one hand the little silk ribbon which was attached to the mane; a fourth, bolder than all, planted a pole in the ground while the bull was running, and

took a leap, passing over him and falling on the other side, throwing the pole between the legs of the astonished animal. All this was done with the rapidity of magicians and the grace of ballet-dancers, just as if they were playing with a lamb. Meanwhile the immense crowd made the circus resound with laughter, applause, and cries of joy, surprise, and terror.

Another trumpet sounds; the *banderilleros* have finished: now comes the *espada's* turn. It is the solemn moment, the crisis of the drama; the crowd becomes silent, the ladies lean out of their boxes, the king rises to his feet. Frascuelo, holding in one hand his sword and the *muleta*, which is a piece of red stuff attached to a little stick, enters the arena, presents himself before the royal box, raises his cap, and consecrates to the king, in pronouncing some poetical phrase, the bull which he is going to kill, then throws his cap up into the air, as if to say: "I will conquer or die!" and, followed by the superb cortege of *capeadores*, he moves with resolute step toward the bull. Here follows a genuine hand-to-hand struggle, worthy of a canto by Homer. On one side the animal, with its terrible horns, its enormous strength, its thirst for blood, maddened by pain, blinded by fury, surly, bleeding, and frightful; on the other, a youth of twenty, dressed like a ballet-dancer, alone, without any means of defense save the light sword in his hand. But he has ten thousand glances fastened upon him! The king is preparing a gift! His sweetheart is up there in a box with her eyes fixed upon him! A thousand ladies tremble for his life! The bull stops and looks at him; he looks at the bull, and waves his red cloth before him; the bull dashes under it, the *espada*

steps aside, the terrible horns graze his hip, hit the cloth, and strike empty space. A thunder of applause bursts from all the seats, boxes, and galleries. The ladies look on with opera-glasses, and cry: "He has not paled!" Then follows a silence; not a voice nor a whisper is heard. The audacious *torero* waves the *muleta* several times before the eyes of the infuriated animal, passes it over his head, between his horns, around his neck; makes him recede, advance, turn, jump; provokes attacks ten times, and ten times by a slight movement escapes death. He lets his *muleta* fall, picks it up under the eyes of the bull, laughs in his face, provokes him, insults him, and amuses himself. Suddenly he stops, puts himself on his guard, raises the sword, takes aim; the bull looks at him; another instant, and they will dash at each other; one of the two must die. Ten thousand glances run with the rapidity of lightning from the point of the sword to end of the horns; ten thousand hearts beat with anxiety and terror; every face is motionless; not a breath is heard; the immense crowd seem petrified,—another instant,—the moment has arrived! The bull dashes forward; the man raises the sword; one single loud cry, followed by a burst of tempestuous applause, which breaks out on every side; the sword has been buried up to its hilt in the neck of the bull; the bull staggers, and, emitting a torrent of blood from its mouth, falls as if struck by lightning. The man has conquered! Then ensues an indescribable tumult; the multitude seem crazed; all rise to their feet, waving their hands and uttering loud shouts; the ladies wave their handkerchiefs, clap their hands, shake their fans; the band plays; the victorious *espada* approaches the barrier, and makes the circuit of the arena.

As he passes from the seats, boxes, and galleries, the spectators, carried away by enthusiasm, throw him handfuls of cigars, purses, canes, hats,—every thing, in fact, upon which they can lay their hands. In a few moments the fortunate *torero* has his arms filled with things, calls to his assistance the *capeadores*, throws back the hats to their owners, thanks them, responds as best he can to the salutations, praises, and glorious titles which are showered upon him from all sides, and finally arrives under the royal box. Then all eyes turn toward the king, who puts his hand into his pocket, draws out a cigar-case full of bank-notes, and throws it down; the *torero* catches it in the air, and the multitude burst out into applause. Meanwhile the band plays a funeral air for the bull; a door opens, four immense mules, ornamented with plumes, bows, and yellow and red ribbons, driven by a body of *chulos* who shout and crack their whips, enter on a gallop, drag away, one after the other, the dead horses and then the bull, which is instantly carried into a neighboring little square, near the circus, where it is waited for by a troop of ragamuffins, who dip their fingers into the blood; then it is skined, cut up, and sold. When the arena is cleared the trumpets sound, a drum is beaten, another bull dashes out of the cage, attacks the *picadores*, tears open the bellies of the horses, offers its neck to the *banderillas*, is killed by the *espada*; and so six bulls present themselves in the arena, one after the other, without any interruption.

How many shocks, how many shudders, how many chills at the heart, and rushes of blood to the head you feel during that spectacle! How many sudden pallors. But you, stranger, you alone, grow pale; the boy who sits beside you laughs; the girl in front

of you is wild with joy; the lady whom you see in the neighboring box says she never enjoyed herself so much before! What shouts! What exclamations! That is the place to learn the language! The bull appears, is judged by a thousand voices: "What a handsome head! What eyes! He will draw blood! He is worth a fortune!" They call out phrases of love. "He has killed a horse: Bueno! See how much he has dragged from the belly!" A *picador* misses his aim and awkwardly wounds the bull, or hesitates to confront it; then comes a deluge of opprobrious epithets: "Lazy creature! Impostor! Assassin! Go and hide yourself! Let yourself be killed!" All rise to their feet, point their fingers at him, shake their fists, throw orange-peel and the stubs of cigars in his face, and threaten him with a stick. When the *espada* kills the bull at the first blow, then follow the words of a lover, wild with delight, and the gestures of madmen: "Come here, angel! God bless you, Frascuelo!" They throw him kisses, call him, and stretch out their hands as if to embrace him. What a profusion of epithets, bon-mots, and proverbs! How much fire! How much life!

But I have said nothing save of the doings of the bull; in an entire *corrida* a thousand accidents occur. During that day a bull drove his head under the belly of the horse, raised horse and rider, and carried them in triumph across the arena, and threw them on to the ground like a bundle of rags. Another bull killed four horses in a few moments; a third used a *picador* so badly that he fell, struck his head against the barrier, fainted, and was carried away. But not even for this, or yet for serious wounds, or even the death of a *torero* is the spec-

tacle interrupted; the programme says so; if one dies there is another ready to take his place. The bull does not always attack; there are some cowardly ones, who go toward the *picador*, stop, and, after a moment of hesitation, run off; others, after the first assault, make no second one; others, mild and good tempered, do not respond to the provocations, allow the *picador* to get on to them, permit the lances to be planted in their necks, retreat, and shake their heads as if to say: "I do not wish to!" fly, and then turn suddenly to look with astonishment at the band of *capeadores* who are following him, as if to ask: "What do you wish of me? What have I done to you? Why do you wish to kill me?" Then the crowd break out into imprecations against the bull, against the impresario, against the *toreros*; and then, first, the dilettanti of the *Toril*, then the spectators on the sunny part, then the gentlemen on the shady side, then the ladies, and finally, all the spectators of the circus cry out in one voice: "*Banderillas de fuego!*" The cry is directed to the alcade; the *banderillas* of fire serve to infuriate the bull. They are *banderillas* furnished with a cracker, which lights at the moment it penetrates the flesh, and burns the wound, causing atrocious pain, which stuns and irritates the animal to the point of changing him from a coward into a brave creature, and from a quiet one into a fury. The permission of the alcade is necessary in order to use the *banderillas de fuego*; if the alcade hesitates to give it, all the spectators rise to their feet, and there is a wonderful sight. One sees ten thousand handkerchiefs waving like the banners of ten regiments of lancers, and they form from the boxes of the arena, all around, a white billowy stratum under which the crowd almost disappears; and ten

thousand voices cry: "*Fuego! fuego! fuego!*" Then the alcade yields; but if he is persistent in his "no," the handkerchiefs disappear, fists and sticks are raised, and curses break out: "Don't be a fool! Don't spoil our fun! *Las banderillas al alcalde. Fuego al alcalde!*"

The agony of the bull is tremendous. Sometimes the *torero* does not aim well, and the sword goes in up to the hilt, but not in the direction of the heart. Then the bull begins to run around the arena with the sword sticking in his flesh, uttering terrible bellows, shaking and twisting himself in a thousand ways, to free himself from that torture; and, in that impetuous course, sometimes the sword flies away; sometimes, it is driven further in, and causes death. Often the *espada* is obliged to give him a second thrust, not infrequently a third, occasionally a fourth. The bull bleeds profusely; all the capas of the *capeadores* are covered with blood, the *espada* is spattered, the barrier besprinkled, and the indignant spectators overwhelming the *torero* with reproaches. Sometimes the bull is seriously wounded, falls to the ground, but does not die, and lies there immovable, with its head high, and menacing, as if to say: "Come on, assassins, if you have courage!" Then the combat is finished; the agony must be shortened; a mysterious man bestrides the barrier, advances cautiously, places himself behind the bull, and, at the proper moment, gives him a blow from a dagger on his head, which penetrates to the brain, and kills him. Often even this blow does not succeed: the mysterious man gives two, three, four; then the indignation of the people breaks loose like a tempest; they call him a brute, a coward, an infamous creature, wish his death, and, if they had

him in their hands, they would strangle him like a dog. At other times the bull, wounded mortally, staggers a little before falling, slowly withdraws from the spot where he was struck to go and die in peace in a quiet corner; all the *toreros* follow him slowly, count his steps, and measure the progress of his final agony; a profound silence accompanies his last moments, and his death has something solemn and majestic about it. There are unconquerable bulls, who will not bow their heads save in drawing their last breath; bulls which, while shedding torrents of blood through their mouths, still threaten; bulls which, pierced by ten blows of the sword, beaten and bloodless, again raise their necks with a superb movement, which makes the body of their tormentors recede half way across the arena; bulls which suffer an agony more frightful than their first fury: they lacerate the dead horses, break the barriers, paw furiously the *capas* scattered over the arena, leap into the walk, run around with their heads held high, looking at the spectators with an air of defiance, then fall, rise again, and die bellowing.

The agony of the horses, of shorter duration, is more painful still. Some have a leg broken; others are pierced through the neck; others are instantly killed, by a blow in the chest, without shedding a drop of blood; others, seized by fear, take to flight, rushing straight on before them, and hitting their heads with a terrible shock against the barriers, then fall dead; others struggle for a long time, in a pool of blood, before dying; others, wounded, bleeding, maimed, gallop around in a frenzy, run toward the bull, fall down as if dead, rise and fight again until they are carried away torn to pieces, but living.

Then the intestines are replaced, the belly sewed up, and they serve again; others, frightened, at the approach of the bull, tremble all over, paw the ground, recoil, neigh, and do not wish to die; these are the ones which arouse the most pity. Sometimes a single bull kills five; sometimes, in one *corrida*, twenty die, all the *picadores* are covered with blood, the arena is scattered with smoking intestines, and the bulls are tired of killing.

Even the *toreros*, have their disagreeable moments. The *picadores* sometimes, instead of falling under the horse, fall between the horse and the bull; then the latter precipitates himself upon them to kill them; the crowd utter a shriek, but a courageous *capeador* flings his *capa* over the brute's eyes, and, imperilling his life, saves that of his companion. Often, instead of dashing at the *muleta*, the bull rushes at the *espada*, grazes him, strikes him, follows him, and forces him to throw away his sword, and save himself, pale and trembling, on the other side of the barrier. Sometimes he strikes him with his head, and knocks him down; the *espada* disappears in a cloud of dust; the crowd cry: "He is dead!" the bull passes, and the *espada* is saved. Sometimes the bull raises him with his head, and throws him to one side. Not infrequently the bull will not let him take aim with the sword; the *matador* does not succeed in hitting in front; and, as he is not allowed to wound him, according to the law, except in a given place, in a certain way, he tries in vain for a long time, and, growing weary, gets confused, and runs the risk of being killed a hundred times. Meantime, the crowd shrieks, whistles, and insults him; until the poor man, made desperate, resolves to slay, or die, and gives a blow at random, which

is either successful, and he is raised to heaven, or, failing, he is vituperated, derided, showered with orange-peel, even if he be the bravest, most intrepid, and renowned *torero* of Spain.

In the crowd, too, during the spectacle, many accidents occur. From time to time a dispute arises among two of the spectators. Pressed together as the people are, some blow of a stick hits the neighbors; the neighbors seize their canes and begin beating too. The circle of beaters enlarges, the quarrel extends throughout the rows of seats: in a few moments, there are hats in the air, cravattes in pieces, bloody faces, deafening cries, all the spectators on their feet, the guards in motion, and the *toreros*, from actors become spectators. At other times, a group of young men will turn, for a joke, all in one direction and cry:

"There he is!"—

"Who?"

No one; but meanwhile the spectators rise, the farthest off jump on to their chairs, the ladies lean out of the boxes, and in a moment the whole circus is in disorder. Then the group of young men break into a laugh; their neighbors, in order not to appear like fools, do the same, and the laughter extends through box and gallery, and ten thousand persons join in it. Sometimes, a stranger, who sees the bull-fight for the first time, faints away; the news spreads like lightning, every one rises, every one looks, every one shouts, and the greatest tumult is made. Often it is a facetious person who salutes his friend on the opposite side of the theatre in a voice which is like a clap of thunder. That great crowd is stirred in a few moments by a thousand conflicting emotions; it passes from terror to enthu-

siasm, from enthusiasm to pity, from pity to anger, from anger to joy, astonishment, and incontrollable gayety in ceaseless rotation.

The impression, in fine, that this spectacle leaves upon the mind is indescribable; it is a mixture of sensations in which it is impossible to comprehend anything clearly. One does not know what to think of it. At certain moments, you are horrified and would like to fly from the circus, and you swear never to return there again; at others, you are astonished, carried away, almost intoxicated, and do not wish the spectacle ever to end. Now you feel ill; now, even you, like your neighbors, break out into a laugh, a shout, or applause; the blood makes you shudder, but the marvellous courage of the men rouses you; the danger tightens your heart-strings, but you exult in the victory; little by little the fever which moves the crowd takes possession of you; you no longer recognize yourself, you have become another personality. You, too, have attacks of anger, ferocity and, enthusiasm; you feel yourself vigorous and bold; the combat fires your blood; the glancing of the sword makes you shiver; and then those thousands of voices, that uproar, that music, that bellowing, that blood, those profound silences, sudden bursts of applause, that vast space, that light, those colors, that indescribable something so grand, strong, cruel, and magnificent, bewilders, stuns and excites you.

It is a beautiful sight to see the people leave the circus; there are ten torrents which pour out of the ten doors, and spread, in a few moments, through the suburb of Salamanca, the Prado, the boulevards of *Recoletos*, and the street Alcalá; thousands of carriages are waiting in the vicinity of the building;

for an hour, from every direction in which one looks, nothing is to be seen but a crowd, as far as the eye can reach, and all quiet. Their emotions have exhausted them all; only the sound of their footsteps is to be heard, and it seems as if the multitude wished to vanish secretly; a species of sadness underlies all the noisy joy of a short time before. I, for my part, on coming out of that circus for the first time, had hardly strength enough to stand; my head whirled like a top, my ears buzzed; I saw bulls' horns on every side, with blood-shot eyes, dead horses, and the gleaming of swords. I took the shortest road home, and as soon as I reached there, I jumped into bed and fell into a heavy sleep. The following morning the landlady came in great haste to ask:

"Well? how did you like it. Were you amused? Are you going again? What do you say to it?"

"I do not know," I replied. "It seems as if I had been dreaming; I will talk to you of it later; I must think it over."

Saturday came, the day before the second bull-fight.

"Are you going?" asked the landlady.

"No!" I responded, thinking of something else. I went out, passed through the street of Alcalà, found myself, without being aware of it, before the shop where the tickets are sold; there was a crowd of people; I said to myself.

"Shall I go?—Yes?—No?

"Do you wish a ticket?" asked a boy; "a seat in the shade, number six, near the barrier; fifteen reales?"

And I replied, "Here!"

But in order to understand thoroughly the nature

of this spectacle, it is necessary to know something of its history. When the first bull-fight took place, there is no means of ascertaining with any certainty; tradition narrates, however, that it was the *Cid Campeador* who was the first cavalier to descend with the lance into the arena, and kill, on horseback, the formidable animal. From that time to this, young nobles dedicated themselves with great ardor to this exercise; at all the solemn festivals there were bull-fights, and only to the nobility alone was conceded the honor of fighting; kings themselves went into the arena; during all the mediæval ages this was the favorite spectacle of the courts, and the favorite exercise of warriors, not alone among the Spanish, but also among the Arabs, both of whom vied with each other in the bull-arena, as they would on the field of battle. Isabella the Catholic wished to prohibit bull-fighting, because, having seen it once, she was horrified thereat; but the numerous and powerful partisans of the spectacle dissuaded her from carrying this intention into effect. After Isabella, the bull-fights increased. Charles V himself killed a bull in the largest square in Valladolid. Ferdinand Pizzaro, the celebrated conqueror of Peru, was a valiant *torero*; the King Don Sebastian of Portugal won more than one laurel in the arena; Philip III had the circus of Madrid ornamented; Philip IV fought there; Charles II protected the art; under the reign of Philip V several circuses were built by the order of the government. But the honor of acting as *torero* belonged exclusively to the nobility; no one did this except on horseback, and with beautiful horses, and yet no blood save that of the bull was shed. Only toward the middle of the last century did the art extend to the common people, and

the *toreros* (really called artists of the profession, who fought on horseback and on foot) begin to exist. The famous Francisco Romero de Ronda perfected the art of fighting on foot, introduced the custom of killing the bull, face to face, with the sword and *muleta*, and made the rules and regulations for the art. From that time to the present the spectacle became a national one, and the people rushed to it with enthusiasm. The King Charles III prohibited it ; but his prohibition only served to convert the popular enthusiasm, as a Spanish chronicler declares, into a *perfect epidemic*. King Ferdinand VII, a passionate admirer of bulls, instituted a school for the art at Seville. Isabella II was more enthusiastic on the subject than Ferdinand VII ; Amadeus I was not less so than Isabella II. And now there is more bull-fighting than ever in Spain ; more than one hundred great landowners raise bulls for this purpose ; Madrid, Seville, Barcelona, Cadiz, Valencia, Jerez, and Porto di Santo Maria have first-class bull-circuses ; and there are no less than fifty little circuses capable of holding from three to nine thousand spectators. In every village where there is no circus the *corridas* are held in the squares. At Madrid they take place every Sunday, in the other cities as often as possible ; and everywhere there is an immense concourse of people from the neighboring cities, villages, country, mountains, islands, and even from out of the country. Not all Spaniards are wild about this spectacle, it is true ; many never attend it ; not a few disapprove of it, condemn it, and would like to have it banished from Spain ; some journalists raise a protest against it from time to time ; some deputies, the day after the killing of a *torero*, talk of a petition to the government ; but

all these enemies are timid and weak. On the other hand, apologies are written for the bull-fights, new circuses are built, the old ones are repaired, and they deride strangers who cry out against Spanish barbarity.

It is not only during the summer that the bull-fights are held, nor is the spectacle always equal. During the winter there is a representation every Sunday in the circus at Madrid; they are not the handsome and fiery bulls of the summer, nor the great artists whom Spain admires, that take part at this season; but only small bulls of little spirit, and *toreros* who are not yet proficients in the art. Yet there is a spectacle by some means or other, and although the king does not attend it, nor the flower of the citizens, as during the summer, the circus is always filled with people. Little blood is shed; only two bulls are killed; the affair ends with fireworks; and is an amusement, as the impassionate admirers say, fit for servants and children. There is an episode, however, in the winter spectacles, which is quite entertaining. When the *toreros* have killed the *toros de muerte*, the arena remains at the disposal of the dilettanti, and people leap into in on all sides. In a moment there are a hundred workmen, students, and ragamuffins, some with a cloak in their hands, some with a shawl, others with any kind of a rag, gathered on the left and the right of the *toril*, ready to receive the bull. The door opens, a bull with his horns bound up, dashes into the arena, and then begins an indescribable kind of hurly-burly; the crowd surround him, follow him, draw him here and there, *capea* him with their cloaks and shawls, and provoke and torment him in a thousand ways, until the poor animal, not being able to bear it any

longer, is allowed to leave the arena, and another takes his place.

It is incredible the audacity with which those boys dash under him, pull him by the tail, jump on to his back, and incredible the agility with which they avoid the blows. Sometimes, the bull turning suddenly, hits some one, knocks him down, throws him into the air, or raises him on his horns; at times he overturns a half dozen, and bull and man disappear in a cloud of dust, and the spectator fears for an instant that some one has been killed. Not the slighest danger of it. The intrepid *capeadores*, with bruised bones and dusty faces, shrug their shoulders and begin again. Nor is this the finest episode of the winter's spectacle. Sometimes, instead of the *toreros*, the *toreras* (women) confront the bull; women who are dressed like tight-rope dancers, with faces, before which, not the angels, but Lucifer himself would

"Make a shield for his eyes with his wings."

The *picadoras* are mounted on mules; the *espada* (the one whom I saw was an old woman of sixty, called la Martina, an Asturian, known in all the circuses of Spain), the *espada* on foot, with a rapier and *muleta*, like the most intrepid *matador* of the stronger sex; all the *cuadrilla* accompanied by a body of *chulos* with great wigs and humps. Those poor unfortunate women risk their lives for forty lire. A bull, the day I was present, broke the arm of one of the *banderillera*, and so tore the shirt of another, that she was left in the middle of the arena with scarcely clothing enough to cover her decently.

After the women, the wild animals. At different

times they made the bull-fight with bears and tigers. A few years ago one of these combats took place in the circus at Madrid. The one which Count Duke d'Olivares ordered, to celebrate the birthday (if I remember rightly) of Don Baltasar Carlos of Austria, prince of the Asturias, is noted. The bull fought with the lion, the tiger, the leopard, and conquered them all. Also in a combat, of a few years ago, the tiger and the lion had the worst of it. Both of them dashed impetuously on to the bull, but before they succeeded in getting their teeth into his neck, they fell to the ground in a pool of blood, pierced by his terrible horns. Only one elephant, an enormous elephant, who still lives in the gardens of the *Recoletos*, carried off the victory. The bull attacked him; the latter did nothing but put his head on to its back and press, and this pressure was so delicate that the unfortunate assaulter was crushed like a croquette. But it is pleasant to imagine what dexterity, courage, and imperturbable tranquility of mind is needed by the man who confronts with a sword, the animal which kills a lion, attacks an elephant, and which crushes, breaks, overturns, and covers with blood every thing that it touches. And there are men who confront them every day.

The *toreros* are not merely artists, as any one might suppose, who are to be classed with jugglers, etc., and for whom the people entertain no other feeling than that of admiration. The *torero* is respected even outside the circus, enjoys the protection of the young aristocracy, goes to the theatre in a box, frequents the finest cafés of Madrid, and is saluted in the streets with a low bow by persons of taste. The illustrious *espada*, like Frascuelo, Lagar-

tijo, and Cayetano, earn the delightful sum of ten thousand francs a year, own villas and houses, live in sumptous aparments, dress superbly, spend loads of crowns on their silvered and gilded dresses, travel like princes, and smoke Havana cigars. Their dress, outside the circus, is very curious; it consists of an Orsini hat of black velvet, a tight-fitting jacket, which is left unbuttoned and does not reach the trousers, waistcoat open to the waist, which displays a very fine white shirt, no cravatte, a sash of red or blue silk around the hips, a pair of breeches fitting the legs like the stockings of the ballet dancers, a pair of morocco shoes ornamented with embroidery, a little braid of hair hanging down the back; then gold buttons, chains, diamonds, rings, trinkets, in fact, an entire jewelry establishment on their persons. Many of them keep saddle horses, some carriages, and when they are not fighting, they are always wandering around the Prado, Puerta del Sol, in the gardens of Recoletos, with their wives or sweethearts who are superbly dressed, and regard them with amorous pride. Their names, faces, and gestures are more noted by the people than those of the commanders of the army or the ministers of State. *Toreros* in comedy, *toreros* in ballads, *toreros* in pictures, *toreros* in the shop windows, statues representing *toreros*, fans with the portraits of *toreros*, handkerchiefs with figures of *toreros* are to be seen over and over again on all sides. The profession of *torero* is the most lucrative and the most honored one to which the courageous sons of the people can aspire. Many, in fact, dedicate themselves to it. But very few are successful; the majority of them remain mediocre *capeadores*; few reach the point of being *banderilleros* of note,

fewer still celebrated *picadores;* and only the chosen few of nature and fortune become great *espadas*; one must come into the world with that talent; one is born an *espada* as one is born a poet. Very few are killed by the bull, one could count the number on his fingers for a length of time; the maimed and wounded and those reduced to a state where they can no longer fight are innumerable. One sees them throughout the city with sticks and crutches, some without arms, others without legs. The famous *Tato*, who was the first of the contemporaneous *toreros*, lost a leg; during the few months that I was in Spain, a *banderillero* was half killed at Seville, a *picador* was seriously wounded at Madrid, Lagartijo was hurt, and three amateur *capeadores* were killed in one village. There is scarcely a *torero* who has not shed some blood in the arena.

Before leaving Madrid I wished to talk with the celebrated Frascuelo, the prince of the *espadas*, the idol of the people of Madrid, the glory of the art. A Genoese, the captain of a ship, who knew him, took it upon himself to make the presentation. We settled the day and met in the imperial café of the *Puerta del Sol*. I feel like laughing when I think of the emotion I experienced in seeing him appear in the distance, and come toward us. He was dressed very richly, loaded with trinkets, and gleaming like a general in full uniform; he crossed the café, a thousand heads turned to look at him, at my friend and me; I felt myself growing pale!

"Here is Signor Salvador Sanchez," said the captain (Frascuela is a surname), and then presenting me to Frascuela, he said:

"This is Signor so-and-so, one of your admirers."

The illustrious *matador* bowed, I did the same,

and then we sat down and began to converse. What a strange man! To hear him talk one would say that he had not the heart to stick a pin through a fly. He is a young fellow of twenty about of medium height, quick, dark, handsome, with a firm eye, and the smile of an absent-minded man. I asked him a thousand questions about his art and his life; he spoke in monosyllables, so that I was obliged to draw him out word by word through a series of questions. He replied to the compliments with a modest glance at his feet. I asked him if he had ever been wounded; he touched his knee, hip, shoulder, chest, and said: "Here, here, here, and here," smiling all the time with the simplicity of a child. He wrote down the address of his house, asked me to call and see him, gave me a cigar, and went away. Three days later, at the bull-fight, I was in a place near the barrier; he passed before me to pick up the cigars which the spectators had thrown him. I flung him one of those cigars from Milan, wrapped in straw; he took it, looked at it, smiled, and tried to discover who had thrown it: I made him a sign, and he exclaimed:

"*Ah! the Italian.*"

I seem to see him yet; he wore an ash-colored costume, covered with gold embroidery, and one hand was stained with blood . . .

Now for a final opinion on the subject of the bull-fights! Are they or are they not a barbarous thing, unworthy of a civilized people? Are they, or are they not a spectacle which ruins the heart? Now for an honest opinion! An honest opinion? I do not wish, in replying in a certain way, to draw down upon my devoted head a shower of invectives, and, in another, be hauled over the coals, so I am bound

to confess that I went to the circus every Sunday. I have described the affair, and the reader knows as much about it as I do, let him decide therefore, and allow me the privilege of keeping silent about the matter.

I saw at Madrid the famous funeral ceremony which is celebrated every year on the second of May, in honor of the Spaniards who died fighting, or were killed by the arms of the French soldiers, seventy-five years ago, on that tremendous day which filled Europe with horror, and caused the outbreak of the War of the Independence.

At dawn the cannon sounded, and in all the parish churches of Madrid, and before an altar erected beside the monument, they began to celebrate mass, which was kept up until evening. The ceremony consists in a solemn procession which generally starts in the neighborhood of the royal palace, assists at a sermon in the church of St. Isidore, where the bones of the dead reposed until 1840, and then proceeds to the monument to hear mass.

In all the streets through which the procession was to pass, were stationed batallions of volunteers, regiments of infantry, squadrons of cuirassiers, civil guards on foot, the artillery, and cadets. On every side drums and trumpets sounded and the bands played; in the distance one could see above the crowd, the continuous waving of generals' hats, adjutants' plumes, banners, and swords; from all the different streets came the carriages of the Senate and Cortes, as large as triumphal chariots, gilded down to the wheels, lined with velvet and silk, overloaded with fringes and bows, and drawn by superb, plumed

horses. The windows of all the houses were ornamented with tapestries and flowers; all the population of Madrid was in motion.

I saw the procession pass through the street Alcalà. First came the huntsmen of the civil militia on horseback; then the boys belonging to all the colleges, asylums, and charitable institutions of Madrid, two by two, in thousands; then the invalids of the service, some with crutches, some with bound heads, others supported by their comrades, others still, decrepid and almost carried; then soldiers and generals in old uniforms, their breasts covered with trinkets and ribbons, wearing long swords and plumed hats; then a crowd of officers of all the corps, gleaming in gold and silver, and dressed in a thousand colors; these followed by other employés of the State, the deputies from the provinces, members of Congress and senators. Then came the heralds of the municipality and chambers, with ample velvet togas and silver maces; then all the municipal employés, the Alcaids of Madrid, clothed in black, with medals at their necks; at last, the king, dressed as a general, on foot, accompanied by the Syndic, captain-general of the provinces, generals, ministers, deputies, ordinance officers, and aides-de-camp, all with uncovered heads. The procession was closed by the hundred mounted guards, gleaming like warriors of the mediæval ages, the royal guards on foot, with great fur caps in the style of the Napoleonic guards, red swallow-tail coats, white trousers, two large shoulder belts crossed on the breast, leggings reaching their knees, swords, bows, cordons, clasps, and trinkets; then more volunteers, infantry soldiers, the artillery, and people. All walked with slow, measured pace, the bands

played, and the bells rang ; the populace was silent, and that gathering of children, mendicants, priests, magistrates, mutilated veterans, and grandees of Spain, presented a lovely and magnificent appearance, which inspired at the same time a feeling of tenderness and reverence.

The procession emerged upon the Prado, and proceeded toward the Monument. The avenues, fields, and gardens were full of people. The ladies were standing up in their carriages, on chairs and the stone seats, with children in their arms ; there were people in the trees and on the roofs ; at every step there were banners, funeral inscriptions, lists of the victims of the second of May, poems fastened to the stalks of plants, newspapers edged with black, prints representing episodes of the massacre, garlands, crucifixes, small tables upon which were placed vases for alms, lighted candles, portraits, statuettes, and playthings for children with the picture of the monument. Everywhere souvenirs of 1808, signs of mourning, rejoicing, and war. The men were all dressed in black ; the women in holiday costume, with long trains and veils ; there were crowds of peasants from all the villages, in their festival dress, and in the midst of all this crowd rose the deafening cries of water-venders, guards, and officers.

The Monument of the second of May, which rises on the spot where the greater number of Spaniards were shot, although its artistic value does not equal its fame, is, to make use of an ordinary but significant expression, imposing. It is simple, bare, and even heavy, and lacking in grace when compared with others ; but it arrests one's attention even if one does not know what it is ; for at first

sight one understands that some extraordinary event must have occurred in that place. Above an octagonal granite base of four steps, rises a grand sarcophagus, square in form, covered with inscriptions, coats of arms, and a bas-relief which represents the two Spanish officers killed on the second of May in the defence of the Artillery Park. On the sarcophagus rises a pedestal in doric style, upon which are four statuettes that symbolize love of country, valor, constancy, and virtue. In the midst of the statues rises a tall obelisk, upon which is written in characters of gold: *Dos de Mayo.* Around the monument extends a circular garden, intersected by eight avenues that converge toward the centre; every avenue is flanked by cypresses and the garden is enclosed by an iron railing, surrounded in its turn by marble steps. That group of cypresses, that enclosed and solitary garden in the centre of the gayest promenade of Madrid, is like a picture of the dead in the midst of the joys of life. One cannot pass without giving it a glance; one cannot look at it without thinking; at night, when the moonlight falls on it, it seems like a fantastic apparition, and casts around it an air of sad solemnity.

The king arrived, mass was celebrated, all the regiments filed past, and the ceremony terminated. This is the way in which the anniversary of the second of May has been observed from 1814 up to the present time, with a dignity, an affection, and a veneration that not only do honor to the Spanish people, but to the human heart. It is the only national festival in Spain; it is the only day of the year in which all party hatreds are set aside, and all hearts unite in a common sentiment. Nor is there, in this feel-

ing, as might be supposed, any bitterness toward France. Spain has cast all the blame of the war and the massacre upon Napoleon and Murat, who were the causes of it; the French are amicably received like all other strangers; the unhappy days of May are only spoken of to render honor to the dead and the country; everything, in this ceremony, is both noble and grand, and before that monument Spain has none but words of pardon and peace.

THE COCK FIGHTS.

Another thing to be seen at Madrid are the cock-fights.

I read one day in the *Correspondencia* the following announcement:

"*En la funcion que se celebrarà mañana en el circo de Gallos de Recoletos, habrà, entre otras, dos peleas en los que figurarán gallos de los conocidos aficionados Francisco Calderon y Don Josè Diez, por lo que se espera serà muy animada la diversion.*"

The spectacle began at noon, and I attended it. I was struck by the originality and grace of the theatre. It resembles a chiosk on the hillside of a garden; but it is large enough to hold nearly one thousand people. The form is perfectly cylindrical. In the centre rises a species of circular box, rather more than three hands high, covered with a green carpet, and enclosed by a railing the height of those of balconies; it is the battlefield of the cocks. Between the iron rods of the railing extends a fine net-work of wire, which precludes the escape of the combatants. Around this kind of cage, the floor of which is the size of a large dining-table, runs a row of arm-chairs, and behind these, a little higher, a second;

both covered with red cloth. On several of the former is written in large letters: *Presidente—Secretario*—and other titles of personages who compose the tribunal of the spectacle. Beyond the arm-chairs rise seats in the shape of an amphitheatre, back to the walls, in which opens a gallery, supported by ten slender columns. The light falls from above. The bright red of the chairs, the flowers painted on the walls, the columns, the light, and air, in one word, the theatre has something novel and picturesque about it which pleases and enlivens one. At first sight, it seems as if in that place one ought rather to listen to gay and lovely music than to witness the combat of beasts.

When I entered, there were a hundred persons present. What kind of people are these? I asked of myself. And really the audience of the cock-circus resembles that of no other theatre; it is a mixture, *sui generis*, which is only to be seen at Madrid. There are no women, boys, soldiers, nor workmen, because it is a work-day and an inconvenient hour; yet, nevertheless, one notices there a greater variety of aspects, dresses, and attitudes than in any other public gathering. They are all people who have nothing to do the entire day long; they are comedians, with long hair and bald heads; *toreros* (Calderon, the famous *picador*, was there) with their red sashes around their waists; students, bearing on their faces the traces of a night passed at gambling; cock merchants, elegant young men, old gentlemen amateurs, dressed in black, with black gloves and large cravats. These surround the cage. Farther on are *rari nantes*, some English, some block-heads, of the kind which are seen everywhere, servants of the circus, a courtesan, and a civil guard. Between the foreigners and the guard, are the others

—gentlemen, *toreros*, shopkeepers, and comedians, all of whom know each other, and discuss, in one voice, among themselves, the quality of the cocks which have been announced in the programme of the spectacle, the wagers of the preceding day, the accidents of the combat, the claws, feathers, spurs, wings, beaks, and wounds, making use of the very rich terminology of the art, and citing rules, examples, cocks of former times, famous struggles, winnings, and losses.

The spectacle began at the appointed hour. A man presented himself in the middle of the circus with a paper in his hand, and when he began to read all were silent. He read a series of numbers that indicated the weight of the different pairs of cocks which were to fight, because none of the pairs are allowed to outweigh a standard determined upon by the cock-fighting code. The chatting began again, then suddenly ceased. Another man with two boxes in his arms came forward, opened a gate in the railing, mounted the platform, and fastened the boxes to the two ends of the scales hanging from the ceiling. Two witnesses convinced themselves that the weight was nearly equal, all sat down, the president took his place, the secretary cried, *Silencio !*— the weigher and another servant each took a box, and placing them at the opposite gates on the railing, opened them together. The cocks came out, the gates were closed, and the spectators preserved a profound silence for some moments.

They were two *Andalusian cocks of English breed*, to make use of the curious definition given me by one of the spectators. They were tall, slender, straight as arrows, with a long and very flexible neck, completely without feathers behind, and from

the chest up ; they had no crest, a small head, and a pair of eyes which revealed their warlike character. The spectators look at them without a word. The *aficionados* (amateurs) in those few moments judge from the color, shape, and movements of the two which one will probably be the victor ; then offer their wagers. It is a judgment, as any one can understand, which is very uncertain at best ; but it is just this uncertainty which gives life to the affair ; suddenly the silence is broken by a burst of shouts :

Un duro (*a crown*) *for the right one ! A crown for the left one ! Done ! Three crowns for the dark one ! Four crowns for the gray one ! Una ouza* (*eighty lire*) *for the little one ! Done ! etc.*

They are all shouting, waving their hands, motioning to each other with their sticks, bets are exchanged in every direction, and in a few moments there are a thousand lire at stake.

The two cocks do not look at each other from the beginning. One is turned in one direction, the other in another ; they crow, stretching out their necks toward the spectators, as if they were asking, "What do you wish?" Little by little, without giving any signs of having seen each other, they approach ; it seems as if each wished to take the other by surprise. Suddenly, as quickly as a flash, they take a leap with outstretched wings, strike in the air, and fall back, shedding a cloud of feathers around them. After the first blow, they stop, and plant themselves opposite each other, with their necks outstretched and their beaks nearly touching, looking fixedly at each other, and quite motionless, as if they wished to poison one another with their eyes. Then they dash at each other again violently, after which the assaults succeed each other without any

interruption. They wound with their claws, spurs, and beaks; they clasp each other with their wings, so that they look like one cock with two heads; they each dash under the other's breast, beat against the iron railing, chase each other, fall, slip, and fly; little by little, the blows fall more thickly, more feathers fly from their heads, their necks become flame-color, and they lose blood. Then they begin beating each other with their heads, around the eyes, in the eyes; they tear each other's flesh with the fury of two demoniacs who are afraid of being separated; it seems as if they knew that one of them must die; they utter no sound, not even a groan; nothing is heard but the noise of rustling wings, of breaking feathers, of beaks which are hitting the bone; and there is not an instant's truce; it is a fury which ends only in death.

The spectators follow intently all these movements with their eyes, they count the fallen feathers, number the wounds, and the shouting becomes more exciting, and the wagers larger:

Five crowns for the little one! Eight crowns for the gray one! Twenty crowns for the dark one! Done! Done!

At a certain point, one of the two cocks makes a movement that betrays the inferiority of his strength, and begins to give signs of weariness. While still holding out, the blows of the beak become fewer, its clawings weaker, and its leaps lower; it seems to understand that it must die; it does not fight to kill, but not to be killed; it recedes, flees, falls, rises, returns only to fall again, and totters as if seized with giddiness. Then the spectacle becomes horrible. In the presence of the enemy, who is surrendering, the victor grows more ferocious; its peckings fall

thick and fast and pitilessly into the eyes of its victim, with the regularity of a sewing-machine; its neck stretches out and acts with the vigor of a spring; its beak seizes the flesh, twists and tears it; then penetrates the wound, and works itself therein, as if searching for its most hidden fibre; then gives blow upon blow on the head, as if to open the cranium and extract the brain. There are no words which can describe the horror of that continuous, indefatigable, inexorable pecking. The victim defends itself, escapes, makes the circuit of the cage, with its adversary behind, beside, and upon it, as inseparable as a shadow, with its head bowed over that of the fugitive, like a confessor, always pecking, piercing, and lacerating. There is something of the convict, keeper, and executioner about it; it apears to be saying something in the ear of its victim, and seems to accompany every blow with an insult. There, take that, suffer, die, no! live, take this, and this, and this! A little of its sanguinary rage takes possession of you; that cowardly cruelty awakens in you a mania for revenge; you would gladly strangle it with your hands, or crush it with your feet. The conquered cock, all covered with blood, featherless and tottering, attempts an assault from time to time, gives several pecks, flees, and dashes itself against the iron railing to seek a mode of escape.

Those who are betting grow more excited and shout louder. They can no longer bet on the struggle, so they bet on the agony:

Five crowns that it does not make three more attacks! Three crowns that it does not make five! Four crowns that it does not make two! Done! Done!

At this point I heard a voice which made me shudder: *Es ciego* (it is blind).

I approached the railing, looked at the conquered cock, and turned away my face with horror. It no longer had any skin or eyes, its neck was only a bloody bone, the head was a skull, the wings, reduced to two or three feathers, dragged like two rags; it seemed impossible that, in such a state, it could live and move, for it no longer had any form. Yet those remains, that monster, that skeleton dripping with blood, still defended itself, struggled in the dark, shaking its broken wings like two stumps, stretching out its fleshless neck, moving its skull here and there like a new-born dog, and was so repulsive and horrible that I half closed my eyes so to see it indistinctly. And the victor continued to peck at the wounds, to dig out the eyes, and to hit the bare cranium; it was no longer a conflict, it was a torment; it seemed as if the creature wished to pick its victim to pieces without killing it; at times, when the poor thing remained motionless for a moment, the victor looked down at it with the attention of an anatomist; at times moved off and looked down with the indifference of a grave digger, then dashed at it again with the avidity of a vampire, pecked at it, sucked it, and tortured it with fresh vigor. Finally, the dying creature, stopping suddenly, dropped its head as if overcome by sleep, and its executioner, looking at it attentively, desisted from its attacks.

Then the shouting was redoubled; they could no longer bet on the convulsions of the death agony, so they took wagers on the symptoms of death: *Five crowns that it never raises its head! Two crowns that it does raise it! Three crowns that it raises it twice! Done! Done!*

The dying cock slowly raised its head; the brutal

victor, quite ready, overwhelmed it with a shower of blows. The shouts burst out again; the victim made another slight movement, was hit again, shook itself, received another blow still, blood issued from its mouth, it tottered and fell. The cowardly victor began to crow. A servant comes and carries both of them away.

All the spectators rose and began a noisy conversation; the winners laughing loudly, the losers swearing; both parties discussing the merits of the cocks and the incidents of the fight. *A good fight! Good cocks! Bad cocks! They are worth nothing! You do not understand it, sir! Good! Bad!*

Be seated, gentlemen! shouted the president; all sat down and another fight began.

I gave a glance at the battle-field, and went out. Some may not believe it, but that spectacle caused me more horror than the first bull-fight. I had no idea of such ferocious cruelty. I did not believe, before seeing it, that a creature, after having rendered another powerless, could torture, martyrize and torment it in such a manner, with the fury of hate, and the enjoyment of revenge. I could not believe that the fury of any brute creature could reach a point attained by the most desperate human wickedness. To-day still, and a long time has elapsed since then, every time I recall that spectacle, I involuntarily turn my head to one side, as if to escape the horrible sight of the dying cock, and I never happen to place my hand on a railing without dropping my eyes with the idea of seeing the ground scattered with feathers and blood. Should you go to Spain, take my advice:

"Be content, humane people, with the sight of the bulls."

THE CONVENT OF THE ESCURIAL.

Before leaving for Andalusia I went to see the famous convent of the Escurial, the leviathan of architecture, the eighth marvel of the world, the greatest mass of granite which exists on earth, and if you wish other grandiose denominations, imagine what you choose, but you will not find any which has not yet been applied to it. I left Madrid early in the morning. The village of the Escurial, which gave the name to the convent, is eight leagues from the city, a short distance from the Guadarrama, and the road crosses an arid and depopulated country, shut in on the horizon by mountains covered with snow. When I reached the station of the Escurial, a fine, cold rain was falling, which made one shiver. From the station to the village there is an ascent of half a mile. I took an omnibus, and a few moments later was landed in a solitary street, flanked on the left by the convent, on the right by the houses of the village, and shut in at the end by the mountain. At first sight one grasps nothing clearly ; one expected to see an edifice, but sees a city, and does not know whether he be inside or outside of the convent. On every side those walls are seen ; one goes on and finds himself in a square, looks around and sees streets, which one scarcely enters before the convent surrounds him, and he has lost the points of the compass, and no longer knows which way to turn.

The first feeling is that of sadness ; the whole building is of dirt-colored stone, and striped with white between the stones ; the roofs are covered with strips of lead. It looks like an edifice built of earth. The walls are very high and bare, and con-

tain a great number of windows which have the appearance of loopholes. One would call it a prison rather than a convent. Everywhere one sees that dark, dead color, and not a living soul; there is the stillness of an abandoned fortress about it; and beyond the black roofs lies the black mountain, which seems to overhang the building, giving to it an air of mysterious solitude. The locality, the forms, the colors, everything, in fact, seems to have been chosen by him who founded the edifice with the intention of offering to the eyes of men a sad and solemn spectacle. Before entering, you have lost all your gayety; you no longer smile, but think. You stop at the doors of the Escurial with a sort of trepidation, as at the gates of a deserted city; it seems to you that, if the terrors of the Inquisition reigned in some corner of the world, they ought to reign among those walls. You would say that therein one might still see the last traces of it and hear its last echo.

Every one knows that the basilica and convent of the Escurial were founded by Philip II, after the battle of San Quintino, in fulfilment of a vow made to St. Laurence, during the seige, when the beseiged had been forced to bombard a church consecrated to that saint. Don Juan Batista, of Toledo, began the work, Herrera completed it; and the labor upon it lasted twenty years. Philip II desired that the edifice should present the form of a gridiron, in commemoration of the martyrdom of St. Laurence, and such, in fact, is the shape. The foundation is a rectangular parallelogram. At the four corners rise four great square towers with pointed roofs, which represent the four feet of a gridiron; the church and the royal palace that rise on one side, symbolize the

handle; the interior buildings which join the two longest sides, take the place of the cross-bars. Other minor edifices project beyond the parallelogram, at a short distance from the convent, along one of the long sides and one of the courts, and form two great squares; on the other two sides are gardens. Façades, doors, atriums—every thing is in harmony with the grandeur and character of the building; and it is quite useless to heap description upon description. The royal palace is superb, and it is better to see it before entering the convent and church, in order not to confuse the separate impressions produced by each. This palace occupies the north-east corner of the edifice. Several rooms are full of pictures, others are covered from floor to ceiling with tapestries, representing bull-fights, public balls, games, fetes, and Spanish costumes, designed by Goya; others are regally furnished and adorned; the floor, the doors, and the windows are covered with marvellous inlaid work and stupendous gilding. But among all the rooms the most noteworthy is that of Philip II; it is rather a cell than a room, is bare and squalid, with an alcove which answers to the royal oratory of the church, so that, from the bed, by keeping the doors open, one can see the priest who is saying mass. Philip II slept in that cell, had his last illness there, and there he died. One still sees some chairs used by him, two little stools upon which he rested the leg tormented with gout, and a writing-desk. The walls are white, the ceiling flat, and without any ornament, and the floor of brick.

After seeing the royal palace, you leave the building, cross the square, and re-enter by the principal door. A custodian attaches himself to you; you cross the broad vestibule, and find yourself in the

court-yard of the kings. There you can form a first idea of the immense framework of the edifice. The court is enclosed by walls ; on the side opposite the doors is the façade of the church. On a spacious flight of steps there are six enormous doric columns, each of which upholds a large pedestal, and every pedestal, a statue. There are six colossal statues, by Battiste Monegro, representing Jehoshaphat, Ezekiel, David, Solomon, Joshua, and Manasseh. The court-yard is paved, scattered with bunches of damp turf. The walks look like rocks cut in points ; everything is rigid, massive, and heavy, and presents the fantastic appearance of a titanic edifice, hewn out of solid stone, and ready to defy the shocks of earth and the lightnings of heaven. There one begins to understand what the Escurial really is.

One ascends the steps and enters the church.

The interior of the church is sad and bare. Four enormous pilasters of gray granite support the ceiling, frescoed by Luca Giordano ; beside the high altar, sculptured and gilded in the Spanish style, in the inter-columns of the two royal oratories, one sees two groups of bronze statues kneeling, with their hands clasped, toward the altar. On the right Charles V, the Empress Isabella, and several princesses ; on the left, Philip II, with his wives. Over the door of the church, thirty feet from the ground, at the end of the principal nave, rises the choir, with two rows of seats, in the Corinthian style, simple in design. In a corner, near a secret door, is the chair which Philip II occupied. He received through that door letters and important messages, without being seen by the priests who were chanting in the choir. This church which, in comparison with the entire building, seems very small, is nevertheless one of the

largest in Spain, and although it appears so free from ornamentation, contains immense treasures of marble, gold, relics, and pictures, which the darkness in part conceals, and from which the sad appearance of the edifice distracts one's attention. Beside the thousand works of art that are to be seen in the chapels, in the rooms contiguous to the church, and on the staircases leading to the tribune, there is, in a corridor behind the choir, a stupendous crucifix of white marble, by Benvenuto Cellini, bearing the inscription, *Benvenutus Zelinus, civis Florentinus facebat, 1562.* In other portions are pictures of Navarrete and Herrera. But every feeling of surprise sinks into that of sadness. The color of the stone, the gloomy light, and the profound silence which surrounds you, recalls your mind incessantly to the vastity, unknown recesses, and solitude of the building, and leaves no room for the pleasure of admiration. The aspect of that church awakens in you an inexplicable feeling of inquietude. You would divine, were you not otherwise aware of it, that those walls are surrounded, for a great distance, by nothing but granite, darkness and silence; without seeing the enormous edifice, you feel it; you feel that you are in the midst of an uninhabited city; you would fain quicken your pace in order to see it rapidly, to free yourself from the incubus of that mystery, and to seek, if they exist anywhere, bright light, noise, and life.

From the church you pass through several bare, cold rooms into the sacristy, which is a large arched chamber, in which one wall is entirely covered by wardrobes of variegated and very fine wood, containing the sacred ornaments; the opposite wall by a series of pictures of Ribera, Giordano, Zurbaran,

Tintoretto, and other Italian and Spanish painters; and at the end is the famous altar of the *Santa forma*, with the celebrated picture of poor Claude Coello, who died of a broken heart because Luca Giordano was called to the Escurial. The effect of this picture surpasses all imagination. It represents, with life-size figures, the procession which was formed to place in that spot the *Santa forma*. The sacristy and altar are portrayed, the prior kneeling on the steps, with the wax and sacred wafers in his hands; around him are the deacons; on one side Charles II on his knees; beyond are monks, priests, seminarists, and other faithful ones. The figures are so lifelike and speaking, the prospective so true, the coloring, shade, and light so effective, that upon first entering the sacristy one is apt to mistake the picture for a mirror which is reflecting a religious service being performed at that moment in a neighboring room. Then the illusion of the figures disappears; but that of the background of the picture remains, and one is really obliged to go near enough to touch it, in order to convince himself that that is not another sacristy, but a painted canvas. On fête days the canvas is rolled up, and there appears in the centre of a little chapel a little temple of gilt bronze, in which one sees a magnificent pyx that contains the sacred host, inlaid with ten thousand precious stones, among which are rubies, diamonds, amethysts, and garnets, set in the form of rays that dazzle one's eyes.

From the sacristy we went to the Pantheon. A custodian with a lighted torch preceded me. We descended a long granite staircase and reached a subterranean door, through which not a ray of light penetrated. Above this door one read the following inscription in gilt bronze letters:

"GREAT AND OMNIPOTENT GOD!

"This is a place consecrated by the piety of the Austrian dynasty to the mortal remains of the Catholic kings, who are awaiting the desired day, under the high altar sacred to the Redeemer of mankind. Charles V, the most illustrious of the Cæsars, desired this final resting-place for himself and his lineage; Philip II, the most prudent of kings, designed it; Philip III, a sincerely pious monarch, began the work; Philip IV, noted for his clemency, constancy, and devotion, enlarged, embellished, and finished it in the year of our Lord 1654."

The custodian entered, I followed him, and found myself in the midst of sepulchres, or rather in a sepulchre dark and cold as the grotto of a mountain. It is a small octagonal room, all marble, with a little altar in the wall opposite the door, and in the remaining ones, from the floor to the ceiling, one above the other, are the tombs, distinguishable by ornaments in bronze and bas-relief; the ceiling corresponds with the high altar of the church. On the right of the altar are buried Charles V, Philip II, Philip III, Philip IV, Louis I, the three Don Carlos, Ferdinand VII; on the left, the empresses and queens. The custodian placed his torch near the tomb of Maria Louisa of Savoy, wife of Charles III, and said to me with an air of mystery:

"Read."

The marble is striped in different ways; with a little difficulty I succeeded in discovering five letters; they form the word Luisa, written by the queen herself with the points of her scissors.

Suddenly the custodian extinguished the torch, and we were left in the dark. The blood froze in my veins.

"Light it!" I cried.

The custodian gave a long and lugubrious laugh, which seemed like the rattle of a dying person, and replied:

"Look!"

I looked; a very faint ray of light, falling through an aperture near the ceiling, along the wall, almost to the floor, illumined scarcely enough to make them visible, some of the tombs of the queens, and looked like a moonbeam, and the bas-reliefs and bronzes on the tombs gleamed in that ray of strange light, as if they were dripping with water. In that moment I perceived for the first time the odor of that sepulchral air, and a shudder ran over me. I penetrated, in imagination, those tombs, and saw all those rigid bodies. I searched for a means of escape above the ceiling, found myself alone in the church, fled from the church and lost myself in the labyrinths of the convent; then recovered myself, in the midst of those tombs, and felt that I really was in the heart of that monstrous edifice, in the deepest portion, in the coldest corner, in the most overwhelming recess. I seemed to myself a prisoner, buried in that great mass of granite, as if everything were gravitating toward me, crushing me on all sides, and closing the exit to me. I thought of the sky, the country, the open air, as I would have done of a remote world, and with an ineffable feeling of sadness.

"Sir," said the custodian, solemnly, to me before going out, as he pointed to the tomb of Charles V, "the emperor is there, just as he was when they laid him there, with his eyes still open, so that he seems alive and about to speak. Who lives will see."

Saying which, he lowered his voice as if he feared the emperor would hear him, and making a sign of the cross, he preceded me up the staircase.

After the church and the sacristy, one visits the picture-gallery, which contains a great number of works by artists of every nation, not the best of course, because these were carried to the Madrid Museum; but such as quite merit a half day's visit. From the picture-gallery one goes to the library, passing by the great staircase over which curves an enormous vaulted ceiling, painted in fresco by Luca Giordano. The library is composed of a very vast hall, ornamented with great allegorical paintings, and contains more than fifty thousand precious volumes, four thousand of which were presented by Philip II, and beyond this, a room where there is a rich collection of manuscripts. From the library one goes to the convent.

Here human imagination loses itself. If any one of my readers has read *L' Estudiante de Salamanca* of Espronceda, he will remember that indefatigable youth, when, in following a mysterious lady whom he met at night at the foot of a tabernacle, he passes through street after street, square after square, alley after alley, turning, twisting, turning again, until he finally reaches a point where he no longer sees the houses of Salamanca, and finds himself in an unknown city. He continues to turn corners, cross squares, traverse streets, and, as he proceeds, the city seems to enlarge, the streets lengthen out, and the alleys grow thicker. He goes on and on without rest, and does not know whether he be dreaming, awake, intoxicated, or insane; terror seizes his iron heart, and the strangest fancies crowd into his wandering mind. So it is with the stranger in the

convent of the Escurial. Pass through a long subterranean corridor, so narrow that you can touch the walls with your elbows, low enough almost to hit the ceiling with your head, and as damp as a submarine grotto ; you reach the end, turn, and you are in another corridor. You go on, come to doors, look, and other corridors stretch away before you as far as the eye can reach. At the end of some you see a ray of light, at the end of others an open door, through which you catch a glimpse of a suite of rooms.

From time to time you hear the sound of a step, you stop, and hear it no longer ; then you hear it again; you do not know whether it is above your head, at the right, left, behind, or before you. You look through a door and start back alarmed ; at the end of that long corridor, into which you have glanced, you have seen a man, as motionless as a spectre, who was looking at you. You proceed, and emerge on a narrow court, enclosed by high walls, which is gloomy, overgrown with weeds, and illumined by a faint light, which seems to fall from an unknown sun, like the courts of the witches, described to us when we were children. You leave the court, ascend a staircase, come out on a gallery, and look down upon another silent and deserted court. You pass through another corridor, descend another staircase, and find yourself in a third court ; then other corridors, staircases, and suites of empty rooms, and narrow courts, and everywhere there is granite, a pale light, and the silence of a tomb. For a short time you think you would be able to retrace your steps ; then your memory becomes confused, and you remember nothing more ; you seem to have walked ten miles, to have been in that labyrinth for

a month, and not to be able to get out of it. You come to a court and say : " I have seen it already! " but you are mistaken ; it is another. You fancy you are in one portion of the building, and you are really in an opposite part. You ask the custodian for the cloister, and he replies : " It is here "—and you keep on walking for a half hour. You seem to be dreaming ; catch glimpses of long frescoed walls, ornamented with pictures, crucifixes, and inscriptions ; you see and forget ; and ask of yourself: " Where am I? " You see a strange light, do not understand it, and wonder whether it be the effect of the reflection of the granite, or the light of the moon. It proves to be daylight, but it is sadder than that of darkness, and is a false, gloomy, and fantastic light. On you go, from corridor to corridor, court to court ; you look ahead with suspicion ; almost expect to see suddenly, at the turning of a corner, a row of skeleton monks, with their hoods drawn over their eyes, and their arms folded ; you think of Philip II, and seem to hear his retreating step through dark hallways ; you remember all that you have read of him, of his treasures, the Inquisition, and all becomes clear to your mind's eye ; you understand everything for the first time ; the Escurial is Philip II, he is still there, alive and frightful, and with him the image of his terrible God. Then you would like to rebel, to raise your thoughts to the God of your heart and hopes, and to conquer the mysterious terror which the place inspires in you ; but you cannot do this ; the Escurial surrounds, holds, and overwhelms you ; the cold of its stones penetrates to your marrow ; the sadness of its sepulchral labyrinths invades your soul ; if you are with a friend you say : " Let us leave ; " if you were

with your love you would press her to your heart with a feeling of trepidation ; if you were alone you would take flight, At last you mount a staircase, enter a room, go to the window, and salute with a burst of gratitude, the mountains, sun, freedom, and the great and beneficent God who loves and pardons.

What a long breath one draws at that window!

From here you see the gardens which occupy a restricted space, and are very simple ; though they may be said to be elegant and beautiful, and quite in keeping with the edifice itself. Then you see twelve graceful fountains, each one surrounded by four squares of myrtle, which represent the royal shields, designed with such exquisite taste, and rounded with such finish that in looking at them from the window they seem to be woven of plush and velvet, and produce a very pretty effect in the white sand of the pathways. There are no trees, flowers, nor arbors ; nothing is seen in the garden but fountains, squares of myrtle, and two colors, green and white ; and such is the beauty of that noble simplicity, that one cannot take one's eyes from it; and when the eye has been removed, one's thoughts return to it, and rest there with a very keen pleasure tempered by a sort of sweet sadness. In a room near that which looks upon the garden, a series of relics were shown me, which I gazed at without allowing the custodian to suspect my private doubts as to their genuineness. There was a splinter of the holy cross presented by the Pope to Isabella II ; a piece of the wood bathed in the blood, still visible, of St. Laurence ; an inkstand belonging to St. Theresa ; and other objects, among which was a small portable altar of Charles V, a crown of thorns and a pair of

pincers used for torture, found I know not where. From thence I was taken to the cupola of the church, from which one enjoys a magnificent view. On one side the eye takes in all the mountainous country between the Escurial and Madrid; on the other, one sees the snow-capped mountains of the Guadarrama; below, one embraces, with a glance, the enormous edifice, the long lead-covered roofs, and the towers; one sees the interior of the courts, cloisters, porticoes, and galleries; one can traverse, in thought, the thousand passages of the corridors and stairs, and say: "An hour ago I was down there, here, up there, below, and over there;" grow astonished at having taken such a walk, rejoice at having issued from that labyrinth, from those tombs, shadows, and at being able to return to the city, and to see one's friends again.

An illustrious traveller said that after having passed a day in the convent of the Escurial, one ought to feel happy throughout one's life, in simply thinking that one might be still among those walls, but is no longer there. This is almost true. Even at the present day, after so great a lapse of time, on rainy days, when I am sad, I think of the Escurial, then look at the walls of my room, and rejoice; during sleepless nights I see the courts of the Escurial; when I am ill, and fall into a disturbed or heavy sleep, I dream of roaming through those corridors alone, in the dark, followed by the phantom of an old monk, shouting and knocking at all the doors without finding an exit, until I go to the Pantheon, and the door closes loudly behind me, and I remain buried among the tombs. With what pleasure I saw once more the thousand lights of the *Puerta del Sol*, the crowded cafés, and the great noisy street of the

Alcalà! Upon entering the house I made such a noise that the maid, who was a good and simple Gallician, ran to her mistress, quite breathless, and said :

" I think the Italian has gone mad ! "

I was more amused by the deputies of the Cortes than by either the cocks or bulls. I succeeded in procuring a small place in the tribune of the journalists, and I went there every day, and stayed there to the end with infinite enjoyment. The Spanish parliament has a more juvenile aspect than ours ; not because the deputies are younger ; but because they are neater and more carefully dressed than ours. There one does not see the disordered hair, unkempt beards, and those colorless jackets which are seen on the benches of our Chamber : there the beards and hair are nicely arranged and shining, the shirts embroidered, coats black, trowsers light, gloves orange-colored, canes silver-headed, and flowers in the button-hole. The Spanish parliament follows the fashion plates. The dressing and speaking are alike : both lively, gay, flowery, and sparkling. We lament that our deputies are more governed by the form than is fitting political orators ; but the Spanish deputies cultivate it more studiously still, and, it is only fair to confess, with better grace. They not only speak with a marvellous facility, so much so that it is a rare occurrence to hear a deputy interrupt himself in the middle of a sentence to seek for a phrase ; but there is no one who does not strive to speak correctly, and to give to his words a practical lustre, a classical flavor, and a little of the imprint of the grand, oratorical style. The gravest

ministers, the most timid deputies, the most rigorous financiers, even when they are speaking on subjects quite foreign to those allied to rhetoric, embellish their speeches with the fine forms of anthology, graceful anecdotes, famous verses, apostrophes to civilization, liberty, and the country ; and proceed quite rapidly, as if they were reciting something committed to memory, with an intonation always measured and harmonious, and a variety of poses and gestures which leaves no place for ennui. The newspapers, in criticizing their speeches, praise the elevated style, the purity of the language, *los rasgos sublimes*, the sublime flashes, which one admires—if it concerns their friends, be it understood ; or, they say, with scorn, that the style is sesquipedal, the language corrupt, the form,—in a word, that blessed form! uncultivated, ignoble, unworthy of the splendid traditions of the art of Spanish oratory. This worship of form, this great facility of speech, degenerates into bombastic vanity ; and while it is certain that one must not seek for the models of true political eloquence in the parliament of Madrid, yet that which is universally admitted is not the less true, viz. : that this parliament is, among those of Europe, the richest in fruitful oratory, in the ordinary sense of the word. One ought to hear a discussion on a subject of important political interest, which stirs the passions. It is a veritable conflict! They are no longer speeches, but inundations of words, calculated to drive stenographers mad and confuse the minds of the auditors in the tribunes! There are voices, gestures, impetuosity, and rhapsodies of inspiration, which make one think of the French Assembly in the turbulent days of the Revolution!

There you hear a Rios Rosas, a very violent orator, who dominates the tumult with a roar ; a Martos, an orator of the chosen form, who slays with ridicule ; a Pi y Margall, a venerable old man, who terrifies one with gloomy prophecies ; a Collantes, an indefatigable speaker, who crushes the chamber under an avalanche of words ; a Rodriguez, who, with marvellous flexion of reasoning and paraphrase, pursues, confuses, and stifles his adversaries, and among a hundred others, a Castelar, who vanquishes and fascinates both enemies and friends with a torrent of poetry and harmony. And this Castelar, noted throughout Europe, is really the most complete example of Spanish eloquence. He pushes the worship of form to the point of idolatry ; his eloquence is music ; his reasoning is the slave of his ear ; he says or does not say a thing, or says it in one way better than in another, according to the turn of the sentence ; he has harmony in his mind, follows it, obeys it, and sacrifices to it everything that can offend it ; his period is a strophe ; in fact, one must hear him in order to credit the fact that human speech, without poetical measure and song, can so closely approach the harmony of song and poetry. He is more of an artist than a politician ; has not only an artist intellect, but an artist heart also ; it is the heart of a child, which is incapable of hatred and enmity. In none of his speeches can one find abuse ; in the Cortes he has never provoked a serious personal dispute ; he never has recourse to satire, nor does he adopt irony ; in his most violent philippics he never lets drop a dram of gall, and this is a proof of it, that though a republican, adversary of all the ministers, a warlike journalist and perpetual accuser of him who exer-

cises any power, and of him who is not a fanatic for liberty, he has never made himself hated by any one. However, his speeches are enjoyed, not feared ; his style is too beautiful to be terrible ; his character too ingenuous to admit of his exercising a political influence ; he does not know how to tilt, plot, and to make way for himself by bribes ; he is only fitted to please and to shine ; his eloquence, when it is grandest, is tender ; his most beautiful speeches draw forth tears. To him the Chamber is a theatre. Like improvisators, in order to have a clear and serene inspiration, he is obliged to speak at a given hour, at a fixed point, and with a certain allowance of time before him. Therefore, on the day he is to speak, he takes certain measures with the president of the Chamber ; the president arranges matters so that his turn comes when the tribunes are crowded and all the deputies are in their places ; his newspapers announce his speech the evening before, so that the ladies may procure tickets ; for he requires a certain amount of expectation. Before speaking he is restless, and cannot keep quiet one instant ; he enters the Chamber, leaves it, reënters goes out again, wanders through the corridors, goes, into the library and turns over the leaves of a book, rushes into the café to take a glass of water, seems to be seized with fever, fancies that he will not know how to put the words together, that he will be laughed at or hissed ; not a single lucid idea of his speech remains in his head ; he has confused and forgotten everything.

" How is your pulse ? " his friends ask, smilingly.

When the solemn moment arrives, he takes his place with bowed head, trembling and pallid as a man condemned to death, who is resigned to losing

in a single day the glory acquired with so many years of fatigue. At that moment even his enemies feel pity for his condition. He rises, gives a glance around him, and says :

"Señores!"

He is saved ; his courage returns, his mind grows clear, and his speech comes back to him like a forgotten air ; the president, the Cortes, the tribunes, disappear ; he sees nothing but his gestures, hears nothing but his own voice, and feels nought but the irresistible flame which burns within him and the mysterious force that sustains and upholds him. It is beautiful to hear him say these things :

"I no longer see the walls of the room," he exclaims, "I behold distant people and countries which I have never seen."

He speaks by the hour, and not a deputy leaves the room, not a person moves in the tribunes, not a voice interrupts him, not a gesture disturbs him ; not even when he breaks the regulations has the president sufficient courage to interrupt him ; he displays at his ease the picture of his republic, clothed in white and crowned with roses, and the monarchists do not dare protest, because, so clothed, they, too, find it beautiful. Castelar is master of the Assembly ; he thunders, lightens, sings, rages, and gleams like fireworks ; makes his auditors smile, calls forth shouts of enthusiasm, ends amid a storm of applause, and goes away with his head in a whirl. Such is this famous Castelar, professor of history in the university, a very fruitful writer on politics, art, and religion ; a publicist who makes fifty thousand francs a year in the American newspapers, an academician unanimously elected by the *Academia Española*, pointed out in the streets,

fêted by the people, beloved by his enemies, and a charming, vain, generous, and handsome youth.

Now that we are discussing political eloquence, let us give a glance at the literature. Let us imagine a room in the Academy full of noise and confusion. A throng of poets, novelists, and writers of every kind, all having something French in their faces and manners, although studiously striving to conceal it, are reading and declaming their works, each one trying to drown the voices of the others, in order to make himself heard by the people crowded into the tribunes ; who, on their part, refrain from reading the newspapers and discussing politics. From time to time a vibratory and harmonious voice makes itself heard above the tumult; and then a hundred voices break out together in a corner of the room, shouting : " He is a Carlist ! " and a salute of hisses follows the cry ; or, " He is a republican ! " and another burst of hisses, from another side, stifles the vibratory and harmonious voice. The academicians throw paper balls at each other, and shriek in each other's ears :

" Atheist ! Jesuit ! Demagogue ! Weather-cock ! Traitor ! "

By straining one's ear in the direction of those who are reading, one catches harmonious strophes, well-turned periods, and forcible phrases. The first effect is pleasing ; they are really poems and prose full of fire, life, beams of light, felicitous comparisons taken from all that shines and sounds in the sky, on the sea, and upon earth ; and every thing is vaguely illumined with Oriental colors and richly clothed in Italian harmonies. But alas ! it is only literature for the eyes and ears ; it is only music and painting ; rarely the muse, in the midst of a nimbus of flowers,

lets fall the gem of a thought ; and nothing remains of this luminous shower but a light perfume in the air, and the echo of a soft murmur in the ear. Meanwhile, one hears in the street the cries of the people, discharges of guns, and the sound of drums ; at every moment some artist deserts the ranks, and goes forth to wave a banner among the crowd ; they disappear two by two, and three by three, in crowds, and go to swell the body of journalists ; the noise and the continuous vicissitudes of events, divert the most tenacious from lengthy works ; in vain does some solitary person in the crowd cry : " In the name of Cervantes stop ! " Some powerful voices are raised above that cry ; but they are the voices of men grouped on one side, many of whom are about starting on the journey from which there is no return. It is the voice of Hatzembuch, the prince of drama ; it is the voice of Breton de los Herreros, the prince of comedy ; it is the voice of Zorilla, the prince of poetry ; it is an orientalist, who is called Gayango, an archeologist called Guerra, a writer of comedies called Tamayo, a novelist called Fernand Caballero, a critic called Amador de Los Rios, a romancer called Fernandez y Gonzales, and a troop of other bold and fruitful geniuses ; in the midst of whom the memory of the great poet of the revolution is still alive, Quintana ; the Byron of Spain, Espronceda; of a Nicasio Gallego, of a Martinez della Rosa, and of a Duke di Rivas. Yet tumult, disorder, and discord, like a torrent, invade and envelop every thing. But to leave allegory, Spanish literature is almost in the same condition as ours ; there is a body of illustrious men who are declining, but who had great inspirations : religion, or the country, or both together, and who left, however, a particular and

lasting trace in the field of art. There is a troop of young men who are feeling their way forward, asking what they have to do, rather than doing any thing; wavering between faith and scepticism; or, having faith without courage, or not possessing it at all, they are induced by custom to simulate it; not secure of their own language, and vibrating between the academies, which cry: "Purity!" and the people, who cry: "Truth!" hesitating between the law of tradition and the need of the moment; left in a corner by the thousand who give fame, and vituperated by the few who set their seal upon it; they are forced to think in one way and to write in another; to half express themselves, to let the present flee away in order not to detach themselves from the past, and to make their way as best they can between opposing difficulties. Good fortune may keep their real name afloat, for some years, in the torrent of French books with which the country is flooded. From this rises the discouragement which attacks first their own strength, and then the national intellect. And this, too, is either the cause of the imitation that permeates mediocrity, or the abandonment of the literature of great studies and great hopes, for the easy and profitable scribbling in the newspapers. Alone, amid so many ruins, stands the theatre. The new dramatic literature no longer contains any thing of the antique style, nor of the marvellous invention, splendid forms, and that original imprint of nobility and grandeur, which was peculiar to a people dominating Europe and the New World; and less still the incredible fecundity and endless variety; but in compensation for this lack it has a more healthful doctrine, a more exquisite delicacy, and a greater conformity to the true aim of the theatre, which is to

correct customs, and ennoble the heart and mind. In all literary works, then, as in the theatre,—romances, popular songs, poems, and history, there is, always living and dominating, the feeling which permeates Spanish literature more profoundly, perhaps, than any other European literature, from the first lyric attempts of Berceo to the vigorous warlike hymns of Quintana,—that of national pride.

Here we must speak of the character of the Spanish. Their national pride is the same to-day, after so much misfortune and such a fall, as to make the stranger who lives in their midst, doubt whether they be the Spaniards of three hundred years ago, or the Spaniards of the nineteenth century. But it is a pride which does not offend one, a pride innocently rhetorical. They do not depreciate other nations to appear greater in comparison with them; no, they respect, praise, and admire them, but allow one to perceive the feeling of a superiority which, to their minds, draws from that admiration a very clear evidence of the fact. They have for other nations that benevolence which Leopardi justly says is peculiar to men full of self-conceit; who, believing themselves to be admired by all, love their fancied admirers also, because they think it in keeping with that superiority with which they believe fate has favored them. There cannot have existed in the world a nation prouder of their history than the Spanish people. It is really an incredible thing. The boy who blacks your boots, the porter who carries your valise, the beggar who asks alms of you, raise their heads and send out flashes from their eyes at the name of Charles V, Philip II, Ferdinand Cortes, and Don John of Austria, as if they were heroes of their time, and they had seen them enter the

city in triumph the day before. The name of *España* is pronounced in the tone with which the Romans in the most glorious times of the republic used to pronounce the name of *Rome.* When Spain is mentioned all modesty is banished, by the most naturally modest men, without there appearing upon their faces the slightest indication of that exultation for which one condones intemperance of language. They exalt coldness from habit, without being aware of it. In the speeches in Parliament, in the newspaper articles, in the writings of the Academy, they call the Spanish people, without any periphrase, a *people of heroes*, the great nation, the marvel of the world, and the glory of centuries. It is rare to hear said or read a hundred words by any person and before any audience, without having the burden of the song become, sooner or later, Lepanto, the discovery of America, and the War of Independence, which is always followed by a burst of applause.

It it just this tradition of the War of Independence which constitutes in the Spanish people an immense inherent strength. No one who has not lived for a greater or lesser time in Spain can believe that a war, no matter how glorious or fortunate, has the power to leave in a people such a profound faith in their national valor. Baylen, Victoria, and San Marcial are more efficacious traditions for Spain than Marengo, Jena, Austerlitz for France. The same warlike glory of the armies of Napoleon, seen through the War of Independence which covered it with its first veil, seems to the eyes of the Spaniards much less splendid than to any other people in Europe. The idea of a foreign invasion gives rise in the Spaniards to a smile of disdainful scorn; they do not believe in the possibility of being con-

quered in their own country ; one ought to have heard in what a tone they spoke of Germany, when there was a rumor that Emperor William was resolved to uphold the cause of the Duke d' Aosta. And there is no doubt that, if they had to fight a new War of Independence, perhaps they would fight with less success, but with a prowess and constancy equal to the marvellous one they developed at that time ; 1808 is the '93 of Spain ; it is the date which every Spaniard keeps before his eyes written in characters of fire ; the women glory in it, so do the boys and the children who are just beginning to talk ; it is the war cry of the nation.

This same pride they have in their writers and artists. The beggar, instead of saying *España*, says to you sometimes, *the country of Cervantes.* No writer in the world ever enjoyed such popularity among his people as the author of Don Quixote. I believe that there is not a peasant nor a shepherd, from the Pyrenees to the Sierra Nevada, from the coast of Valencia to the hills of the Estremadura, who, on being questioned about Cervantes, would not reply with a smile :

He is the immortal author of Don Quixote.

Spain is perhaps the country where they most frequently celebrate the anniversaries of great writers ; from Juan de Mena to Espronceda ; every one has his solemn day, on which a tribute of song and flowers is laid on his tomb. In the squares, in the cafés, in the railway carriages, everywhere you hear quoted the verses of illustrious poets, by every class of people ; he who has not read it, has heard it read ; he who has not heard it read, repeats the quotation like a proverb, from having heard it from some one else ; and when one recites a verse, every one

listens. Any one knowing a little of Spanish literature, may take a journey in that country with the certainty of having something to discuss and something with which to inspire sympathy, wherever he may happen to find himself. The national literature is really national there.

The defect of the Spanish which strikes the stranger from the first is this: that in estimating things, the men and events of their time and country, they make great mistakes; they enlarge every thing; see every thing as if through a lens which magnifies disproportionately the outlines. Not having had for a long time any immediate participation in the common life of Europe, they lack the opportunity of comparing themselves with other states, and of judging of themselves by comparison. For this reason their civil wars—the American, African, and Cuban—are to them, what are to us, not the little war of 1860–61 against the Papal army, or even the revolution of 1860; but the great war of the Crimea, that of 1859, and that of 1866. Of the battles, sanguinary without doubt, but not great, which illustrated the Spanish arms in those wars, they speak as do the French of Solferino, the Prussians of Sadowa, the Austrians of Custoza. Prim, Serrano, and O'Donnell are generals who cast into the shade all the most noted ones of other countries. I remember the noise made at Madrid by the victory gained by General Morriones over four or five thousand Carlists. The deputies, in the conversation-room of the Cortes, exclaimed emphatically: *Ah! Spanish blood!* Some went as far as to say that if an army of three hundred thousand Spaniards had been placed in the position of the French in 1870, they would have marched straight to Berlin. And

certainly one cannot doubt Spanish valor, which gave so many proofs of itself; but is it permissible to suppose that one can draw any comparison between routed Carlists and Prussians gathered in army corps; between soldiers of Europe, to go further, and soldiers of Africa; between great battles, where the shot destroys life by the thousand, and the encounters of ten thousand soldiers on a side, with great disparity in arms and discipline? And as they talk of wars so they speak of every thing else; not the common people alone, but cultivated persons also. They bestow extravagant praises upon their writers; they call many *grande poeta*, whose names have never been heard out of Spain; the epithets irreproachable, sublime, and marvellous are current coin, which one spends and receives without the slightest doubt as to the security. One would say that Spain looks at and judges every thing of its own rather like an American people than an European nation; and that instead of being separated from Europe by the Pyrenees it is divided by an ocean, and that an isthmus joins it to America.

Otherwise how closely they resemble us! To hear the people talk politics, seems like being in Italy; they do not discuss them, they give their decisions; they do not censure, but condemn; any subject is sufficient for a judgment, and any sign or indication suffices for the forming of an argument. This minister? He is a rascal. That one? He is a traitor. That other one? He is a hypocrite; they are all a quagmire of thieves; one has had the trees of the gardens at Aranjuez sold; the other has carried off the treasures of the Escurial; a third has emptied the coffers of state; a fourth has sold his soul for a bag of doubloons. They have no longer

any faith in the men who have been interested in politics for the last thirty years; even in the common people there exists a feeling of discouragement, so that one hears on every side such expressions as these: *Poor Spain! Unhappy country! Unfortunate Spaniards!*

But the irritation of the political passion and the fury of the internal struggles have not changed, at the bottom, the ancient Spanish character. Only that portion of society to which is given the name of the political world is corrupt; the people, though always inclined to those blind, and sometimes savage impulses of passion which betray the mixture of Arabian and Latin blood, are good, loyal, and capable of magnanimous and sublime bursts of enthusiasm. *La honra de España* is still a motto which sets all hearts beating. And then they have such frank and pleasant manners; perhaps less fine, but certainly more amiably ingenuous than those for which the French are praised. Instead of smiling at you they offer you a cigar; instead of saying something polite they press your hand, and are more hospitable in deed than in word. Nevertheless the formulas of salutation retain the old court-like imprint; the man says to the woman: "I am at your feet;" the woman says to the man: "I kiss your hand;" the men, to each other, sign their letters Q. B. S. M., *que besa sus manos*, as a servant to his master. Only friends say adieu, and the people have their affectionate salutation: *Vaya usted con Dios* (God be with you), which is worth more than all the kisses on your hand.

With the warm and expressive nature of this people, it is impossible to remain a month at Madrid without making a hundred friends, even without

seeking them, Fancy to yourself how many you could make by seeking them. This was my case. I cannot say all were real friends, but I had so many acquaintances, that it did not seem like being in a strange city. It is very easy to obtain access to the illustrious men, and, therefore, it is not necessary, as is the case elsewhere, to have a quantity of letters and messages from friends, in order to reach them. I had the honor of knowing Tamayo, Hatzembuch, Guerra, Saavedra, Valera, Rodriguez, Castelar, and many others, noted in science and letters, and I found them all alike: frank, cordial, fiery; men with white hair, but with the eyes and voices of youths of twenty; devoted to poetry, music, and painting; gay, full of gestures, and with a fresh and sonorous laugh. How many of them I saw grow pale, weep, and spring to their feet, as if touched by an electric spark, and showing all their soul in their gleaming eyes, when reading the verses of Quintana or Espronceda! What youthful souls! What ardent hearts! How much I enjoyed (in seeing and hearing them) belonging to this poor Latin race, of which we now say so many disagreeable things; and how much I was cheered in thinking that we are all, more or less, cast in the same mould, and that, although we may become accustomed, little by little, to envying the character of others, we shall never quite succeed in losing our own individuality.

After more than three months' sojourn in Madrid, I was obliged to leave, in order not to be overtaken by summer in the south of Spain. I shall always remember that beautiful morning in May, when I quitted, forever perhaps, my dear Madrid. I left to go and see Andalusia, the promised land of travellers, the fantastic Andalusia, of which I had so often

heard the marvels besung in Italy and Spain, by romancers and poets; that Andalusia for which I may say I undertook the journey; yet I was sad. I had passed so many charming days at Madrid! I left so many dear friends there! On my way to the station I traversed the street of Alcalà, saluted from afar the gardens of the Recoletos, passed before the palace of the Museum of Painting, stopped to look once more at the statue of Murillo, and reached the station with a sinking heart. Three months? I asked myself, a few moments before the train started: Have three months passed already? Has it not been a dream? Yes; it seems as if I had dreamed it! Perhaps I shall never see again my good landlady, nor the little girl of Señor Saavedra, nor the sweet, calm face of Guerra, nor my friends of the Café Fornos, nor any one else! But what nonsense! Can I not return? Return! Oh, no! I know full well that I shall never return! So, then, farewell, my friends! Farewell, Madrid! Farewell, my little room in the street of Alduana! It seems as if a heart-string were snapping, and I feel the necessity of hiding my face.

CHAPTER VI.

ARANJUEZ.

AS in arriving at Madrid, from the north, so in leaving it by the south, one passes through an uninhabited country, which reminds one of the poorest provinces of Arragon and Old Castile. There are vast, dry, and yellowish plains, in which it seems as if the earth, on being rapped on, ought to resound like a vault, or crumble like the crust of a crisp tart; and a few miserable villages of the same color as the soil, which look as if they might ignite like a pile of withered leaves, should one apply a match to the corner of a house. After an hour's travel, my shoulders sought the back of the carriage, my elbow a resting-place, my head reclined in my hand, and I fell into a profound dose, like a member of Leopardi's *Ateneo d'Ascoltazione*. A few moments after, closing my eyes, I was roused by a cry of desperation from the women and boys, and I sprang to my feet, asking my neighbors what had happened. Before my question was finished, however, a general laugh reassured me. A troop of huntsmen, scattered over the country, on seeing the train arrive, had planned to give the travellers a little fright. In those days they talked of the appearance of a band of Carlists in the vicinity of Aranjuez: the huntsmen (pretending to be the ad-

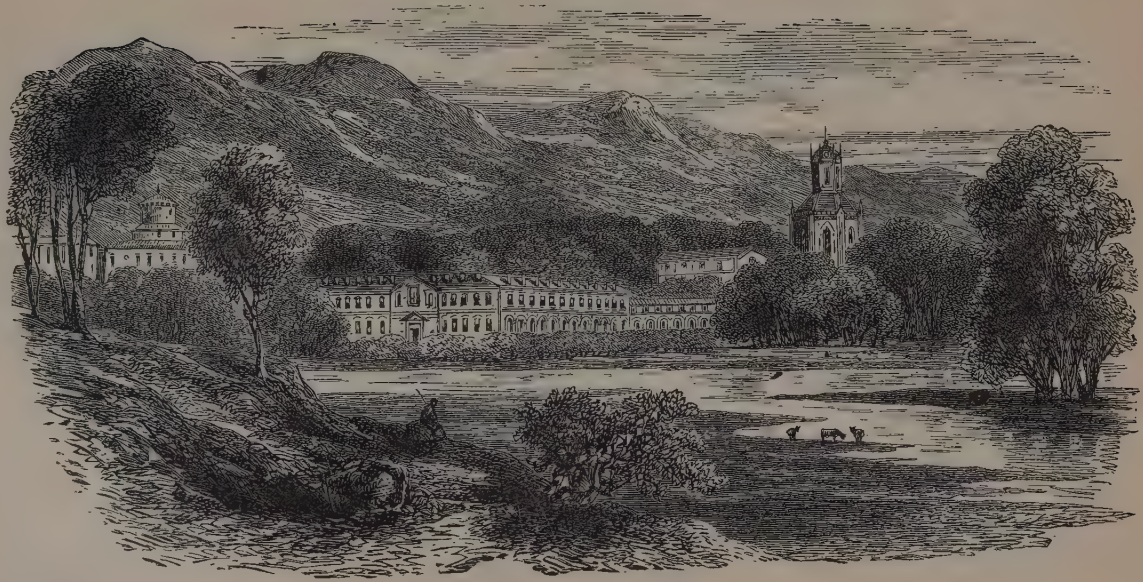
vance guard of the band), while the train was passing, had given a great shout, as if to call their companions, and while shouting, they had made believe to fire at the railway carriages; this was the cause of the fright and cries of my travelling companions; and then these men had suddenly kicked their guns into the air, to show that it had all been a joke. When the little fright had passed (from which I, too, suffered slightly), I fell into my academic dose again; but was aroused once more, a few moments later, in a manner decidedly more agreeable than before.

I looked around: the vast deserted plain was transformed, as if by magic, into an immense garden filled with graceful shrubbery, traversed in every direction by broad avenues, scattered with little country houses and huts enwreathed in verdure. Here and there were fountains playing, shady nooks, flowery fields, vineyards, small pathways, and a greenness, a freshness, a spring-time odor, and an air of gaiety and pleasure which was quite enchanting. We had arrived at Aranjuez. I got out of the train, made my way through a beautiful avenue, shaded by two rows of gigantic trees, and found myself, after a few steps, opposite the royal palace.

The minister Castelar wrote a few days ago in his memorandum that the fall of the ancient Spanish monarchy was predestined on the day when a crowd of people, with abuse on their lips and hatred in their hearts, invaded the palace of Aranjuez to disturb the tranquil majesty of their sovereigns. I was just on that square where, on the 17th March, 1808, the events took place which were the prologue of the national war, and, as it were, the first word of the sentence which condemned to death that ancient

monarchy. I instantly sought with my eyes for the windows of the apartment of the Prince of Peace: I pictured him to myself as he fled from room to room, pale and dishevelled, in search of a hiding-place, followed by the shouts of the multitude which was climbing the stairs; I saw poor Charles IV place, with trembling hands, the crown of Spain on the head of the Prince of the Asturias; all the scenes of that terrible drama presented themselves before my eyes; and the profound silence of the place, and the sight of that closed and abandoned palace, chilled me to the heart.

The palace, which is in the form of a castle, is built of brick, with trimmings of white marble, and covered with a slate roof. Every one knows that Philip II had it constructed by the celebrated architect Herrera, and that nearly all the succeeding kings embellished it, and resided there during the summer season. I entered; the interior is superb; there is a huge room for the reception of the ambassadors, a beautiful Chinese cabinet of Charles III, a pretty dressing-room of Isabella II, and a profusion of most precious objects of ornament. But all the riches of the palace do not compare with the view of the gardens. Anticipation is realized. The gardens of Aranjuez (Aranjuez is the name of the small city which lies at a short distance from the palace) seem to have been laid out for the family of a Titanic king, to whom the parks and gardens of our kings must appear like terrace flower-beds or stable-yards. There are avenues, as far as the eye can reach, flanked by immensely high trees, whose branches interlace (as if bent by two contrary winds), which traverse in every direction a forest whose boundaries one cannot see; and through this forest the broad



ARANJUEZ.

and rapid Tagus describes a majestic curve, forming here and there cascades and basins. A luxuriant and flourishing vegetation abounds between a labyrinth of small avenues, cross-roads, and openings; and on every side gleam statues, fountains, columns, and sprays of water, which fall in splashes, bows, and drops, in the midst of every kind of flower of Europe or America. To the majestic roar of the cascade of the Tagus is joined the song of innumerable nightingales, who utter their joyful vibratory notes in the mysterious shade of the solitary paths. At the end of the gardens rises a small marble palace, modest in appearance, which contains all the marvels of the most magnificent royal palaces, and in which one still breathes the atmosphere, so to speak, of the private life of the kings of Spain. Here are to be found the little secret rooms whose ceilings one can touch with his hand, the billiard-room of Charles IV, his cue, the cushions embroidered by the queen's own hand, the musical clocks which enlivened the idle hours of the children, the little steps, the small windows which retain a hundred traditions of princely caprices; and, finally, the richest toilette-chamber in Europe, that owes its origin to a fancy of Charles IV, and from which one could take riches enough to fill a palace without depriving it of the noble primacy that is its pride among all the other cabinets destined for the same purpose. Beyond this palace, and all around the shrubberies, extend vineyards, olive groves, plantations of fruit trees, and smiling meadows. It is a genuine oasis surrounded by the desert, which Philip II chose in a day of good-humor almost, as if to temper with a gay picture the gloomy melancholy of the Escurial. In returning from that little palace to the great royal

abode, through those long avenues, under the shade of those measureless trees, and in the profound silence of the forest, I thought of the superb processions of ladies and cavaliers who one day used to roam there behind the wild young monarchs or the capricious and insensate queens, to the sound of amorous music or the songs which told of the grandeur and glory of unvanquished Spain; and I repeated with a feeling of melancholy the words of the poet of Recanati (Leopardi):

> "All is peace and silence,
> And those who are gone are never named."

Yet, in looking at certain marble seats half hidden by the shrubbery, fastening my eyes upon distant walks, and thinking of those queens, those loves and follies, I could not suppress a sigh, which was not one of pity; and a secret feeling of bitterness stole into my heart, as I said, with poor Adam in the *Diablo Mundo*: "How are these great ladies made? How do they live? What do they do? Do they talk, love, and enjoy as we do?" And I left for Toledo, imagining what the love of a queen might be, just like a young adventurer of the *Thousand and One Nights*.

CHAPTER VII.

TOLEDO.

IN approaching an unknown city, one ought to be near some who has already seen it, and who can warn one when it is the proper moment to put one's head out of the window and catch the first view of it. I had the good fortune to be warned in time. Some one said to me: "There is Toledo!" so I sprang to the window, uttering an exclamation of surprise.

Toledo rises on a steep and rocky height, at the foot of which the Tagus describes a majestic curve. From the plain nothing is seen but the rocks and walls of the fortress, and beyond the walls the points of the bell towers and steeples. The houses are hidden; the city seems closed and inaccessible, and presents rather the aspect of an abandoned rock than that of a city. From the walls to the bank of the river, there is not a house nor a tree; every thing is bare, dry, shaggy, and steep; not a living creature is to be seen; you would say that to reach it you would be obliged to clamber up, and it seems to you that at the appearance of a man upon those precipices a shower of arrows would fall upon you. You leave the train, get into a carriage, and arrive at the opening of the bridge. It is the famous bridge of Alcantara, which crosses the Tagus, sur-

mounted by an Arabian gate in the form of a tower, which gives it a bold and severe aspect. After passing the bridge, you find yourself in a broad street that winds up to the top of the mountain. Here you really seem to be under a stronghold of the middle ages, and to find yourself in the shoes of an Arab, Goth, or a soldier of Alpohnzo VI. On all sides you see precipitous rocks, stone walls, towers, and the ruins of old bastions overhanging your head; and farther up, the last boundary wall of the city, which is black, crowned with enormous battlements, and opened here and there by great breaches, behind which appear the imprisoned houses; as you climb higher and higher, the city seems to shrink back and hide itself. Half way up the ascent, you reach the *Puerta del Sol*, a gem of Arabian architecture, composed of two embattled towers, that unite above a very graceful double-arched portico, under which the whole road passes. Beyond, if you turn back, you look down on the Tagus, the plain, and the hills. Pass onward, and you find other walls and ruins, and finally reach the first houses of the city.

What a city! At the first moment my breath was taken away. The carriage had passed through a street so narrow that the hubs of the wheels almost touched the walls of the houses.

"Why do you go this way?" I asked of the driver.

The coachman began to laugh and replied:

"Because there is no broader street."

"Oh! is all Toledo built like this?" I asked again.

"Yes, it is all built like this," he replied.

"It is impossible!" I exclaimed.

"You will see," he added.

In truth I did not believe it. I stopped at the hotel, threw my valise into a room, and rushed down stairs to go out and see this very strange city. A hotel employé stopped me at the door and asked, smilingly :

"Where are you going, caballero?"

"To see Toledo," I replied.

"Alone?"

"Certainly; why not?"

"But have you been here before?"

"Never."

"Then you can not go alone."

"Why not?"

"Because you will lose your way."

"Where?"

"As soon as you leave the house."

"For what reason?"

"The reason is this," he replied, pointing toward a wall, to which was fastened a plan of Toledo. I approached, and saw a confusion of white lines on a black ground, which seemed like one of those flourishes which children make on a slate to use up their chalk, and annoy their teacher.

"No matter," I said; "I wish to go alone; and if I am lost, some one will find me."

"You will not go a hundred paces," observed the man.

I went out, and passed through the first street, so narrow, that in stretching out my arms, I touched both the walls. After taking fifty steps, I found myself in another street, narrower than the first, and from this one I entered a third, and so on in this way. I seemed to be roaming, not through the streets of a city, but through the passages of a build-

ing; and I went on with the idea of coming out, from one moment to another, on to an open space. It is impossible, I thought, that a city can be built in this way; one could not live here. But as I proceeded, it seemed as if the streets grew narrower and shorter; every moment I was obliged to turn; after a curved street, came one that was zig-zag; after this another, in the shape of a hook, which led me back into the first; and so I wandered for some time among the same houses. From time to time, I came out into a cross-road of several alleys that ran off in opposite directions, one of which was lost in the darkness of a portico, another ended, after a few paces, at the wall of a house, a third seemed to descend into the bowels of the earth, and a fourth climbed up a steep ascent; others were hardly broad enough to allow the passage of a man; others were squeezed in between the walls, without doors or windows; all were flanked by buildings of great height, which barely allowed a narrow streak of the sky to be seen between the roofs; and had windows, with iron gratings, great doors, studded with enormous nails, and dark and narrow courts. I walked for some time without meeting any one, until I emerged upon one of the principal streets, all lined with shops, and filled with peasants, women and boys; but which was little broader than an ordinary hallway. Every thing is in proportion with the street: the doors look like windows, the shops like niches, and one sees all the secrets of the house: the table, which is laid; the children who are in the cradle; the mother, who is combing her hair; and the father, who is changing his shirt. Every thing is on the street, so that one does not seem to be in a city, but rather in a house inhabited by one large family.

I turn into a less frequented street, and nothing is to be heard but the buzzing of a fly. My step resounds up to the fourth floor of the buildings, and some old women appear at the window. A horse passes; it seems as if a squadron were going by; and every one rushes to see what is happening. The slightest noise echoes on every side; a book falls in a room on the second floor; an old man coughs in a court-yard; a woman is using her handkerchief, I do not know where; and everything is heard. At some points all sound ceases suddenly; you are alone, and no longer see any signs of life; there are houses of witches; cross-roads suitable for conspiracies; alleys for betrayal; blind alleys, which seem made for crime; windows for the conversations of infamous lovers; and dark doors, that give rise to the suspicion of staircases stained with blood. Yet in all this labyrinth of streets there are no two alike; each one has something peculiar about it; here there is an arch, there a little column, and farther on a bit of sculpture. Toledo is an emporium for art treasures; whenever the walls peel a little, records of all centuries are discovered, such as bas-reliefs, arabesques, Moorish windows and statuettes. The palaces have doors furnished with plates of chased metal, historical knockers, nails with chiselled heads, coats of arms and emblems; and these form a fine contrast to the modern houses, painted in garlands, medallions, cupids, urns, and fantastic animals. Still these embellishments take nothing from the severe aspect of Toledo. Wherever you turn your eyes, there is something which reminds you of the fortified city of the Arabs. Though your imagination may not be an active one, it will succeed in recompensing, with the traces left here and

there, all the design of the cancelled picture, and then the illusion is complete; you see the great Toledo of the middle ages, and forget the solitude and silence of its streets. It is an illusion that lasts a few moments; after which you fall back into your sad meditations, and no longer see the skeleton of the ancient city, the necropolis of three empires, and the great sepulchre of the glory of three nations. Toledo reminds you of the dreams which come to youths after reading romantic legends of the mediæval ages. You have probably seen many times, in dreams, dark cities, surrounded by deep ditches, very high walls, and inaccessible rocks; and have passed over those drawbridges, have entered those moss-grown and tortuous streets, and have breathed that damp, tomb-like, and prison-like air. Very well, you have dreamed of Toledo.

The first thing to see, after having taken a general view of the city, is the cathedral, which is very justly considered one of the most beautiful in the world. The history of this cathedral, according to popular tradition, goes back to the times of the Apostle Santiago, the first bishop of Toledo, who is said to have designated the place where it was built; but the construction of the edifice, just as it stands today, was begun in 1227, under the reign of San Ferdinando, and terminated after two hundred and fifty years of almost continuous labor. The external appearance of this immense church is neither rich nor beautiful, like that of the Cathedral of Burgos. In front of the façade is a small square, and it is the only point from which one can take in with a glance a large portion of the edifice; all around it runs a street, from which, no matter how much one may twist his neck, nothing can be seen but the high

boundary wall that encloses the church like a fortress. The façade has three great doors, called *Pardon*, *Inferno*, and *Justice;* and is flanked by a strong tower, which ends in a beautiful octagonal-shaped cupola. No matter how immense you may have found the building in walking around it, you experience a feeling of intense surprise upon first entering it; and, immediately thereafter, one of keen pleasure, which comes from that freshness, quiet, lonely shade, and a mysterious light that, falling through the colored glass of the innumerable windows, is broken into a thousand blue, yellow, and roseate rays which steal here and there along the arches and columns like the stripes of the rainbow. The church is formed of five great naves divided by eighty-eight enormous pilasters, each one composed of sixteen turned columns, which are as close together as a bundle of lances; a sixth nave cuts these five at a right angle, passing between the high altar and the choir; and the ceiling of the principal nave rises majestically above the others, which seem to bow as if rendering it homage. The variegated light and the clear color of the stone give the church the air of subdued joy that tempers the melancholy aspect of the Gothic architecture, without taking from its pensive and austere gravity. In passing from the streets of the city among the naves of that cathedral, is like passing from a dungeon to a square. One looks about him, breathes again, and feels life returning.

The high altar, should one wish to examine it minutely, would require quite as much time as the entire church. It is a church in itself, a confusion of little columns, statuettes, leaves, and variegated ornaments, which project along the corners, rise above

the architraves, wind around the niches, support one another, accumulate, and hide themselves, presenting on every side a thousand profiles, groups, foreshortenings, gildings, colors, and every variety of artificial lightness, so that they present all together an appearance full of majesty and grace. In front of the high altar is the choir, divided into three rows of seats marvellously sculptured by Philip of Bourgogne and Berruguete, with bas-reliefs representing historical, allegorical, and sacred incidents, and it is considered one of the most noteworthy monuments of the art. In the centre, in the form of a throne, is the seat of the archbishop ; all around is a circle of enormous jasper columns ; on the architraves are colossal statues of alabaster ; and, on the two sides, are enormous bronze pulpits, upon which are gigantic missals, and two immense organs (one in front of the altar), from which it seems as if a torrent of sound, sufficient to make the roof tremble, might burst forth at any moment.

The pleasure of admiration in these great cathedrals is almost always disturbed by the importunate guides who wish you to amuse yourself in their own particular way. Unfortunately, I had the conviction forced upon me that the Spanish guides are the most obstinate of the race. When one of them has made up his mind that you are to pass the day with him, the matter is settled. You may shrug your shoulders, refuse to answer him, let him get out of breath without turning your face toward him, wander around on your own account as if you had not seen him ; it is all the same. In a moment of enthusiasm, before a picture or a statue, some word, gesture, or smile escapes you ; it is quite sufficient ; you are bound, you are his property, you are the prey of

this implacable human *pieuvre*, which, like that of Victor Hugo, does not leave its victim until it has cut off its head. While I stood looking at the statues in the choir, I saw one of these *pieuvres* out of the corner of my eye. He was a wretched old creature, who approached me slowly and sidewise, like a cuthroat, looking at me all the time with the air of a man who is saying: "You are there." I continued to look at the statues; the old man came to my side and began looking too; then, suddenly, he asked:

"Do you wish me to accompany you?"

"No," I replied, "I do not need your services."

Then he said, without the slightest discomposure:

"Do you know who Elpidius was?"

The question was so strange that I could not help asking in my turn:

"Who was he?"

"Elpidius was the second bishop of Toledo."

"Well, what about him?"

"It was the Bishop Elpidius who conceived the idea of consecrating this church to the Virgin, which is the reason why the Virgin came to visit the church."

"Ah, how is that known?"

"How is that known? Why, you see it!"

"Do you mean to say that it has been seen?"

"I mean to say that it is still to be seen; be kind enough to come with me."

Saying which he moved on, and I, very curious to know what this visible proof of the descent of the Virgin could be, followed him. We stopped before a species of tabernacle near one of the great

pilasters in the middle nave. The guide showed me a white stone set into the wall, covered with a wire netting, around which was the following inscription:

"Quando la reina del cielo
Puso los pies en el suelo
En esta piedra los puso."

"So," I asked, "the holy Virgin really placed her foot upon this stone?"

"Yes, really upon this stone," he replied, and passing his finger through the net-work and touching the stone, he kissed his finger, made a sign of the cross, and made a sign to me, as if to say:

"It is your turn."

"My turn?" I replied; "oh, forsooth, my good friend, I really cannot do it."

"Why?"

"Because I do not consider myself worthy of touching that divine stone."

The guide understood, and looking fixedly at me, asked:

"You do not believe, sir?"

I looked at the pilaster. Then the old man made me a sign to follow him, and moved off toward a corner of the church, murmuring with an air of sadness;

"*Cadauno es dueño de su alma*" (every one is master of his own soul).

A young priest who was near by, cast a sharp glance at me, and muttering something I could not hear, withdrew in a different direction.

The chapels are in keeping with such a church; almost all of them contain some fine monuments. In the chapel of St. Jago, behind the high altar, are two magnificent alabaster tombs, which hold the remains

of the constable, Alvaro di Luna, and his wife. In the chapel of St. Idelphonso is the tomb of the Cardinal Gil Carillo di Albornoz. In the chapel of *los Reyes nuevos* are the tombs of Henry II, John II, and Henry III. In the chapel of the shrine, there is a superb collection of statues and busts in marble, silver, ivory, and gold, together with numerous crosses and relics of inestimable value, the remains of St. Leucadia and St. Eugenia enclosed in two finely-chased silver caskets.

The *Mozarabe* chapel, which corresponds with the tower of the church, and was built to perpetuate the tradition of the primitive Christian rite, is, perhaps, the most noteworthy of all. One of the walls is entirely covered with a Gothic fresco, representing a battle between the Moors and Toledans, which has been most marvellously preserved even to the finest shadings. It is a painting which is worth a volume of history. One sees the Toledo of those times, with all its walls and houses, the uniforms of the two armies, the weapons, faces,—every thing, in fact, has been depicted with a wonderful fidelity and unusual beauty of coloring, that corresponds perfectly with the vague, uncertain idea which we form of those centuries and people. There are two other frescoes, on either side of the first, representing two ships that are conveying the Arabs into Spain, and these also contain a thousand minute details of the mediæval navy, and that air, if I may so express myself, of those times, which makes one think of and see numberless things not represented in the picture, just as one is reminded of distant music in looking at a landscape.

After seeing the chapels, you visit the sacristy, in which there is a sufficient accumulation

of riches to replenish completely the exchequer of Spain. There is, among others, an immense room, on the ceiling of which is a fresco by Luca Giordano, representing a vision of Paradise, with myriads of angels, saints, and allegorical figures, which sweep through the air, or stand out in a thousand such bold and surprising attitudes, and foreshortenings, that they seem to have been chiselled, and to project beyond the cornice of the walls. The guide, pointing to that *prodigio de imaginacion y de trabajo*, which, in the opinion of all artists, is—to make use of a very curious Spanish expression—of *an atrocious merit*, suggests that you look attentively at the ray of light which is falling from the middle of the ceiling toward the walls. You look, and take, while looking at it, a turn around the room, yet no matter where you may be, it seems as if that ray were falling directly upon your head. From this room you pass into one which is also admirably frescoed by the nephew of Berruguete, and from this into a third, where a sacristan displays to you the treasures of the cathedral. There are the enormous silver candlesticks, the pyxes, gleaming with rubies, the ostensoriums, studded with diamonds, the vestments of damask, embroidered in gold, and the robes of the Virgin, covered with arabesques, flowers, and stars of pearls, which, at every movement of the material, sent out rays and gleams of a thousand colors, that the eye can scarcely bear. An hour hardly suffices for the hasty inspection of these treasures, which would certainly satisfy the ambition of ten queens, and enrich the altars of ten basilicas. When the sacristan, after showing you every thing, seeks in your eyes for an expression of surprise, he only finds that of stupefied astonish-

ment, which tells that your imagination is wandering elsewhere,—in the fabulous palaces of the Arabian legends, where the beneficent genii accumulated all the riches dreamed of by the ardent fancy of enamored sultans.

It was the eve of *Corpus Domini*, and the robes for the procession were being prepared in the sacristy. There can be nothing more distasteful, and out of keeping with the quiet and noble majesty of the church, than that theatre-like bustle, which is always seen on such occasions. It really seems like being behind the scenes on the evening of a dress rehearsal. From another room of the sacristy, a crowd of half-dressed boys kept coming and going with a tremendous racket, carrying armfuls of shirts, stoles, and capes. Here there was a sacristan in bad humor, who was opening and slamming the doors of a wardrobe; there, a priest quite red in the face calling in an angry voice to a boy who did not hear him; other priests were running through the room with half their vestments on and half of them dragging; some were laughing, some were shouting, some screaming from one room to another, at the top of their lungs; and everywhere one heard the rustling of petticoats, or labored breathing, and an indescribable tramping and stamping.

I went to see the cloister; but as the church door which leads to it was open, I saw it before entering. In the middle of the church one catches a glimpse of a portion of the cloister garden, a group of great shade trees, a grove, and a mass of luxuriant verdure, that seems to shut in the door, and looks as if it were framed under an elegant arch, and between two slender columns of the portico,

which runs all around it. It is a delicious view, that reminds one of oriental gardens, seen between the columns of the mosques. The cloister is large, is surrounded by a portico, both graceful and severe in style, and the walls are covered with frescoes. Here the guide advised me to rest, before climbing the bell tower. I leaned against an old wall, under the shade of a tree, and remained there until I felt strong enough for another expedition. Meanwhile, my guide held forth to me on the glories of Toledo, and carried the impudence of the love of country so far as to call it *a great commercial city*, which could buy out Barcelona and Valencia, and a city so well fortified as to wear out, were it necessary, ten German armies and a thousand batteries of Krupp's cannon. At every one of his boasts I kept urging him on, and the good man enjoyed himself immensely. How much amusement one can obtain in making these people talk! Finally, when the proud Toledan felt himself so puffed up with glory that the cloister could no longer contain him, he said, "We can go now;" and he moved off toward the door of the bell tower.

When we had climbed half-way up, we stopped to take breath. The guide knocked at a little door, and a presumptuous little sacristan appeared and opened another door leading into a corridor, where I saw a group of gigantic puppets most curiously dressed. Four of these (so the guide told me) represented Europe, Asia, America, and Africa, and two others, Faith and Religion. They were made so that a man could conceal himself in them and raise them from the ground.

"They are taken out," added the sacristan, "on royal fête days, and are carried about the city."

Then, wishing to show me the *modus operandi*, he got under the petticoats of Asia. Next he led me to a corner where there was an enormous monster, which, touched at some point, extended a very long neck and a horrible head, with deafening noise. He could not tell me, however, what that horrible creature meant, and begged me to admire instead, the marvellous Spanish imagination, which created *so many new things* that it could furnish them to all the known world. I admired, paid, and continued the ascent with my Toledan *pieuvre*. From the top of the bell tower one enjoys a magnificent view of the city, the hills, the river, and an immense horizon; and below, that great pile, the cathedral, which looks like a mountain of granite. There is, however, another height, at a short distance from which one sees everything better; and, therefore, I remained but a few moments on the tower, because the sun was so strong that all the colors of the city and country were bathed in an ocean of light.

After seeing the cathedral, my guide took me to the famous church of *San Juan de los Reyes*, situated on the banks of the Tagus. My mind is still confused when I think of the twists ánd turns we were obliged to make in order to reach it. It was midday; the streets were deserted; little by little, as we went farther and farther away from the heart of the city, the solitude became more intense. Not an open door or window was to be seen, nor was the slightest noise to be heard. At one time I fancied that the guide was in league with some assassin to decoy me into a quiet place in order to rob me; for he certainly had a suspicious-looking face, and, added to this, he kept glancing here and there with the air of a man who is meditating a crime.

"Have we much farther to go?" I asked, from time to time, and he always replied; "it is right here," but we never reached it. At a certain point my anxiety changed to fear: in a tortuous little street a door opened, two bearded men came out, made a sign to the *pieuvre*, and came behind us. I thought my hour had arrived. There was only one means of escape; and that was to give a blow to the guide, throw him down, pass over his body, and take to my heels. But which way should I go? On the other hand, the extravagant praise which Thiers lavishes on the *jambes Espagnoles* in his "History of the War of the Independence" came to my mind; and I thought that flight would only be an expedient which would enable my enemy to plant his dagger in my back instead of my heart. Ah, me! Was I to die without seeing Andalusia! To die after having taken so many notes, after having given so many *pour boires*, to die with my pockets full of letters of introduction, my purse filled with doubloons, my passport with so many signatures, to die through betrayal! As good fortune willed it, the two bearded men disappeared at the first turn of the street, and I was saved. Then, filled with repentance at having suspected that this poor old man was capable of crime, I moved on to his left side, offered him a cigar, told him that Toledo was worth two Romes, and paid him a thousand compliments. Finally we reached *San Juan de los Reyes*.

It is a church which looks like a royal palace. The highest portion is covered by a terrace surrounded with a perforated and sculptured parapet, upon which rises a number of statues of kings, and in the centre is a beautiful hexagon-shaped cupola that completes the perfect harmony of the church. From the walls

hang long iron chains that were taken from the Christian prisoners after the conquest of Granada, and which, together with the dark color of the stone, give to the church a severe yet picturesque appearance. We entered, crossed two or three great bare rooms without any pavement, filled with piles of earth and debris, climbed a staircase, and came out on a high tribune inside the church, which is one of the most beautiful and noble monuments of Gothic art. It is a single, great nave, divided into four ceilings, whose arches cross under rich roses. The pilasters are covered with garlands and arabesques; the walls ornamented with a profusion of bas-reliefs, with enormous shields from the arms of Castile and Arragon, eagles, chimeras, heraldic animals, leaves, and emblematical inscriptions. The tribune, which is perforated and sculptured with richness and elegance, runs all around; the choir is supported by a very bold arch; the color of the stone is light-gray, and every thing is admirably finished, and still intact, as if the church had been built a few years since, instead of at the end of the fifteenth century.

We went from the church down into the cloister, which is a marvel of architecture and sculpture. There are slender and lovely columns that might be broken in two by the blow of a marble hammer, resembling the trunks of young trees, that sustain the capitals overladen with statuettes and ornaments, from which project (like curved boughs) arches ornamented with flowers, birds, grotesque animals, and every kind of freize. The walls are covered with inscriptions in Gothic characters, mingled with leaves and very delicate arabesques. No matter where one looks, one finds grace and richness combined with a harmony that is bewitching; in an equal

space, one could not collect, with more exquisite art, a greater number of lovely and beautiful things. It is a luxurious garden of sculpture, a great room decorated with embroideries, quiltings, and brocades in marble, a grand monument, majestic as a temple, magnificent as a royal palace, delicate as a plaything, and graceful as a bunch of flowers.

After the cloister, one must see the picture-gallery, which only contains some pictures of little value ; and then the convent, with its long corridors, narrow staircases, empty cells, falling into decay in some places, and quite in ruins in others, and everywhere as bare and squalid in appearance as a building after a fire.

At a short distance from *San Juan de los Reyes*, there is another monument worthy of being seen ; a curious record of the Judiac epoch ; the synagogue now designated by the name of Santa Maria Blanca. One enters a neglected garden, knocks at the door of a wretched-looking house, the door opens . . . . and one experiences a pleasant feeling of surprise, and beholds a vision of the East, the sudden revelation of another religion and another world. There are five narrow naves, divided by four long rows of little octagonal pilasters, which support as many Turkish arches upheld by capitals of stucco in different forms ; the ceiling is of cedarwood, divided into compartments of equal size ; here and there on the walls are arabesques and Arabic inscriptions ; the light which falls from above making every thing white. The synagogue was changed by the Arabs into a mosque, and the mosque was transformed by the Christians into a church ; so that it is really not one of these three things at present, though it preserves the character of the mosque, and the eye

sweeps over it with delight, and the imagination follows from arch to arch the fleeting images of a voluptuous paradise.

Having seen Santa Maria la Blanca, I felt too weary to look at any thing else, and repulsing all the tempting proposals of the guide, I ordered him to take me back to the hotel. After a long walk through a labyrinth of solitary little streets, we reached it. I put a *peceta* and a half in the hand of my innocent assassin, who found the sum a small one, and asked me for (how I laughed at the word) a small *gratification;* and I entered the dining-room to eat a cutlet, or *chuleta*, as the Spanish call it, a name which would make people turn up their noses in some provinces of Italy.

Toward evening I went to see the Alcazar. The name makes one hope for an Arabian palace; but there is nothing Arabian about it except its name; the edifice which one admires to-day was built under the reign of Charles V, on the ruins of a castle, which existed in the eighth century, although only very vague indications of the fact are to be found in the chronicles of that period. This building stands on a height in the centre of the city, so that its walls and towers can be seen from all the higher portions of the street, and the stranger may use it as a guide out of the labyrinth. I climbed to the height by a long winding street, like the one which leads from the plain to the city, and found myself before the door of the Alcazar. It is an immense square palace, at whose corners rise four great towers which give it the formidable appearance of a fortress. Before the façade extends a large square, and all around it a belt of embattled bulwarks in the oriental style. The entire edifice is of a decided chalk color, varied with

a thousand shadings by that powerful painter of monuments, the blazing sun of the south; and is rendered brighter by the very limpid sky, upon which the majestic outlines of its walls stand out in bold relief. The façade is sculptured in arabesques with a taste full of nobility and elegance. The interior of the palace corresponds with the exterior; there is an immense court, encircled with two rows of graceful arches, one above the other, which are supported by light columns; with a magnificent marble staircase, that rises in the centre of the side opposite the door, and is divided, at a short distance from the ground, into two parts, which lead, on the right and left, to the interior of the palace. In order to enjoy the beauty of the court, one must go to the point where the staircase branches off, for there one embraces with a glance the whole harmony of the building which causes a feeling of pleasure like concerted music produced by scattered and unseen artists.

With the exception of the court, the other portions of the edifice, such as the staircase, rooms, corridors, and every thing, in fact, are already in ruins, or falling into decay. Now they are at work on the palace changing it into a military college. The walls are being whitened; the walls are torn down to make great dormitories; the doors numbered; and this royal dwelling is being converted into a barracks. The subterranean portions, however, which served as stables for Charles V, and which can hold thousands of horses, are still intact. The guide made me look out of a window, from which I saw an abyss that gave me an idea of their vastness. Then we climbed a series of rickety stairs, into one of the four towers; the guide

opened, with pincers and a hammer, a nailed-up window, and said to me, with the air of a man who is announcing something marvellous :

" Look, sir ! "

It was a stupendous panorama. One gets a bird's-eye view of the city of Toledo, street by street, house by house, as one would see the plan stretched out upon a table. Here is the cathedral, which rises above the city like an immense castle, and makes all the surrounding edifices look as small as play-houses ; there, the terrace (covered with statues) of San Juan de los Reyes ; in another point the embattled towers of the new-gate ; the bull circus ; the Tagus, that flows at the foot of the city, between the rocky banks ; beyond the river, near the bridge of Alcantara, on a steep rock, are the ruins of the old castle of San Servando. Farther away lies a green plain, and beyond are rocks, hills, and mountains, as far as the eye can reach. Above, is the clear sky, and the setting sun, which gilds the tops of the old buildings, and makes the river gleam like a silver scarf.

While I was contemplating that magical spectacle, the guide, who had read the history of Toledo, and wished to make the fact known, related every sort of story to me, in that half poetical, half facetious way, which is peculiar to the southern Spaniard. First of all, he wished me to hear the history of the works of fortification ; and although where he declared that he saw quite distinctly all that he was pointing out to me, I saw nothing, I succeeded in understanding something about it.

He told me that Toledo had been encircled with walls three times, and that one could still clearly see the traces of all three boundaries.

"Look," he said; "follow the line which my finger describes: that is the Roman boundary, the closest, and one can see its ruins yet. Now, look further on. That other, broader still, is the Gothic boundary. Then describe a curve with your eyes, which will take in the two; that is the Arabian boundary, the most recent of them all. The Arabs built a narrow boundary on the ruins of the old one; that you certainly can see. Now observe the direction of the streets which converge toward the highest portion of the city; follow the line of the roofs, like this: you will see that all the streets ascend zig-zag; and were laid out thus on purpose to defend the city even after the walls were destroyed; and the houses were built thus close to one another, so that people could leap from roof to roof, you see. The Arabs left a writing to this effect, and this is the reason why the gentlemen from Madrid make me laugh when they come here and say: 'Pah! what streets!' It is plain to be seen that they do not know the first thing about history; if they knew a little more about it; if they would read a trifle instead of passing their days at the Prado and Recoletos, they would understand that there is a reason for the narrow streets of Toledo, and that it is not a city for ignorant people."

I began to laugh.

"You do not believe me?" continued the guide; "it is an absolute fact. Not one week ago, to cite a case, one of these Madrid dandies came here with his wife. Even when they were mounting the steps they began saying all sorts of things of the city and its narrow streets and dark houses. When they stood at this window, and saw those two old towers down there on the plain, on the left bank of the

Tagus, they asked me what they were, and I replied: '*Los palacios de Galiana.*' 'Oh, what beautiful palaces!' they exclaimed, beginning to laugh, and looking in another direction. Why did they do it? Why, because they did not know their history; and I do not believe that you know it either; but then you are a stranger, and that is another matter. You must know that when the great Emperor Charlemagne was very young, he came to Toledo. King Galafro, who was reigning then, lived in that palace. This king had a daughter called Galiana, who was as beautiful as an angel; and as Charlemagne was the king's guest and saw the princess every day, he fell desperately in love with her, she reciprocating his affection. However, there was a rival, and this rival was none other than the King of Guadalajara, a gigantic Moor of herculean strength, and as courageous as a lion. This king, in order to see the princess without being discovered, had had a subterranean passage opened that led from the city of Guadalajara to the foundation of the palace. But what did this avail? The princess could not bear the sight of him, even in miniature, and as many times as he came just so many times did she send him back disconsolate. This, however, did not prevent the enamored king from paying her court, and, in fact, he hung around her so much that at last Charlemagne, who was not a man to submit to this sort of thing, lost his patience, as you may well imagine, and in order to put an end to the matter, challenged him. They fought; the struggle was terrible; but the Moor, although he was a giant, got the worst of it. When he was dead, Charlemagne cut off his head, and went and laid it at the feet of his inamorata, who appreciated the delicacy of the

offering, became a Christian, gave her hand to the prince, and left with him for France; there she was proclaimed empress."

"And the head of the Moor, what became of that?"

"Oh, you are laughing at me, but I assure you this is a solemn fact. Do you see that old building in the highest part of the city? It is the church of San Ginés. Would you like to know what is in it? Well, nothing more or less than the door of a subterranean passage which extends to the distance of three leagues from Toledo. You do not believe it; well, listen: On the spot where the church of San Ginés stands, there was once, before the Arabs invaded Spain, an enchanted palace. No king had ever had the courage to enter it; those who might have dared do it, did not, however, because, according to the tradition, the first one who passed the portal would have been the ruin of Spain. Finally, King Roderic, before starting for the battle of Guadalete, hoping to find therein some treasures which would furnish a means of defending himself against the invasion of the Arabs, had the doors pulled down, and, preceded by his warriors, who lighted the way, he entered. After a great deal of difficulty in keeping their torches lighted, on account of the strong wind which was blowing in these subterranean passages, they reached a mysterious chamber, where they saw a coffer, upon which was written: 'He who opens me will see marvels.' The king ordered it to be opened, which they only succeeded in doing with great difficulty; but instead of gold and diamonds they merely found a rolled canvas, upon which some armed Arabs were painted, and under them was this inscription: '*Spain will be de-*

stroyed in a short time by these men.' That same night a violent tempest broke out, the enchanted palace fell, and shortly thereafter the Arabs entered Spain. You do not seem to believe this!"

"Oh, nonsense; who should believe it?"

"This history is connected with another. You doubtless know that the Count Julian, commandant of the fortres of Ceuta, betrayed Spain, allowing Arabs to pass, to whom he should have barred the passage. You cannot know, however, why Count Julian betrayed Spain. He had a daughter at Toledo, and this daughter went every day to bathe in the Tagus, together with several of her friends. Unfortunately, the place where she bathed, which was called *Los baños de la Cava*, was near a tower, in which King Roderic used to pass the warm hours of the day. One day the daughter of Count Julian, whose name was Florinda, tired of playing in the water, seated herself on the banks of the river, and said to her companions: 'Let us see who has the most beautiful leg!' 'Let us see!' they all replied. No sooner said than done, for they seated themselves around Florinda, and each displayed her beauties. Florinda, however, bore off the palm; and, unfortunately, just as she was saying, 'Look!' King Roderic appeared at the window, and saw every thing. He was young, and a libertine, so took fire like a match, paid court to the beautiful Florinda, seduced and abandoned her, and this caused the fury for revenge in Count Julian, as well as the betrayal and invasion."

At this point I thought that I had heard enough, so I gave the custodian a couple of reales, which he took, and put into his pocket in a dignified way, and giving a last glimpse at Toledo, I went down from the tower.

It was the promenade hour; the principal street, which is scarcely wide enough to admit of the passage of a carriage, was full of people. There may have been some hundreds of persons, but they seemed to be a great crowd. It was growing dark; the shops were closing, and a few lights began to shine here and there. I went to dine, and left the house immediately afterward, in order not to lose the spectacle of the promenade. It was night; there was no other illumination than the light of the moon; one could not see the people's faces; it seemed to me like being in the midst of a procession of spectres, and I was seized with a feeling of melancholy. "To think that I am alone," I said; "that in this whole city there is not one soul who knows me; that if I were to fall dead at this moment, there would not be a dog who would say; 'Poor fellow! He was a good creature!'" I saw gay youths, fathers of families, with their children, and wives (or those who seemed to be wives) with a dear little thing in their arms, going by; every one had a companion; they were all laughing and talking, and they passed without even giving me a glance. How sad I was! How happy I should have been if a boy, a beggar, or a policeman had come to say: "I think I know you, sir!" "It is impossible; I am a stranger; I have never before been at Toledo; but never mind; don't go away; stay here; we will talk a little while, for I am alone!"

At a happy moment I remembered that at Madrid a letter of introduction had been given me for a gentleman in Toledo; I rushed to the hotel, got it, and had some one take me immediately to his house. The gentleman was at home, and received me courteously. On hearing my name uttered, I experi-

enced such a feeling of delight, that I could have thrown my arms around his neck. He was Antonio Gamero, the author of the much esteemed history of Toledo. We passed the evening together; I asked him about a hundred things; he told me of a thousand; and read me several fine pages from his book, which gave me a greater knowledge of Toledo than I should have acquired after a month's sojourn there.

The city is poor, or more than poor, it is dead; the rich people have abandoned it to go and live at Madrid; the men of genius have followed the lead of the rich; there is no commerce; the manufacture of Toledo blades (the only industry which flourishes) provides maintenance for some hundreds of families, but it is not sufficient for the entire city; popular education has fallen away; and the people are inert and miserable. Yet they have not lost their beautiful ancient characteristics. Like all the people of the great decayed cities, they are proud and chivalrous; abhor base actions; mete out justice with their own hand, when they can, to assassins and thieves; and although Zorilla, in one of his ballads, has called them, without any metaphor, an imbecile people, this is not the case, for they are both wide awake and bold. They share the gravity of the Spaniards of the north, and the vivacity of those of the south; and hold their own place between the Castilian and the Andalusian. Spanish is spoken by them with great taste and with a greater variety of accent than by the people of Madrid, and with less carelessness than by the people of Cordova and Seville. Poetry and music they worship; and they are proud to enumerate among their great men the gentle Garcilaso della Vega, the reformer of Spanish

poetry, and the clever Francis de Rojas, the author of *Garcia del Castañar;* and they are delighted to see artists and savants from all the countries in the world gather within the walls of their city to study the history of their nations and the monuments of their civilizations. No matter, however, what its people may be, Toledo is dead; the city of Wamba, Alphonso the brave, and Padilla, is now only a tomb. From the time Philip II removed his capital, it has been declining, is declining still, and is consuming itself little by little, alone on the summit of its sad mountain, like a skeleton abandoned upon a rock in the midst of the waves of the sea.

I returned to the hotel just before midnight. The moon was shining; and on moonlight nights, although the rays of that silvery orb do not penetrate into the little narrow streets, the lamps are not lighted, so I was obliged to walk, feeling my way almost as a thief would do when committing a burglary. With my head full, as it was, of fantastic ballads, in which the streets of Toledo are described as being filled at night with cavaliers enveloped in their mantles, who sing under the windows of the fair sex, fight, kill each other, place ladders up against palace and abduct the young girls, I might have imagined that I should hear the sounds of guitars, the clashing of swords, and the cries of dying people. Nothing of the sort; the streets were silent and deserted, the windows dark; and I barely heard from time to time, at the corners and cross-roads, some light rustle or fugitive whisper, so that one could not tell exactly from what direction they came. I reached the hotel without having abducted any young Toledan, which might have caused to me unpleasantness, but also without re-

ceiving any holes in my body, a circumstance certainly rather consoling.

The following morning I visited the hospital of the San Cruz; the church of *Nuestra Señora del Transito*, an ancient synagogue; the remains of an amphitheatre and of a naumachy of the time of the Romans; and the famous manufactory of arms, where I purchased a beautiful dagger with silvered handle and arabesqued blade, that I have this moment on my table, and which, when I close my eyes and seize it, makes me feel that I am still there, in the court-yard of the factory, a mile from Toledo, under a mid-day sun, among a crowd of soldiers, and in a cloud of cigarette smoke. I remember that on returning to Toledo on foot, while I was crossing a plain solitary as a desert and silent as a catacomb, a formidable voice shouted:

"Out with the stranger!"

The voice came from the city; I stopped, I was the stranger, that cry was directed against me, I was startled, and the solitude and silence of the place increased my fright. I went on, and the voice shouted again:

"Out with the stranger!"

"Is it a dream?" I exclaimed, stopping again, "or am I awake? Who is it that is shouting? and wherefore?"

I resumed my walk, and a third time came the voice:

"Out with the stranger!"

I stopped the third time, and while I glanced around me quite uneasily, I saw a boy seated on the ground, who looked laughingly at me and said:

"*It is an insane person who thinks he is living in the time of the War of the Independence; there is the Insane Asylum.*"

He pointed out the asylum, on a height, among the most distant houses of Toledo, and I drew a long breath which would have extinguished a torch.

That evening I left Toledo, with the regret of not having had time enough to see and see again all that is antique and noteworthy there; this regret was mitigated, however, by the ardent desire I had to reach Andalusia, which gave me no peace. How long a time I had Toledo before my eyes; how long I saw and dreamed of those steep rocks, enormous walls, those dreary streets, and the fantastic appearance of that mediæval city! To-day, even, I often revive the picture with a sad pleasure and severe melancholy, and this picture leads my mind back to a thousand strange thoughts of remote times and marvellous occurrences.

CHAPTER VIII.

CORDOVA.

ON reaching Castillejo I was obliged to wait until midnight for the train for Andalusia; I dined on hard-boiled eggs, and oranges, with a little Val de Peñas wine, murmured the poetry of Espronceda, chatted a trifle with the custom-house officer (who, by the way, made me a profession of his political faith: Amadeus, liberty, increase of salary of the custom-house officers, etc.), until I heard the desired whistle, when I got into a railway carriage filled with women, boys, civil guards, cushions, and wraps; and away we went at a speed unusual on Spanish railways. The night was very beautiful; my travelling companions talked of bulls and Carlists; a beautiful girl, whom more than one devoured with his eyes, pretended to sleep in order to excite our fancy with a sample of her nocturnal attitudes; some were making *cigarritos*, some peeling oranges, and others humming arias of *Zarzuela*. Nevertheless, I fell asleep after a few moments. I think I had already dreamed of the Mosque of Cordova and the Alcazar of Seville, when I was awakened by a hoarse cry:

"*Daggers!*"

"Daggers? In heaven's name! For whom?'

Before I saw who had shouted, a long sharp blade

gleamed before my eyes, and the unknown person asked:

"*Do you like it?*"

One must really confess that there are more agreeable ways of being waked. I looked at my travelling companions with an expression of stupor which made them all burst out into a hearty laugh. Then I was told that at every railway station there were these vendors of knives and daggers, who offered travellers their wares just as newspapers and refreshments are offered with us. Reassured as to my life, I bought (for five lire) my scarecrow, which was a beautiful dagger suitable for the tyrant of a tragedy, with its chased handle, an inscription on the blade, and an embroidered velvet sheath; and I put it in my pocket, thinking that it would be quite useful to me in Italy in settling any questions with my publishers. The vendor must have had fifty of them in a great red sash which was fastened around his waist. Other travellers bought them too; the civil guards complimented one of my neighbors on his capital selection; the boys cried:

"Give me one too!"—and their mammas replied:

"We will buy a longer one some other time."

"O blessed Spain!" I exclaimed, as I thought, with disgust, of our barbarous laws which prohibit the innocent amusement of a little sharp steel.

We crossed the Mancha, the celebrated Mancha, the immortal theatre of the adventures of Don Quixote. It is just as I imagined it. There are broad bare plains, long tracts of sandy earth, some wind-mills, a few miserable villages, solitary paths, and wretched, abandoned houses. On seeing those places, I experienced a feeling of melancholy which the perusal of Cervantes' book always rouses; and

I repeated to myself what I always say in reading it: "This man cannot make one laugh, or if he does, under the smile the tears spring up." Don Quixote is a sad and solemn character; his mania is a lament; his life is the history of the dreams, illusions, disappointments, and aberrations of us all; the struggle of reason with the imagination, of the true with the false, the ideal with the real! We all have something of Don Quixote about us; we all take windmills for giants; are all spurred upward, from time to time, by an impulse of enthusiasm, and driven back by a laugh of disdain; are all a mixture of the sublime and the ridiculous; and feel, with profound bitterness, the perpetual contrast between the greatness of our aspirations and the weakness of our powers. O beautiful, childish, and youthful dreams, generous proposals to consecrate our lives to the defense of virtue and justice, cherished fancies of confronted dangers, daring struggles, magnanimous exploits, and lofty loves, which have fallen, one by one, like the leaves of flowers, on the narrow, monotonous path of life, how you have been revivified, and what charming thoughts and profound instruction we have derived from you, O generous and unfortunate cavalier of sad figure!

At dawn we reached Argasamilla, where Don Quixote was born and died, and where poor Cervantes, the collector of the Grand Priory of San Juan, was arrested, in the name of the special magistrate of Consuegra, by irascible debtors, and kept a prisoner in a house that, as they say, is still in existence, and in which he is said to have conceived the idea of his romance. We passed the village of the Val de Peñas, that gives its name to one of the most delicious wines of Spain, a wine black, sparkling, and exhilarating (and

the only one, perhaps, which permits to the stranger from the North the copious libations to which he is accustomed at meals), and finally reached Santa Cruz de Tudela, a village famous for its manufactories of *navajas* (knives and razors), near which the road begins to ascend gradually toward the mountain.

The sun had risen, the women and children had left the carriage, and peasants, officers, and toreros, who were going to Seville, had taken their places. There was in that restricted space a variety of dress that would not be seen with us even on a market day. There were the pointed hats of the peasants of the Sierra Morena, the red trowsers of the soldiers, great *sombreros* of the *picadores*, the shawls of the gypsies, the *mantas* of Catalans, the Toledo blades hung on the walls, and capes, sashes, and trinkets of all the colors of a harlequin.

The train moved on among the rocks of the Sierra Morena, which separates the valley of the Guadiana from that of the Guadalquiver, made famous by the songs of poets and the exploits of brigands. The road runs, from time to time, between two walls of stone cut into points, and so high, that in order to see their tops it is necessary to put one's head entirely out of the window, and turn the face upward as if to look at the roof of the carriage. At some points the rocks are farther away, and rise one above the other ; the first in the shape of enormous broken boulders, and the last upright, slender, and like bold towers raised upon measureless bastions. In the centre, there is a pile of rocks, cut like teeth, ladders, crests, and dwarfs, some almost suspended in the air, others separated by deep caverns and frightful precipices, which present a confusion of strange

forms, fantastic outlines of buildings, gigantic figures and ruins, and offer at every step a thousand shapes and unexpected aspects ; and on that infinite variety of forms there is as great a variety of colors, shades, rays, and floods of light. For a long distance on the right, the left, and above, nothing is to be seen but stone, without a house, a path, or a particle of earth where a man could plant his foot ; and as one goes on, the rocks, caverns, precipices, and every thing, in fact, become broader, deeper, and loftier, until the highest point of the Sierra is reached, where the sovereign majesty of the spectacle draws forth an exclamation of surprise.

There the train stopped for a few moments, and all the travellers put their heads out of the window.

" Here," one person said to another, " Cardenio (one of the most notable personages in Don Quixote) leaped in his shirt from rock to rock in order to do penance for his sins."

" I would," continued the traveller, " that Sagasta were forced to do the same."

All laughed, and each began to look, on his own account, for some invidious politician, upon whom to inflict, in imagination, that species of punishment. One proposed Serrano, another Topete, and the rest others ; so that in a few moments (if their desires had been fulfilled) we should have seen the Sierra peopled with ministers, generals, and deputies in their shirts slipping from ledge to ledge, like the famous rock of Alexander Manzoni.

The train started again, the rocks disappeared, and the delicious valley of the Guadalquiver, the garden of Spain, the Eden of the Arabs, the paradise of poets and painters, the blessed Andalusia disclosed itself to my eyes. I feel again the tremor

of childish joy with which I dashed to the window, saying to myself, as I did so :

" Let me enjoy it !"

For a long distance the country offers no new aspect to the feverish curiosity of the tourist. At Vilches there is a vast plain, and beyond there, the open country of Tolosa, where Alphonso VIII, King of Castile, gained the celebrated victory *de las Navas* over the mussulman army. The sky was very clear, and in the distance one could see the mountains of the Sierra di Segura. Suddenly, there comes over me a sensation which seems to respond to a suppressed exclamation of surprise : the first aloes, with their thick leaves, the unexpected heralds of tropical vegetation, rise on both sides of the road. Beyond, the fields studded with flowers begin to appear. The first are studded, those which follow almost covered, then come vast stretches of ground entirely clothed with poppies, daisies, lilies, wild mushrooms, and ranunculuses, so that the country (as it presents itself to view) looks like a succession of immense purple, gold, and snowy-hued carpets. In the distance, among the trees, are innumerable blue, white, and yellow streaks, as far as the eye can reach ; and nearer, on the banks of the ditches, the elevations of ground, the slopes, and even on the edge of the road are flowers in beds, clumps, and clusters, one above the other, grouped in the form of great bouquets, and trembling on their stalks, which one can almost touch with his hand. Then there are fields white with great blades of grain, flanked by plantations of roses, orange groves, immense olive groves, and hillsides varied by a thousand shades of green, surmounted by ancient Moorish towers, scattered with many-colored houses; and between the one and

the other are white and slender bridges that cross rivulets hidden by the trees. On the horizon appear the snowy caps of the Sierra Nevada; under that white streak lie the undulating blue ones of the nearer mountains. The country becomes more varied and flourishing; Arjonilla lies in a grove of olives, whose boundary one cannot see; Pedro Abad, in the midst of a plain covered with vineyards and fruit-trees; Ventas di Alcolea, on the last hills of the Sierra Nevada, peopled with villas and gardens. We are approaching Cordova, the train flies along, we see little stations half hidden by trees and flowers, the wind carries the rose leaves into the carriages, great butterflies fly near the windows, a delicious perfume permeates the air, the travellers sing, we pass through an enchanted garden, the aloes, oranges, palms, and villas grow more frequent; and at last we hear a cry: "Here is Cordova!"

How many lovely pictures and grand recollections the sound of that name awakens in one's mind!

Cordova, the ancient pearl of the East, as the Arabian poets call it, the city of cities, Cordova of the thirty suburbs and three thousand mosques, which enclosed within her walls the greatest temple of Islam! Her fame extended throughout the East, and obscured the glory of ancient Damascus. The faithful came from the most remote regions of Asia to the banks of the Guadalquiver, to prostrate themselves in the marvellous Mihrab of her mosque, in the light of the thousand bronze lamps cast from the bells of the cathedrals of Spain. Hither flocked artists, savants, and poets, from every part of the Mahometan world, to her flourishing schools, immense libraries, and the magnificent courts of her Caliphs. Riches and beauty flowed in, attracted by the fame

of her splendor. From here they scattered, eager for knowledge, along the coasts of Africa, through the schools of Tunis, Cairo, Bagdad, Cufa, and even to India and China, in order to gather inspiration and records; and the poetry sung on the slopes of the Sierra Morena flew from lyre to lyre, as far as the vallies of the Caucasus, to excite the ardor for pilgrimages. The beautiful, powerful, and wise Cordova, crowned with three thousand villages, proudly raised her white minarets in the midst of orange groves, and spread around the valley a voluptuous atmosphere of joy and glory!

I leave the train, cross a garden, look around me. I am alone; the travellers who were with me disappear here and there; I still hear the noise of a carriage which is rolling off; then all is quiet. It is midday, the sky is very clear, and the air suffocating. I see two white houses; it is the opening of a street; I enter, and go on. The street is narrow, the houses as small as the little villas on the slopes of artificial gardens, almost all one story in height, with windows a few feet from the ground, the roofs so low that one could almost touch them with a stick, and the walls very white. The street turns, I look, see no one, and hear neither step nor voice. I say to myself: "This must be an abandoned street!" and try another one, in which the houses are white, the windows closed, and there is nothing but silence and solitude around me. "Why, where am I?" I asked myself. I go on; the street, which is so narrow that a carriage could not pass, begins to wind; on the right and the left I see other deserted streets, white houses, and closed windows. My step resounds as if in a corridor. The whiteness of the walls is so vivid that even the reflection is trying, and I am

obliged to walk with my eyes half closed, for it really seems as if I were making my way through the snow. I reach a small square ; every thing is closed and no one is to be seen. At this point a vague feeling of melancholy seizes me, such as I have never experienced before ; a mixture of pleasure and sadness, similar to that which comes to children when, after a long run, they reach a lonely rural spot, and rejoice in their discovery, but with a certain trepidation lest they should be too far from home. Above many roofs rise the palm trees of inner gardens. O fantastic legends of Odalisk and Caliphs! On I go, from street to street, and square to square ; I begin to meet some people, but they pass and disappear like phantoms. All the streets resemble each other ; the houses have only three or four windows ; and not a spot, scrawl, or crack is to be seen on the walls, which are as smooth and white as a sheet of paper. From time to time I hear a whisper behind a blind, and see, almost at the same moment, a dark head, with a flower in the hair, appear and disappear. I look in at a door * * *

A *patio!* How shall I describe a *patio?* It is not a court, nor a garden, nor a room ; but it is all three things combined. Between the *patio* and the street there is a vestibule. On the four sides of the *patio* rise slender columns, which support, up to a level with the first floor, a species of gallery, enclosed in glass ; above the gallery is stretched a canvas, which shades the court. The vestibule is paved with marble, the door flanked by columns, surmounted by bas-reliefs, and closed by a slender iron gate of graceful design. At the end of the *patio*, in a line with the door, rises a statue ; in the centre there is a fountain ; and all around are scat-

tered chairs, work-tables, pictures, and vases of flowers. I run to another door; there is another *patio*, with its walls covered with ivy, and a number of niches holding little statues, busts, and urns. I look in at a third door; here is another *patio*, with its walls worked in mosaics, a palm in the centre, and a mass of flowers all around. I stop at a fourth door; after the *patio* there is another vestibule, after this a second *patio*, in which one sees other statues, columns, and fountains. All these rooms and gardens are so neat and clean that one could pass his hand over the walls and on the ground without leaving a trace; and they are fresh, odorous, and lighted by an uncertain light, which increases their beauty and mysterious appearance.

On I go, at random, from street to street. As I walk, my curiosity increases, and I quicken my pace. It seems impossible that a whole city can be like this; I am afraid of stumbling across some house or coming into some street that will remind me of other cities, and disturb my beautiful dream. But no, the dream lasts; for every thing is small, lovely, and mysterious. At every hundred steps I reach a deserted square, in which I stop and hold my breath; from time to time there appears a cross-road, and not a living soul is to be seen; every thing is white, the windows closed, and silence reigns on all sides. At each door there is a new spectacle; there are arches, columns, flowers, jets of water, and palms; a marvellous variety of design, tints, light, and perfume; here the odor of roses, there of oranges, farther on of pinks; and with this perfume a whiff of fresh air, and with the air a subdued sound of women's voices, the rustling of leaves, and the singing of birds. It is a sweet and varied harmony that,

without disturbing the silence of the streets, soothes the ear like the echo of distant music. Ah! it is not a dream! Madrid, Italy, Europe are indeed far away! Here one lives another life, and breathes the air of a different world, for I am in the East!

I remember that at a certain point I stopped in the middle of the street, and became suddenly aware, I know not how, that I was sad and anxious, and that in my heart there was an immense void, which neither pleasure nor surprise could fill. I felt an irresistible desire to enter those houses and gardens; to rend, as it were, the veil of mystery which surrounds the life of the unknown people who were there; to participate in that life; to seize some hand; and to fix my eyes on two pitying ones, and say: "I am a stranger, and alone; I too wish to be happy; let me remain among your flowers, let me enjoy all the secrets of your paradise, tell me who you are, how you live, smile on me, and sooth me, for my head is burning!" This sadness reached such a point that I said to myself: "I cannot stay in this city, for I am suffering here. I will go away!"

And I should, indeed, have left if I had not fortunately remembered that I had in my pocket a letter of introduction to two young men in Cordova, brothers of a friend of mine in Florence. I set aside the idea of leaving town, and went in search of them.

How they laughed when I told them the impression that Cordova had produced upon me! They proposed going instantly to see the cathedral; we passed through a little white street, and on we went.

The mosque of Cordova, which was changed into a church after the expulsion of the Arabs, but which is always a mosque, was built on the ruins of the

primitive cathedral, at a short distance from the banks of the Guadalquiver. Abdurrahman began the construction of it in the year 785 or 786. "Let us erect a mosque," he said, "which will surpass those of Bagdad, Damascus, and Jerusalem, and that shall be the largest temple of Islam, and the Mecca of the West." He began the work with great zeal; the Christian slaves brought the stones for the foundation from the ruins of the destroyed church. Abdurrahman worked, himself, one hour each day. The mosque, in the space of a few years, was built; the Caliphs who succeeded Abdurrahman embellished it, and after a century of nearly continuous labor the work was completed.

"Here we are," said one of my hosts, stopping suddenly before an immense edifice.

I fancied it was a fortress, but it proved to be, however, the wall that encircles the mosque; an old, embattled wall, in which were once opened twenty great bronze doors, surrounded by very beautiful arabesques and arched windows, supported by slender columns, now covered with a triple stratum of plaster. A turn around that boundary wall is a nice little walk to take after dinner; by this, one can judge of the size of the building.

The principal door of the boundary is at the west, on the spot where rose the minaret of Abdurrahman, on the point of which waved the Mahometan standard. We entered; I fancied that I should instantly see the interior of the mosque, and I found myself in a garden filled with oranges, cypresses, and palms, surrounded on three sides by a very light portico, and closed on the fourth side by the façade of the mosque. In the centre of this garden there was, in the time of the Arabs, the fountain for their ablu-

tions; and under the shade of these trees the faithful gathered before entering the temple. I stood for some moments looking around me, and inhaling the fresh and odorous air with a very keen sense of pleasure. My heart was beating at the thought that the famous mosque was near, and I felt myself impelled toward the door by intense curiosity, and restrained by a sort of childish trepidation.

"Let us enter," said my companions.

"One moment more," I replied; "let me enjoy the pleasure of anticipation."

Finally, I made a move, and without looking at the marvellous doors, which my companions pointed out, I entered.

What I may have done or said as I got inside, I do not know, but certainly some strange sound must have escaped me, or I must have made a curious gesture, for some people who were coming toward me at that moment began laughing, and turned back to look around, as if to try and discover what could have produced such a profound impression upon me.

Imagine a forest, fancy yourself in the thickest portion of it, and that you can see nothing but the trunks of trees. So, in this mosque, on whatever side you look, the eye loses itself among the columns. It is a forest of marble whose confines one cannot discover. You follow with your eye, one by one, the very long rows of columns that interlace at every step with numberless other rows, and you reach a semi-obscure background, in which other columns still seem to be gleaming. There are nineteen naves which extend in every direction, traversed by thirty-three others, supported (among them all) by more than nine hundred columns of porphyry, jasper,

breccia and marbles of every color. Each column upholds a small pilaster, and between them runs an arch, and a second one extends from pilaster to pilaster, the latter placed above the former, and both of them in the shape of a horseshoe; so that, in imagining the columns to be the trunks of so many trees, the arches represent the branches, and the similitude of the mosque to a forest is complete. The middle nave, much broader than the others, ends in front of the Maksura, which is the most sacred part of the temple, where the Koran was worshipped. Here, from the windows in the ceiling, falls a pale ray of light that illuminates a row of columns; there is a dark spot; farther on falls a second ray that lights another nave. It is impossible to express the feeling of mysterious surprise which that spectacle arouses in your soul. It is like the sudden revelation of an unknown religion, nature and life, which bears away your imagination to the delight of that paradise, full of love and voluptuousness, where the blessed, seated under the shade of leafy plane trees and thornless rose-bushes, drink from crystal vases the wine, sparkling like pearls, mixed by immortal children, and take their repose, in the arms of charming black-eyed virgins! All the pictures of eternal pleasure which the Koran promises to the faithful, present themselves to your mind bright, gleaming, and vivid, at the first sight of the mosque, and cause you a sweet momentary intoxication, which leaves in your heart an indescribable sort of melancholy! A brief tumult of the mind, and a spark of fire rushes through your veins, —such is the first sensation one experiences upon entering the cathedral of Cordova.

We began to wander from nave to nave, observ-

ing every thing minutely. How much variety there is in that edifice which at first sight seems so uniform! The proportions of the columns, the designs of the capitals, the forms of the arches change, one might say, at every step. The majority of the columns are old, and were taken from the Arabs of Northern Spain, Gaul, and Roman Africa, and some are said to have belonged to a temple of Janus, on the ruins of which was built the church that the Arabs destroyed in order to erect the mosque. Above several of the capitals one can still see traces of the crosses that were cut on them, and that the Arabs broke with their chisels. In some of the columns there are buried bits of curved iron, to which, it is said, the Arabs bound the Christians; and one, among others, is pointed out to which, according to tradition, a Christian was chained for many years, and during this time, he scratched with his nails a cross in the stone that the guides show with great veneration.

We reached the Maksura, which is the most complete and marvellous work of Arabian art in the tenth century. In front of it are contiguous chapels, with roofs formed of indented arches, and the walls covered with superb mosaics representing groups of flowers and sentences from the Koran. At the back of the middle chapel, is the principal *mihrab*, the sacred place where the spirit of God rested. It is a niche with an octagonal base closed at the top by a colossal marble shell. In the *mihrab* was deposited the Koran, written by the hand of the Caliph Othman, covered with gold, studded with pearls, and nailed above a chair made of aloe wood; and it was around this that the thousands of pilgrims came to make seven turns on their knees. On approaching

the wall I felt the pavement giving way under me; the marble was hollowed out!

On coming out of the niche, I stopped for a long time to look at the ceiling and walls of the principal chapel, the only part of the mosque that is quite intact. It is a dazzling gleam of crystals of a thousand colors, a network of arabesques, which puzzles the mind, and a complication of bas-reliefs, gildings, ornaments, minutiæ of design and coloring, of a delicacy, grace, and perfection sufficient to drive the most patient painter distracted. It is impossible to retain any of that pretentious work in the mind. You might turn a hundred times to look at it, and it would only seem to you, in thinking it over, a mingling of blue, red, green, gilded, and luminous points, or a very intricate embroidery changing continually, with the greatest rapidity, both design and coloring. Only from the fiery and indefatigable imagination of the Arabs could such a perfect miracle of art emanate.

We began to wander about the mosque again, looking here and there on the walls, at the arabesques of the old doors, which are being discovered from time to time under the detestable whitewash of the Christians. My companions looked at me, laughed, and murmured something to each other.

"Have you not noticed it yet?" one of them asked me.

"What?"

They looked at each other and smiled again.

"Do you think you have seen all the mosque?" began one of my companions.

"Why, certainly I do," I replied, looking around me.

"Well, then," said the first, "you have not seen it

all; and that which remains to be seen is nothing less than a church."

"A church!" I exclaimed, with surprise; "but where is it?"

"Look," replied the other, pointing, "it is in the very centre of the mosque."

"Heavens!" and I had never seen it at all.

One can judge of the size of the mosque from this fact. We went to see the church, which is beautiful and very rich, with a magnificent high altar, and a choir worthy of a place beside those of Burgos aud Toledo; but like all things that are out of place, it arouses one's anger rather than admiration. Without this church the general appearance of the mosque would have been much better. The same Charles V, who gave the chapter permission to erect it, repented when he saw the Mahometan temple for the first time. Beside the church is a sort of Arabian chapel, admirably preserved, and rich in mosaics, not less varied and superb than those of the Maksura, in which it is said the ministers of the religion gathered to discuss the book of the prophet.

Such is the mosque of to-day, but what must it have been in the time of the Arabs? It was not surrounded by a wall; but open, so that one could catch a glimpse of the garden from every part of it; and from the garden one could see to the end of the long naves, and the air was permeated even under the Maksura with the fragrance of oranges and flowers. The columns, which now number less than a thousand, were then one thousand four hundred; the ceiling was of cedar wood and larch, sculptured and enamelled in the finest manner; the walls were trimmed with marble; the light of eight hundred lamps, filled with perfumed oil, made all the crystals

in the mosaics gleam, and produced on the pavement, arches, and walls a marvellous play of color and reflection. "A sea of splendors," sang a poet, "filled this mysterious recess; the ambient air was impregnated with aromas and harmonies, and the thoughts of the faithful wandered and lost themselves in the labyrinth of columns which gleamed like lances in the sunshine."

Frederick Schack, the author of a fine work entitled, *The Poetry and Art of the Arabs in Spain and Sicily*, gave a description of the mosque on a solemn fête day, which presents a very vivid idea of Mahometan worship, and completes the picture of the monument.

On both sides of the almimbar or pulpit wave two standards to signify that Islam has triumphed over Judaism and Christianity, and that the Koran has conquered the Old and New Testaments. The *almnedani* climb upon the gallery of the high minaret and intone the *sclam* or salutation to the prophet. Then the naves of the mosque fill with believers, who, clothed in white and wearing a festive aspect, gather for the oration. In a few moments, throughout the edifice nothing is to be seen but kneeling people. By the secret way which joins the temple to the alcazar, comes the caliph, who goes and seats himself in his elevated place. A reader of the Koran reads a Sura on the reading-desk of the tribune. The voice of the *muccin* sounds again, inviting people to the noonday prayers. All the faithful rise and murmur their prayers, making obeisances. A servant of the mosque opens the doors of the pulpit and seizes a sword, with which, turning toward Mecca, he admonishes all to praise Mahommed, while the prophet's name is being celebrated from the tribune by the

singing of the *mubaliges*. After this the preacher ascends the pulpit, taking from the hand of the servant the sword, which recalls and symbolizes the subjection of Spain to the power of Islam. It is the day on which *Djihad*, or the holy war, is to be proclaimed, the call for all able-bodied men to descend into the battle field against the Christians. The multitude listen with silent devotion to the discourse (woven from the heads of the Koran), which begins like this :

"Praised be God, who has increased the glory of Islam, thanks to the sword of the Champion of the Faith, and who, in his holy book, has promised aid and victory to the believer.

"Allah scatters his benefits over the world.

"If he did not impel men to dash armed against each other the earth would be lost.

"Allah has ordered that the people be fought against until they know there is but one God.

"The flame of war will not be extinguished until the end of the world.

"The divine benediction will fall upon the mane of the war-horse until the day of judgment.

"Be you armed from head to foot, or only lightly armed, rise, and take your departure!

"O believers! What will become of you if, when you are called to battle, you remain with your face turned toward the ground?

"Do your prefer the life of this world to that of the future?

"Believe me : the gates of paradise stand in the shadow of the sword.

"He who dies in battle for the cause of God, washes with the blood he sheds all the stains of his sins.

"His body will not be washed like the other bodies, because in the day of judgment his wounds will send out a fragrance like musk.

"When the warriors shall present themselves at the gates of paradise, a voice from within will ask: 'What have you done during your life?'

"And they will reply: 'We have brandished the sword in the struggle for the cause of God.'

"Then the eternal gates will open and the warriors will enter forty years before the others.

"Up, then, O believers! Abandon women, children, brothers, and worldly possessions, and go forth to the holy war!

"And thou, O God, Lord of the present and future world, fight for the armies of those who recognize thy unity! Destroy the incredulous, idolaters, and enemies of thy holy faith! Overthrow their standards, and give them, with all they possess, as booty, to the Mussulmen!"

The preacher, when he has finished his discourse, exclaims, turning toward the congregation: "Ask of God!"—and prays in silence. All the faithful, touching the ground with their foreheads, follow his example. The *mubaliges* sing: "Amen! Amen, O Lord of all beings!" Like the intense heat that precedes the tempest, the enthusiasm of the multitude (restrained, up to this time, in a marvellous silence) breaks out in loud murmurs, which, rising like the waves of the sea, and inundating the temple, finally make the echo of a thousand united voices resound through the naves, chapels, and vaults in one single shout: "There is no God but Allah!"

The mosque of Cordova is still to-day, by universal consent, the most beautiful Mussulman temple, and one of the most wonderful monuments in the world.

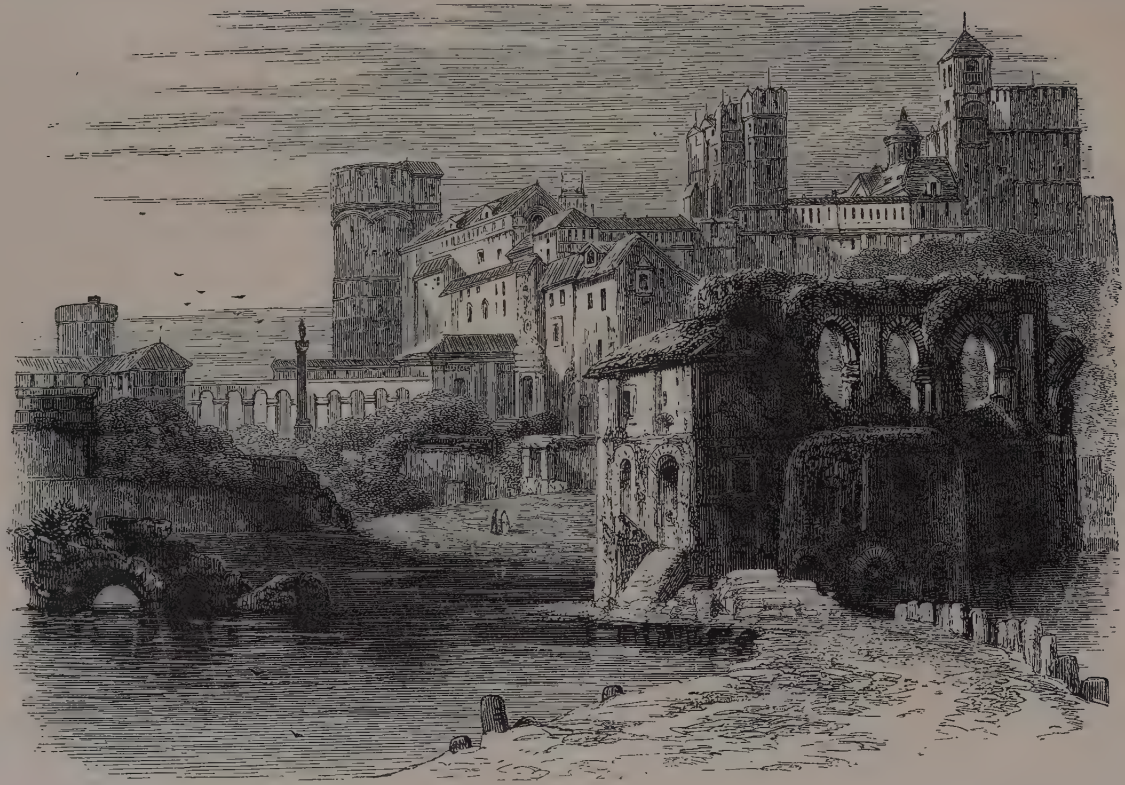
When we left the mosque, a great portion of the hour of *siesta* had passed, which every one takes in the cities of Southern Spain, and which is quite necessary, on account of the insupportable heat; and the streets began to be peopled. "Alas!" I said to my companions, "how badly a high hat looks in the streets of Cordova! How have you the heart to fasten fashion plates to this beautiful oriental picture? Why don't you dress like the Arabs?" Dandies, workmen, and girls passed. I looked at them all with curiosity, hoping to find some of those fantastic figures which Doré pictured to us as the representatives of the Andalusian type; with that dark brown coloring, those thick lips, and great eyes. I met none of them however. On going toward the heart of the city, I saw the first Andalusian women, ladies, young ladies, and women of the people, almost all small, slender, well-made, some of them beautiful, many sympathetic, and the greater number, as in all other countries, neither fish, flesh, nor fowl. In their dress, with the exception of the so-called *mantilla*, there is no difference between the French women themselves and our own; they wear great masses of false hair, in braids, bunches, and long curls; and short petticoats, full ones and those with plaits; and shoes with heels like the points of daggers. The ancient Andalusian costume has disappeared from the city.

I thought that the streets would be crowded toward evening, but I only saw a few people, and these in the streets of the principal quarters of the town; the others were as deserted as during the hours of the *siesta*. It is just through these deserted streets that one ought to pass in order to enjoy Cordova at night. One sees the lights gleaming in the

patios; the pairs of lovers holding sweet converse in dark corners; the girls, for the most part, at the windows, with their hands carelessly hanging outside the gratings; and the young men near the wall, in sentimental attitudes, their eyes on the alert, but not sufficiently so to make them remove the hands from their lips, until they discover that some one is passing; and one hears the sound of guitars, the murmur of fountains, sighs, the laughter of children and mysterious rustlings.

The following morning, still disturbed by the oriental dreams of the night, I began wandering again about the city. It would take an entire volume to describe all that is worthy of note: for it is a veritable museum of Roman and Arabian antiquity. Here one finds a profusion of military columns, inscriptions in honor of the emperors, the remains of statues and bas-reliefs, six old gates; a large bridge over the Guadalquiver, of the time of Octavius Augustus, and reconstructed by the Arabs; ruins of towers and walls; houses which belonged to the Caliphs, and still retain the subterranean columns and arches of the bathing-rooms. In fact, on every side there are doors, vestibules, and staircases enough to delight a legion of archeologists.

Toward midday, in passing through a solitary street, I saw written on the wall of a house, near a Roman inscription: "*Casa de huespedes. Almuerzos y comidas;*" and in reading it I felt the cravings, as Giusti would say, of such a low appetite that I determined to gratify it in this little place, whatever it might be on which I had stumbled. I passed through a small door and found myself in a *patio.* It was a miserable *patio,* without marble or foundations, but as white as snow and as fresh as a garden. Not



PRISON OF THE INQUISITION, CORDOVA.

seeing either table or chair, I feared that I had made a mistake in the door, and started to leave, when an old woman, who appeared from I know not where, stopped me.

"Can one have something to eat here?" I asked.

"Yes, sir."

"What have you?"

"Eggs, sausages, cutlets, peaches, oranges, and Malaga wine."

"Very well; bring me every thing you have."

She began by bringing the table and chair, and I sat down and waited. Suddenly I heard a door behind me open; I turned. Ye heavenly powers, what did I see! The most beautiful of all beautiful Andalusian women, not alone of those seen at Cordova, but of all those which I afterward saw at Seville, Cadiz, and Granada. She was an overwhelming sort of girl, who would make one take flight or commit any kind of a deviltry; and had one of those faces which made Guiseppe Baretti cry: "Oh poor me!" when he was travelling in Spain. She stood motionless for a few moments, with her eyes fastened upon me, as if to say: "Admire me;" then turned toward the kitchen and called: "Aunt, make haste!" which gave me the opportunity of thanking her in an embarassed way, and her the pretext of approaching me, and replying: "Oh, not at all," with such a lovely voice that I was forced to offer her a chair, which she accepted. She was a girl in the twenties, tall, straight as a palm, dark, and with two great eyes full of sweetness, and so moist and glistening that they seemed to have just been shedding tears. Her hair was very black and heavy, and she wore a rose in her braids. She looked like one of the Arabian virgins of the Usras tribe, who made people die from love.

She began the conversation herself.

"You are a stranger, sir, I think?"

"Yes."

"French?"

"Italian."

"Italian? Ah, a countryman of the king?"

"Yes."

"Do you know him, sir?"

"By sight."

"They say he is a good sort of fellow."

I made no reply; she began to laugh, and said:

"What are you looking at, sir?"

And continuing to laugh, she hid her foot which, in sitting down, she had put well forward, so that I could see it. Oh! there is not a woman in that country who does not know that the Andalusian feet are famous throughout the world.

I seized this opportunity to draw the conversation upon the fame of Andalusian women, and I expressed my admiration for them in the most enthusiastic terms in my vocabulary. She allowed me to say what I wished, looking all the time with the gravest attention at a crack in the table, then raised her head, and asked:

"How are the women in Italy?"

"Oh! they are beautiful in Italy too."

"They must be cold, however."

"Oh, no, indeed!" I hastened to reply, "but you know that in every country the women have an 'indescribable something' about them which is quite different from that of other countries, and among these 'indescribable somethings' that of the Andalusians is, perhaps, for the traveller whose hair is not gray, the most dangerous of all. There is a word which just expresses what I mean; if I could remember it, I should say: 'Señorita, you are the most—'

"*Salada!*" (exclaimed the girl, covering her face with her hands).

"*Salada!* . . the most *salada* Andalusian in Cordova."

Salada, salted, is the word quite commonly in use in Andalusia when you wish to say of a woman that she is beautiful, graceful, lovely, languid, fiery, and any thing else in fact; a woman who possesses two lips that seem to say: "Drink me," and two eyes that force you to bite your lips to keep out of mischief.

The aunt brought me the eggs, cutlets, *chorizo* (sausage), and oranges, and the girl continued the conversation.

"You are an Italian, sir; have you seen the pope?"

"No; I regret to say that I have not."

"Is it possible? An Italian who has not seen the pope! Tell me, sir, why do you Italians treat him so badly?"

"Treat him badly? in what way?"

"Yes; they say that you have shut him up in a house, and that you throw stones at his windows."

"What nonsense! Don't believe it! There is not a shadow of truth in it, etc., etc."

"Have you seen Venice?"

"Venice,—oh, yes."

"Is it true that it is a city which floats on the water?"

Here she begged me to describe Venice, and tell her about the people of that strange city, how they are dressed, and what they do all day long. While I was talking, aside from the difficulty I had in expressing myself nicely, and trying to swallow a badly-cooked egg and very stale sausage, I was obliged to

see her draw nearer and nearer, perhaps without being aware of it, in order to hear better; to draw so near that I caught the perfume of the rose in her hair and the heat of her breath, and I had to make three efforts at a time to restrain myself: one with my head, the other with my stomach, and the third with both together when I heard her say every now and then: "How beautiful!" a compliment which referred to the grand canal, and which produced upon me the same effect that the sight of a bag of napoleons, swung under his nose by an impertinent banker, would do upon a beggar.

"Ah! Señorita!" I said at last, beginning to lose my patience, "what difference does it make in the end whether a city is beautiful or not? A person born in it takes no notice of it; nor the traveller either, for the matter of that. I arrived in Cordova yesterday; it is a beautiful place, no doubt, but, will you credit it? I have already forgotten every thing I have seen; I do not wish to see any thing else; in fact, I no longer know where I am. Palaces! mosques! they make me laugh! When there is a fire in your soul which is consuming you, do you go to a mosque to extinguish it? Pardon me, but will you kindly move a little farther away? When you are attacked by such a mania that you could crack plates with your teeth, would you go to look at a palace? Believe me, the life of a traveller is a very hard one! It is one of the hardest penances! It is a martyrdom! It is a * * * A prudent blow from her fan closed my mouth, which was going rather too fast with words and actions; so I attacked the cutlet.

"Poor fellow," the Andalusian murmured, laughing, after giving a glance around her; "are all the Italians as fiery as you?"

"How do I know? Are all the Andalusian women as beautiful as you?"

The girl stretched her hand out on the table.

"Will you hide that hand?" I said.

"Why?" she asked.

"Because I wish to eat in peace."

"Eat with one hand."

"Ah!"

I seemed to be pressing the hand of a child of six; my knife fell to the ground, and a dense veil settled over the cutlet.

Suddenly I felt my hand empty; I opened my eyes, saw that the girl was greatly excited, and turned around; gracious heavens! There stood a fine-looking fellow, with a spruce jacket, tight trowsers, and a little velvet hat. A *torero*, in fact. I gave a start as if I felt two *banderillas de fuego* planted in my neck.

"Ah, I see how matters stand," I said to myself, and I fancy any one would have done so. The girl, slightly embarrassed, made the presentation:

"This is an Italian who is passing through Cordova," then she added, hastily, "and who wishes to know what time the train starts for Seville."

The *torero*, who had scowled at the sight of me, became reassured, told me the hour of departure, seated himself, and entered amicably into conversation with me. I asked him the news of the last *corrida* at Cordova, for he was a *banderillero*, and he related all the day's doing minutely. The girl, meanwhile, was gathering flowers from the vases in the *patio*. When my breakfast was ended, I offered a glass of Malaga wine to the *torero*, drank to the successful planting of all his future *banderillas*, paid my bill (three pecetas, with the beautiful eyes in-

cluded, be it understood), and then becoming quite bold, and wishing to dissipate even the shadow of a suspicion in the soul of my formidable rival, I said to the girl :

"Señorita! No one ever denies any thing to a person who is going away. I am like a dying person to you. You will never see me again. You will never hear my name mentioned ; so please give me some souvenir ; give me that bunch of flowers."

"Here it is," the girl said. "I had gathered it for you."

I gave a glance at the *torero*, who made a sign of approval.

"I thank you with all my heart," I replied, making a move to go. They both accompanied me to the door.

"Have you any bull-fights in Italy?" the young man asked.

"O Heavens, no! We have none yet."

"What a pity! Try to introduce them into Italy too, and I will come and *banderillar* at Rome."

"I will do all that I can. Señorita, will you tell me your name that I can say good-by?"

"Consuelo."

"God be with you, Consuelo!"

"God go with you, Señor Italiano!"

There are no noteworthy Arabian monuments to be seen around Cordova. Yet at one time, superb edifices were scattered all through the valley. Three miles from the city, on the north, on the slope of a hill, rose Medina Az-Zahra, "the *flourishing city*," which was one of the most marvellous works of architecture of the time of Abdurrahman III, started by the Caliph himself in honor of his favorite, whose name was Az-Zahra. The

foundations were laid in the year 933, and ten thousand workmen labored thereon for twenty-five years. The Arabian poets celebrated Medina Az-Zahra as the most superb earthly palace, and the most delicious garden in the world. It was not a building, but an immense collection of palaces, gardens, courts, porticoes, and towers. There were exotics from Syria, fantastic jets for the very high fountains, rivulets lined by palms, and immense basins filled with mercury, which gleamed in the sun like lakes of fire. There were doors of ebony and ivory studded with pearls, thousands of columns of the most precious marble, great aereal terraces, and among the innumerable multitude of statues there were twelve animals of massive gold (gleaming with pearls), from whose noses and mouths fell sprays of perfumed water. In this immense palace was a troop of servants, slaves, and women, and musicians and poets flocked hither from every portion of the world. Nevertheless, this Abdurrahman III, who dwelt amid so many delights, who reigned for fifty years, was powerful, glorious, and fortunate in every undertaking, wrote before his death that during his long reign he had never been happy but fourteen days! His fabulous "flourishing city" was invaded, sacked, and burned by a barbarous horde seventy-four years after its first stones had been laid, and to-day those which remain hardly suffice to recall its name. Not even the ruins are to be found of another superb city, called Zahira, which rose on the east of Cordova, and which was built by the powerful Almansur, the governor of the kingdom; for a body of rebels reduced it to ashes shortly after the death of its founder.

"All things return to the grand old mother earth."

Instead of taking a drive in the environs of Cordova, I gave myself up to wandering here and there, and to indulging in fancies about the names of the streets, which, in my opinion, is one of the greatest pleasures a man can enjoy in an unknown city. Cordova, *alma ingeniorum parens*, might write at every corner of her streets the name of an artist or illustrious servant born within her walls; and, let it be said to her honor, she has remembered them all with maternal gratitude. You find there the little square of Seneca, and there, perhaps, is the house in which he was born; there is the street of Lucan, the street of Ambrose Morales, the historian of Charles V, the continuer of the *General Chronicle of Spain*, begun by Florian di Ocampo; the street of Paul Cespedes, painter, architect, sculptor, archeologist, author of a didactic poem, *The Art of Painting*, which, though, unfortunately, unfinished, contains some beautiful passages. He was very enthusiastic about Michel Angelo, whose works he had admired in Italy, and he addressed a hymn of praise to him in his poem which is one of the finest things in Spanish poetry; and despite myself, some of the last lines escape from my pen. He says he does not believe that the perfection of painting can be better shown.

* "Que en aquella escelente obra espantosa
Mayor de cuantas se han jamas pintado,
Que hizo el Buonarrota de su mano
Divina, en el etrusco Vaticano!

"Cual nuevo Prometeo en alto vuelo
Alzándose, estendiò las alas tanto,
Que puesto encima el estrellado cielo
Una parte alcanzò del fuego santo;
Con que tornando enriquecido al suelo

* See Appendix for translation.

Con nueva maravilla y nuevo espanto,
Diò vida con eternos resplandores
À marmoles, à bronces, à colores.
¡ O mas que mortal hombre ! ¿ Angel divino
O cual te momaré ? No humano cierto
Es tu ser, que del cerco empireo vino
Al estilo y pincel vida y concierto :
Tu mostraste à los hombres el camino
Por mil edades escondido, incierto
De la reina virtud ; a ti se debe
Honra que en cierto dia el sol renueve."

While murmuring these lines I came out on the street of Juan de Mena, the Spanish Ennius, as his fellow-citizens call him, the author of a phantasmagorical poem, entitled *The Labyrinth*, an imitation of the *Divine Comedy*, which had great fame in its day, and is not without some pages of great and inspired poetry ; but very cold, and filled, as a whole, with pedantic mysticisms. John II, King of Castile, was quite enthusiastic about this *Labyrinth*, kept it beside the missal in his closet, and carried it with him to the hunt ; but, behold the caprice of a king ! The poem had only three hundred chapters, and these seemed too few for John II ; do you know why ? Simply because there were three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, and he thought there aught to be just as many chapters in the poem. So he begged the poet to compose sixty-five more ; and the poet obeyed, very glad, the flatterer ! to have the pretext of flattering his sovereign more, although he had already gone so far in his adulation as to beg the king to correct his verses ! From the street of Juan de Mena I passed into the street of Gongora, the Marini of Spain, not less gifted intellectually, but perhaps a greater corrupter of his literature than Marini has been of ours, because he spoiled, maimed,

and degraded the language in a thousand ways, so that Lopez de Vega makes a follower of Gongora ask one of his listeners :

" Do you understand me ? "

" Oh, yes," the other replies. To which the poet responds :

" You lie ! because I do not even understand myself!"

Yet not even Lopez is quite free from Gongorism, when he dares write that Tasso was only like the first rays of Marini's sun ; nor was Calderon, nor many greater men, free from it either. However, enough of poetry, for I am digressing!

After the *siesta* I hunted up my two companions, who took me into the suburbs of the city, in which I saw, for the first time, men and women of the true Andalusian type, just as I had imagined them, with the eyes, coloring, and attitudes of the Arabs. There I heard, too, for the first time, the real Andalusian style of speaking, which is softer and more musical than in the Castiles, and gayer, more imaginative, and accompanied by more vivacious gestures. I asked my companions if that which is said of Andalusia is really true, viz., that the early physical development causes greater vice, more voluptuous habits, and unbridled passions. " Too true ! " they replied, as they proceeded to give me explanations and descriptions, and tell me anecdotes which I withhold from my readers. We returned to the city, and they took me to a fine club-house, with gardens and superb rooms, in one of which (the largest and richest, ornamented with the portraits of all the illustrious men of Cordova) is a sort of stage, from which the poets read their poems on the evenings set aside for public trials of genius ; and the

victors receive a wreath of laurel from the hands of the most beautiful and cultivated girls in the city, who are seated, in a semicircle, on chairs wreathed with roses. That evening I had the pleasure of meeting several young Cordovans who devote themselves to the cultivation of the Muses. They were frank, courteous, and very vivacious, and had a medley of verses in their heads, and a sprinkling of Italian literature; so that, as my readers may fancy, from twilight until midnight, in those mysterious little streets which had made my head whirl on the first evening, there was a continuous and increasing interchange of sonnets, national hymns, and ballads in the two languages (from Petrarch to Prati, and from Cervantes to Zorilla), and a gay conversation ended and sealed by many cordial handshakings, and promises to write and send books to each other, to come to Italy and return to Spain, etc., etc., They were only empty words, it is true, but none the less agreeable for that.

On the following day I left for Seville. At the station I saw Frascuelo, Lagartijo, Cuco, and the whole company of *toreros* from Madrid, who greeted me with a benevolent look of protection. I dashed into a dusty carriage, and when the train started and Cordova appeared to my eyes for the last time, I took leave of it with the words of an Arabian poet, which are, if you choose, a trifle too sensual for the taste of a European, but really quite suitable to the occasion:

"Farewell Cordova! I should like to live as long as Noah, in order to dwell forever among thy walls. I should like to possess the treasures of Pharoah, to spend them on wine and the beautiful Cordovese women, whose lovely eyes seem to invite kisses."

CHAPTER IX.

SEVILLE.

THE journey from Cordova to Seville arouses none of that surprise which is awakened by that from Toledo to Cordova, but it is more beautiful still ; for there are always those orange and endless olive groves, the hills covered with grape-vines, and those fields filled with flowers. At a short distance from Cordova one sees the rocky towers of the formidable Castle of Almodovar, standing on a very high rock, which dominates an immense space round about it. At Hornachuelos, there is another old castle on the top of a hill, in the centre of a solitary and melancholy landscape. Farther on, lies the white city of Palma, hidden in a thick grove of oranges, encircled, in its turn, by a wreath of kitchen- and flower-gardens. And so we pass on through fields whitened with grain, flanked by hedges of Indian fig-trees, rows of little palms, groves of pines, and fine plantations of fruit-trees. At every step one sees hills, castles, torrents, slender bell towers belonging to the villages hidden among the trees, and the blue summits of distant mountains.

The little country-houses scattered along the road are more beautiful than any thing else. I do not remember having seen any of them which were not as white as snow. The house, the parapet of the

neighboring well, the low wall which encloses the garden, the two pilasters of the garden gate are all white, and every thing looks as if it had been white-washed the day before. Some of the houses have one or two little Moorish mullion windows; others, some arabesques over the door; others, still, have varigated roofs like the Arabian houses. Here and there, scattered through the fields, one sees the red and white capes of the peasants, velvet hats in the midst of the verdure, together with sashes of every color. The peasants whom one sees in the furrows, or who have to watch the train pass by, are dressed, just as they are represented in the pictures, in the costumes of forty years ago. They wear a velvet hat with a very broad and slightly upturned brim, which has a crown like a sugar loaf; a short jacket, open waist-coat, knee-breeches like those of the priests, a pair of gaiters that reach the trousers, and a sash around their waists. This style of dress, which is beautiful, though inconvenient, adapts itself admirably to the slender figures of those men who much prefer being beautifully uncomfortable, than to be comfortable without grace, and who willingly spend a half hour on their toilette every morning, in order to get into a pair of breeches which will display a fine shaped hip and leg. They have nothing in common with our hard-faced, stony-eyed peasants of the North. The former look at you with a smile; the great black eyes cast audacious glances at the ladies who put their heads out of the windows, as if to say: "Do you not recognize me?" they hand you a match before you have asked for it; sometimes reply in rhyme to your question; and are quite capable of laughing on purpose to show you their white teeth.

At the Rinconada, one begins to see, in a line with the railway, the bell tower of the Seville Cathedral; and on the right, beyond the Guadalquiver, the beautiful hillsides covered with olive groves, at the fort of which lie the ruins of Italica. The train sped along, and I said to myself, more and more hurriedly as the houses became more frequent, with that breathlessness full of desire and joy which one experiences in climbing the staircase of one's sweetheart:

"Seville! Seville is here! She is here, the queen of Andalusia, the Spanish Athens, the mother of Murillo, the city of poets and loves, the famous Seville, whose name I have uttered since my childhood with a feeling of sweet sympathy! Who would have said, a few years ago, that I should have seen it! Yet it is not a dream! Those houses are in Seville, those peasants over there are Sevillians, and the bell tower which I see is the Giralda! I at Seville? It is strange! I feel like laughing! What is my mother doing at this moment? If she were only here! If such and such an one were here too! It is a pity that I am alone! Here are the white houses, gardens, streets. . . We are in the city. . . Now we leave the train. . . Ah! how beautiful life is! . ."

I arrived at a hotel, tossed my valise into a *patio*, and began roaming about the city. I seemed to see Cordova enlarged, beautified, and enriched; the streets are broader, the houses higher, and the *patios* more spacious; but the general aspect of the city is the same. There is the same spotless whiteness, that intricate network of small streets, the diffused odor of oranges, the lovely air of mystery, that oriental appearance which awakens in the heart a

very sweet feeling of melancholy, and in the mind a thousand fancies, desires, and visions of a distant world, a new life, an unknown people, and a terrestrial paradise full of love, delight, and peace. In those streets one reads the history of the city; every balcony, fragment of sculpture, and solitary cross-road recall the nocturnal adventures of a king, the inspirations of a poet, the adventures of a beauty, an amour, a duel, an abduction, a fable, and a feast. Here is a reminder of Maria de Pedilla, there of Don Pedro, farther on of Cervantes, and elsewhere of Columbus, Saint Theresa, Velasquez, and Murillo. A column recalls the Roman dominion, a tower, the splendors of Charles V's monarchy, an alcazar, the magnificence of the court of the Arabs. Beside the modest white houses rise sumptuous marble palaces; the little tortuous streets emerge on immense squares filled with orange trees; from the deserted and silent cross-road one comes out, after a short turn, into a street traversed by a noisy crowd. Everywhere one passes he sees, through the graceful gratings of the *patios*, flowers, statues, fountains, suites of rooms, walls covered with arabesques, Arabian windows, and slender columns of precious marble; and at every window, in every garden, there are women dressed in white, half hidden, like timid nymphs, among the grapevines and rose bushes.

Passing from street to street I reached at last, on the bank of the Guadalquiver, a promenade called the Christina, which is to Seville what the Lungarno is for Florence. Here one enjoys an enchanted spectacle.

First I approached the famous Torre del Oro. This noted tower, called the Golden one, received its name either from the fact that it held the gold

which the Spanish ships brought from America, or because the King Don Pedro hid his treasures there. It is octagonal in shape, with three receding floors, crowned with battlements, and washed by the river. Tradition narrates that this tower was constructed by the Romans, and that the most beautiful favorite of the king lived there for some time, when the tower was joined to the Alcazar by a building that was destroyed to make place for the Christina promenade.

This promenade extends from the palace of the Duke of Montpensie to the Torre del Oro, and is entirely shaded by oriental plane trees, oaks, cypresses, willows, poplars, and other northern trees, which the Andalusians admire as we should admire the palms and aloes in the fields of Piedmont and Lombardy. A great bridge crosses the river and leads to the suburb of Triana, from which one sees the first houses on the opposite bank. A long row of ships, golettas (a species of light boat), and barks extend along the river ; and between the Torre del Oro and the duke's palace there is a continual coming and going of boats. The sun was setting. A crowd of ladies swarmed through the avenues, troops of workmen passed the bridge, the work on the ships increased, a band hidden among the trees was playing, the river was rose color, the air was filled with the perfume of flowers, and the sky seemed all aflame.

I reëntered the city and enjoyed the sight of Seville at night. The *patios* of all the houses were illuminated ; those of the smaller houses by a half light, which gave them a mysterious grace ; those of the palaces were filled with tiny flames, which made the mirrors gleam, the sprays of the fountain glisten

GOLDEN TOWER, SEVILLE.

like drops of quicksilver, and the marbles of the vestibules, the mosaics of the walls, the glass in the doors, and the crystals of the tapers, shine in a thousand colors. Within one saw a crowd of ladies, heard on all sides the sound of voices, laughter, and music. It seemed like passing through so many ball-rooms, for from every door there came a flood of light, fragrance, and harmony. The streets were crowded; among the trees on the squares, under the vestibules, at end of the alleys, on the balconies, and on every side one could see white skirts floating, disappearing, and reappearing in the shade; little heads ornamented with flowers peeping from the windows; groups of young men moving through the crowd with gay shouts; people saluting each other and talking from window to street; and on all sides a quickened pace, a bustle, laughter, and a carnival-like gaiety. Seville was nothing but an immense garden, in which a crowd filled with youth and love was revelling.

These moments are sad ones for a stranger. I remember that I was ready to dash my head against a wall. I wandered here and there half bewildered, my head drooping and my heart saddened, as if all those people were amusing themselves simply out of disrespect for my solitude and melancholy. It was too late to deliver any letters of introduction, too early to go to sleep. I was the slave of that crowd and gaiety, and I should have to bear it for many hours. I experienced a sort of relief in forcing myself not to look in the faces of the women, but I did not always succeed, and when my eyes encountered the dark pupils by chance, the wound was more bitter (because it was unexpected) than if I had dared the danger with a ready heart. I was

in the midst of those Sevillian women who are so tremendously famous! I saw them pass on the arms of their husbands and lovers, I touched their dresses, inhaled their perfume, heard the sound of their low sweet words, and the blood rushed through my head like a wave of fire. Fortunately I remembered having heard from a Sevillian at Madrid, that the Italian Consul was in the habit of spending the evening at the shop of one of his sons. I hunted up the establishment, found the Consul there, and presenting him with a letter from a friend, said to him in a dramatic tone which made him laugh: "Dear sir! please take charge of me, for Seville frightens me!"

At midnight the appearance of the city had not changed; there was still the same crowd and light; I returned to the hotel, and shut myself up in my own room with the intention of going to bed. Worse and worse! The windows of the room opened on a square where a crowd of people were swarming around a band which never stopped playing. When the music did cease at last, the guitars, shouts of water-venders, songs, and laughter began, and all night long there was uproar enough to wake the dead. I had a dream which was both delicious and tormenting at the same time, perhaps rather the latter, on the whole. I seemed to be tied to the bed by a long black braid twisted into a thousand knots, to feel on my lips a fiery mouth which took away my breath, and around my neck the vigorous little hands that were crushing my head against the handle of a guitar.

The following morning I went immediately to see the cathedral.

In order to describe this enormous building fit-

tingly, one ought to have ready a collection of the most extravagant adjectives and the most exaggerated similes which ever issued from the pens of the hyperbolical writers of all nations, every time they were obliged to depict something prodigiously high, monstrously broad, frightfully deep, and incredibly grand. Whenever I talk of it to my friends, involuntarily I too, like the Mirabeau of Victor Hugo, give *un colossal mouvement d'épaules*, swell my throat, and increase my voice, little by little, in imitation of Salvini in the tragedy of Samson, when with an accent that makes the parquette tremble, he says he feels his strength returning in his nerves. To talk of the Seville Cathedral wearies one like playing a great wind instrument, or keeping up a conversation from one bank to the other of a noisy stream.

The Cathedral of Seville stands alone in the middle of an immense square, and yet one can measure its size with a single glance. At the first moment, I thought of the famous speech made by the Chapter of the primitive church, in decreeing the construction of the new cathedral on the eighth of July, 1401. "Let us erect such a monument that posterity will say we were madmen." Those reverend gentlemen did not fail in their design. However, one must enter in order to convince one's self of this. The external appearance of the cathedral is grand and magnificent, but much less so than the interior. The façade is lacking; a high wall surrounds the entire edifice like a fortress. No matter how much one turns and looks at it, one is unable to impress upon the mind a single outline which, like the preface of a book, gives a clear conception of the design of the work; one admires it, and breaks out more than once with an exclamation: "It is wonderful!"

but still it does not satisfy, and one hastily enters the church, desirous of experiencing a more thorough feeling of admiration.

At your first entrance you are bewildered, feel as if you were wandering in an abyss, and for several moments do nothing but glance around you in that immense space, almost as if to assure yourself that your eyes are not deceiving nor your fancy playing you some trick. Then you approach one of the pilasters, measure it, and look at the more distant ones which, though as large as towers, appear so slender that it makes you tremble to think that the building is resting upon them. You traverse them with a glance from floor to ceiling, and it seems as if you could almost count the moments it would take for the eye to climb them. There are five naves, each one of which might form a church. In the centre one, another cathedral with its cupola and bell tower could easily stand. All of them together form sixty-eight bold vaulted ceilings, which seem to expand and rise slowly as you look at them. Every thing is enormous in this cathedral. The principal chapel, placed in the centre of the great nave, and almost high enough to touch the ceiling, looks like a chapel built for giant priests, to whose knees the ordinary altars would not reach. The paschal candle seems like the mast of a ship, and the bronze candlestick which holds it like the pilaster of a church. The choir is a museum of sculpture and chiselling which merits a day's visit. The chapels are worthy of the church, for they contain the masterpieces of sixty-seven sculptors and thirty-eight painters. Montanes, Zurbaran, Murillo, Valdes, Herrera, Boldan, Roëlas, Campana, have left there a thousand traces of their hand. The chapel of Saint Ferdinand, which

contains the sepulchres of this king and his wife Beatrice, of Alphonso the Wise, the celebrated minister Florida Blanca, and other illustrious personages, is one of the richest and most beautiful of all. The body of Ferdinand, who redeemed Seville from the dominion of the Arabs, clothed in his uniform, with crown and mantle, rests in a crystal casket, covered with a veil. On one side is the sword which he carried on the day of his entrance into Seville; on the other, a staff of cane, an emblem of command. In that same chapel is preserved a little ivory virgin, which the holy king carried to war with him, and other relics of great value. In the remaining chapels are other large marble altars, tombs in the Gothic style, statues in stone, wood, and silver, inclosed in broad crystal caskets, with breasts and hands covered with diamonds and rubies; and immense pictures, which, unfortunately, the faint light that falls from the high windows does not sufficiently illuminate to enable the visitor to admire all their beauties.

One always returns, however, from the inspection of the chapel pictures and sculpture to admire afresh the cathedral in its grand, and, if I may use the expression, formidable aspect. After having dashed up to those dizzy heights, the eye and mind fall back to earth, almost wearied by the effort, as if to take breath before climbing again. The images which fill your head, correspond with the vastness of the Basilica; they are immense angels, heads of monstrous cherubims, wings large as the sails of ships, and the waving of huge white mantles. It is a perfectly religious impression, not a sad one, which this cathedral produces upon you; it is the feeling that transports the thoughts into the interminable space and tremendous silence in which Leopardi's

thoughts were drowned. It is a feeling full of desire and daring ; the involuntary shudder which comes over one on the brink of a precipice ; the disturbance and confusion of great ideas ; the divine terror of the infinite.

As it is the most varied cathedral in Spain (because Gothic, Germanic, Græco-Roman, Arabian, and what is vulgarly termed *plateresque* architecture, have each left their imprint upon it), so is it also the richest and most privileged. In the time of the greater power of the clergy, twenty thousand pounds of wax were burned there every year ; five hundred masses were celebrated every day, upon eighty altars ; and the wine consumed in the sacrifice amounted to the incredible quantity of eighteen thousand seven hundred and fifty litres. The canons had a royal suite of servants, went to church in splendid carriages drawn by superb horses, and, while they celebrated mass, made the young priests fan them with enormous fans ornamented with feathers and pearls ; a privilege granted them by the pope, of which some of them take advantage even to-day. It is not necessary to speak of the fêtes of holy week, which are still famous all over the world, and to which people flock from every part of Europe.

The most curious privilege, however, of the Seville Cathedral, is the so-called dance of *los seises*, which takes place every evening at twilight, for eight consecutive days, after the festival of *Corpus Domini*. As I was at Seville during those days I went to see it, and I think it is worth describing. From what I had heard, I thought it must be a scandalous buffoonery, and I entered the church with my mind prepared for a feeling of indignation at the profanation of this sacred place.

The church was dark ; only the principal chapel was illuminated ; a crowd of kneeling women occupied the space between the chapel and the choir. Several priests were seated on the right and left of the altar ; before the steps was stretched a broad carpet ; and two rows of boys, from eight to ten years old, dressed like Spanish cavaliers of the mediæval age, with plumed hats and white stockings, were drawn up opposite each other in front of the altar. At a signal given by a priest, a low music from violins broke the profound silence of the church, and the boys moved forward with the steps of a contra-dance, and began to divide, interlace, separate, and gather again with a thousand graceful turns ; then all broke out together into a lovely and harmonious chant, which echoed through the darkness of the vast cathedral like the voice of a choir of angels, and a moment later they commenced to accompany the dance and chant with castanets. No religious ceremony ever moved me like this one. It is impossible to describe the effect produced by those small voices under that immense vault, the little creatures at the foot of the enormous altar, that grave and almost humble dance, the ancient costumes, prostrate crowd, and, all around, the darkness. I left the church with my soul as peaceful as if I had been praying.

A curious anecdote was told me apropos of this dance. Two centuries ago, an archbishop of Seville, who thought the contra-dances and castanets did not worthily praise the Lord, wished to prohibit the ceremony. A great tumult followed in consequence, the people rebelled, the canons raised their voices, and the archbishop was obliged to call the pope to his assistance. The pope, who was curious, desired to see the dance with his own eyes in

order to give his judgment in the matter. The boys, dressed like cavaliers, were taken to Rome, received at the Vatican, and made to dance and sing before his holiness. The pope laughed, did not disapprove of it, and wishing to satisfy the canons without displeasing the archbishop, decreed that the boys should dance until the clothes they had on were worn out; after which the ceremony might be considered as abolished. The archbishop smiled, and the canons laughed in their sleeves like people who had already discovered a way of outwitting both bishop and pope. In fact, they renewed one part of the boys' dress every year, so that it could never be said that the costume was worn out; and the archbishop who, as a scrupulous man, took the pope's order *au pied de la lettre*, could never make any opposition to the ceremony. So they continued to dance, do dance, and will dance as long as it pleases the canons and the good Lord.

Just as I was leaving of the church, a sacristan made me a sign, led me behind the choir, and pointed out a stone in the pavement, upon which I read an inscription that set my heart beating. Under the stone are buried the bones of Ferdinand Columbus, son of Christopher, born at Cordovo, died at Seville the 12th July, 1536, at the age of 50 years. Under the inscription are several Latin distiches which have the following signification:

"What does it avail that I should have bathed the entire universe with my sweat, that I should have traversed three times the New World discovered by my father, that I should have embellished the banks of the tranquil Beti, and preferred my simple tastes to riches in order to gather around thee the divinities of the Castalian spring, and offer thee the treas-

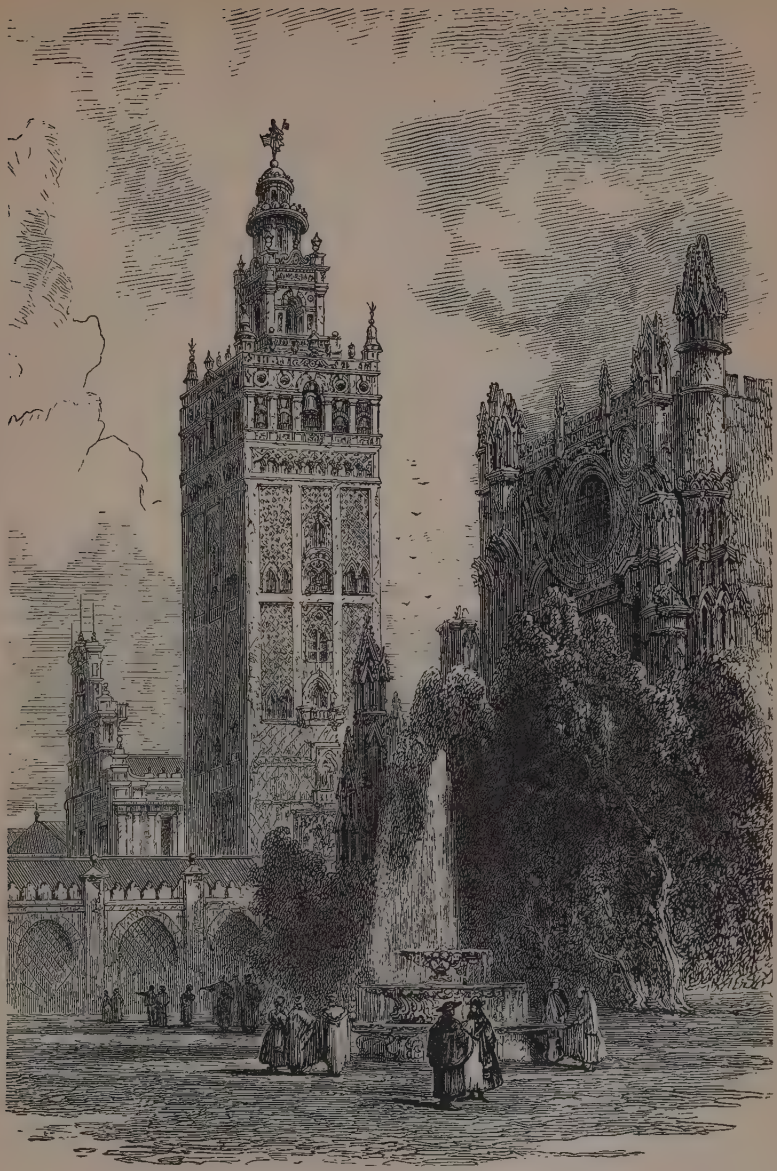
ures already gathered by Ptolemy, if thou, in passing silently over this stone, dost not give at least a greeting to my father and a slight thought to me?"

The sacristan who knew more about the matter than I did, explained the inscription to me. Ferdinand Columbus was, when very young, a page of Isabella the Catholic and the Prince Don John; he travelled in the Indies with his father and brother, the Admiral Don Diego; followed the Emperor Charles V in his wars; took other journeys in Asia, Africa, and America, and everywhere gathered with great care and expense most valuable books, with which he started a library, that after his death passed into the hands of the Chapter of the cathedral, and remains there still under the famous title of the Columbian Library. Before dying, he himself wrote the Latin distiches which one reads on the stone of his tomb, and manifested a desire to be buried in the cathedral. During the last moments of his life, he had a platter full of ashes brought to him, and covered his face with them, saying in the words of the Holy Scripture: *Memento homo quia pulvis es*, intoned the *Te Deum*, smiled, and expired with the serenity of a saint. Instantly I was seized with a desire to visit the library, and I left the church.

A guide stopped me at the door to ask if I had seen the *Patio de los Naranjos* (the Court of the Oranges), and having replied in the negative, he took me there. The Court of the Oranges is situated at the west of the cathedral, and surrounded by a great embattled wall. In the centre rises a fountain, encircled by a grove of orange trees, and on one side, near the wall, Vincent Ferrer is said to

have preached. In the space covered by this court, which is very large, rose the ancient mosque that is believed to have been erected toward the end of the twelfth century. No trace of it remains, however. Under the shade of the orange trees, on the edge of the fountain, the good Sevillians go to enjoy the fresh air *en las ardientes siestas del etsio;* and nothing remains which recalls the voluptuous paradise of Mahommed but the lovely verdure and the embalsamed air, with now and then some beautiful girl whose great black eyes dart glances at you as she flies through the distant trees.

The famous Giralda of the Seville Cathedral, is an old Arabian tower, built, so it is affirmed, in the year one thousand, after the design of the architect Gaver, inventor of algebra; modified in its upper portions after the conquest, and then changed into a Christian bell tower; but it is always Arabian in appearance, and decidedly prouder of the fallen standards of the vanquished than of the cross which the victors have recently placed upon it. It is a monument which produces a moral sensation; it makes one laugh; for it is as immense and imposing as an Egyptian pyramid, and at the same time as gay and lovely as the chiosk of a garden. It is a square brick tower, of a very beautiful rose color, quite bare up to a certain point, and from here up ornamented with little Moorish mullion windows, scattered here and there at random, and furnished with small balconies that produce a pretty effect. On the floor, upon which the variegated roof formerly rested, surmounted by an iron beam that supported four enormous gilt balls, rises the Christian bell tower, three floors in height; the first occupied by the bell, the second encircled by a balustrade,



THE GIRALDA, SEVILLE.

and the third formed by a species of cupola, upon which turns, like a weather vane, a colossal statue of gilt bronze, representing Faith, with a palm in one hand and a standard in another, visible at a great distance from Seville, and when the sun strikes it, gleaming like an enormous ruby, set in the crown of a Titan king, which is dominating with its eye the whole Andalusian valley.

I climbed the top, and there was amply repaid for the fatigue of the ascent. Seville, as white as a city of marble, encircled by a wreath of gardens, groves, and avenues, in the midst of a country scattered with villas, extends before the eyes in all its oriental beauty. The Guadalquiver laden with ships traverses and embraces it in one broad turn. Here the Torre del Oro mirrors its graceful form in the blue waters of the river, there the Alcazar raises its austere towers, farther away the Montpensier gardens thrust above the roofs of the buildings an immense mass of verdure. The glance penetrates the bull-circus, into the gardens of the squares, the *patios* of the houses, the cloisters of the churches, and into all the streets which converge around the cathedral. In the distance one discovers the villages of Santi-Ponce, Algaba, and others which gleam on the hill-sides; on the right of the Guadalquiver is the great suburb of Triana; on one side, far, far away, are the indented crests of the Sierra Morena; on the opposite side are other mountains varied by an infinite number of blue tints; and above this marvellous panorama lies the purest, most transparent and enchanting sky that ever smiled on the eye of man.

When I came down from the Giralda, I went to see the library, near the *Patio de los Naranjos*. After looking at a collection of missals, Bibles, and

precious manuscripts, one among which is attributed to Alfonso the Wise, entitled *The Book of the Treasure*, written with the greatest care in the old Spanish language, I saw—let me repeat it—I saw with my own moist eyes, and, pressing my hand on my heart which was beating quickly, I saw a book, a treatise on cosmography and astronomy, in Latin, with its margin covered by notes, in Christopher Columbus' hand. He had studied that book when he meditated upon the great design, had kept night watches over its pages, his divine forehead had perhaps touched them in those fatiguing nights when he had bent over that parchment in weary abandonment, and had bathed them with his sweat! It is a thought which makes one tremble! But there is something else too! I saw a writing in the hand of Columbus, in which are all the prophecies of the old sacred and profane writers about the discovery of the New World; a manuscript that he used, as it appears, to induce the sovereigns of Spain to furnish him with the means for his undertaking. There is, among other things, a passage from the *Medea* of Seneca, which says: *Venient annis sæcula seris, quibus oceanus vincula rerum laxet, et ingens Pateat tellus.* In the volume of Seneca, which is also in the Columbian Library, near the passage quoted, is an annotation by the son Ferdinand, that says: "This prophecy was verified by my father, the Admiral Christopher Columbus, in the year 1492."

My eyes filled with tears; I should like to have been alone to kiss those books, to weary myself by turning them over, and to have loosened a fragment to carry away with me as something sacred. Christopher Columbus! I have seen his writing! Have

touched the leaves which he has touched! Have felt him so near to me! On coming out of the library, I do not know why . . . I could have thrown myself into the flames to save a child, could have taken off my clothes to help a poor person, or would gladly have made any sacrifice, so rich was I.

After the library, the Alcazar; but before reaching the Alcazar, although it stands on the square with the cathedral, I realized for the first time what the sun of Andalusia really was. Seville is the hottest city in Spain during the warm hours of the day, and I happened to be in the warmest part of the town. There was an ocean of light there; not a window or door was open, nor a living soul to be seen; if I had been told that Seville was uninhabited, I should have believed it. I crossed the square slowly, with my eyes half closed, my face wrinkled up, the perspiration running in great drops down my cheeks and breast, and with my hands so wet that they seemed to have been dipped in a bowl of water. Near the Alcazar, I found a species of booth belonging to a water-vender, and I dashed under it with the precipitation of a man who is seeking shelter from a shower of stones. When I had recovered my breath I moved on toward the Alcazar.

The Alcazar, an ancient palace of the Moorish kings, is one of the best preserved monuments in Spain. Seen from the exterior it looks like a fortress, for it is entirely surrounded by high walls, embattled towers, and old houses, which form two spacious courts in front of the façade. The façade is bare and severe like the other exterior portions of the edifice. The door is ornamented with gilded and painted arabesques, among which one sees a Gothic inscription that refers to the time when the

Alcazar was restored by order of the king Don Pedro. The Alcazar, in fact, although an Arabian palace, is rather the work of Christian than of Arabian kings. Begun, it is not known in precisely what year, it was rebuilt by King Abdelasio toward the end of the twelfth century; taken possession of by King Ferdinand toward the middle of the thirteenth century; altered a second time in the following century, by Don Pedro; inhabited for more or less time by nearly all the kings of Castile; and, finally, chosen by Charles V in which to celebrate his marriage with the Infanta of Portugal. The Alcazar was the witness of the amours and crimes of three races of kings, and each of its stones awakens some memory or guards some secret.

One enters, crosses two or three rooms, in which nothing Arabian remains but the ceiling and some mosaics at the foot of the walls, and comes out on a court where one is struck dumb with amazement. A portico with elegant arches extends on four sides, supported by small marble columns, joined two by two; and the arches, walls, windows, and doors are covered with sculpture, mosaics, and intricate and delicate arabesques, sometimes perforated like a veil, in places as thick and close as woven carpets, in others projecting and hanging like bunches and garlands of flowers. Aside from the many-colored mosaics every thing is as white, clean, and gleaming as ivory. On the four sides are four great doors by which one enters the royal room. Here marvel is changed into enchantment. Every thing that is richest, most varied, and splendid, which the most ardent fancy could imagine, is to be found in these rooms. From the floor to the ceiling, around the doors, along the corners of the windows, in the most

distant recess, wherever the eye may chance to fall, appear such a multitude of gold ornaments and precious stones, such a close network of arabesques and inscriptions, such a marvellous confusion of designs and colors, that before one has taken twenty steps, he is stunned and confused, and the eye wanders here and there, almost as if searching for a bit of bare wall on which to take refuge and rest. In one of these rooms the custodian pointed out a reddish spot, covering a good part of the marble pavement, and said with a solemn voice :

" This is the trace of the blood of Don Fadrique, Grand Master of the Order of Santiago, killed in the same place in the year 1358, by order of the king Don Pedro, his brother."

I remember when I heard these words I looked the custodian in the face with the air of saying :

" Let us move on," and that the good man replied in a dry tone :

" Caballero, if I were to tell you to believe the thing on my word, you would be perfectly right to doubt it ; but when you can see the thing with your own eyes, I may be mistaken, but— it seems to me —"

" Yes," I hastened to say, " yes, it is blood, I believe it, I see it, don't let us talk any more about it."

If one can joke over a spot of blood, one cannot do so, however, about the tradition of that crime ; the appearance of the place awoke in my mind all the most horrible particulars. One seems to hear Don Fadrique's step resound through those gilded rooms, as he is being pursued by the archers armed with clubs ; the palace is immersed in gloom ; no other noise is heard save that of the executioners and their victim. Don Fadrique tries to enter the

court. Lopez de Padilla seizes him, he breaks away, is in the court, grasps his sword, maledictions on it! the cross of the hilt is entangled in the mantle of the Order of Santiago, the archers arrive, he has no time to draw it from its sheath, so flies here and there as best he can, Fernandez de Roa overtakes and fells him with a blow from his mace, the others fall upon and wound him, and he expires in a pool of blood.

This sad recollection is lost, however, amid the thousand pictures of the delicious life of the Arabian kings. Those lovely little windows, at which it seems as if the languid face of an Odalisk ought to appear at every moment; those secret doors, before which you stop, despite yourself, as if you heard the rustling of a dress; those sleeping-rooms of the sultans, immersed in a mysterious gloom, where fancy hears the sighing of the girls who lost their virginal purity there; the prodigious variety of colors and freizes, resembling a rapid and ever-changing symphony, exalt your senses to such a point that you are like one in a dream; that delicate and very light architecture, and little columns (which look like women's arms), the capricious arches, small rooms, ceilings, covered with ornaments that hang in the form of stalactites, icicles, and bunches of grapes —all rouse in you the desire to seat yourself in the middle of one of these rooms, pressing to your heart a beautiful dark Andalusian head, which will make you forget the world and time, and with one long kiss, that drinks away your life, put you to sleep forever.

On the ground-floor, the most beautiful room is that of the ambassadors, formed by four great arches which support a gallery of forty-four minor ones, and above, a lovely cupola that is sculptured, painted, and embroidered with an inimitable grace and fabu-

lous magnificence. On the first floor, where the winter apartments were, nothing remains but an oratory of Ferdinand and Isabella the Catholic, and a small room, which is said to be the one where the king Don Pedro slept. From here you descend by a narrow, mysterious staircase, into the rooms inhabited by the famous Maria di Padilla, a favorite of Don Pedro, whom popular tradition accuses of having instigated the king to fratricide.

The gardens of the Alcazar are not very large, nor extraordinarily beautiful; but the memories which they rouse are worth more than mere size or beauty. Under the shade of those oranges and cypresses, near the murmur of those fountains, when a great pure moon shone in that clear Andalusian sky, and the crowd of courtiers and slaves lay down to rest, how many long sighs of enamored sultanas were heard! how many humble words of proud kings! what stupendous loves and embraces! "Itimad! my love!" I murmured, thinking of the famous favorite of King Al-Motamid, and meanwhile I roamed from path to path, as if following her spirit;—"Itimad! Do not leave me alone in this silent paradise! Stop! Give me one hour of bliss this night! Dost thou remember? Thou camest to me, and thy lovely locks fell over my shoulders like a mantle; and as the warrior seizes his sword, so I seized thy neck, which was whiter and softer than a swan's! How beautiful thou wast! How my anxious heart sated its thirst on thy blood-colored lips! Thy beautiful body issued from thy splendidly embroidered robe, as a gleaming blade leaves the sheath; and then I pressed with both hands thy great hips and slender waist in all the perfection of their beauty! How dear thou art, Itimad! Thy

kiss is as sweet as wine, and thy glance, like wine, makes me lose my reason!"

While I was uttering my declaration of love in phrases and images taken from the Arabian poets, and just at the moment when I was entering a pathway lined with flowers, I felt a jet of water between my legs; I jumped back, received a dash in my face; turned to the right, a spray on my neck; to the left, another on the nape of my neck; then I began running, and there was water under me, over me, and on both sides of me, in jets, sprays, and showers, so that in an instant I was as wet as if I had been dipped in a tub. Just at the point when I was about to open my mouth and shout, I heard a loud laugh at the end of the garden; turned, and saw a young man leaning against a wall, who was looking at me, as much as to say: "Did you like it?" When I left, he showed me the spring he had touched in order to play that trick, and comforted me with the assurance that the Seville sun would not leave me long in that wet state, into which I had passed so brusquely, ah me! from the amorous arms of my sultana.

That evening, despite the voluptuous images which the Alcazar had roused in my mind, I was calm enough to be able to contemplate the beauty of the Sevillian women without being obliged to take refuge in the arms of the consul. I do not believe that there exist in any country women who are so thoroughly fitted to suggest the idea of abduction as the Andalusians, not only because they arouse the desire to commit all sorts of deviltries, but because they really seem created on purpose to be seized, bundled up, and hidden away, so small, light, plump, elastic, and soft are they. Their little feet

could easily be got into your coat-pocket, with one hand you could lift them by the waist as you would a doll, and by pressing them lightly with your finger, you could bend them as you would a reed. To their natural beauty is added the art of walking and looking at you in a way to turn your head. They slide, glide, and float along, and in a single moment, while passing you, they show you their foot, make you admire their arm or waist, display two rows of white teeth, shoot a long veiled glance at you which is transfixed and dies in yours, and then go on their way, confident of having raised a tumult in your breast.

In order to form an idea of the beauty of the women of the people, and of their dress, I went, on the following day, to the tobacco manufactory, which is one of the largest in Europe, and employs not less than five thousand operatives. The building is opposite the large gardens of the Duke de Montpensier ; the women are almost all in three immense rooms, divided into three parts, by three rows of pilasters. The first effect is stupendous. Eight hundred girls present themselves at once to your view. They are divided into groups of five or six, and are seated around work-tables, crowded together, those in the distance indistinct, and the last scarcely visible. They are all young, but few are children ; in all, eight hundred dark heads of hair, and eight hundred dusky faces from every province of Andalusia, from Jaen to Cadiz, and from Granada to Seville. You hear the buzzing that you would in a square full of people. The walls, from one end of the three rooms to the other, are covered with skirts, shawls, handkerchiefs, and scarfs, and, curiously enough, that whole mass of rags, which would be

sufficient to fill a hundred second-hand shops, presents two predominating colors, both continuous, one above the other, like the stripe of a flag. The black of the shawls is above the red of the dresses below, and mixed with the latter, are white, purple, and yellow, so that you seem to see an immense fancy costume shop, or a large dancing-room, in which the ballet girls, in order to obtain more freedom of movement, have hung every thing on the wall which is not absolutely necessary to cover them decently. The girls put on these dresses when they leave, but wear old things while at work, which, however, are white and red like the others. The heat being insupportable, they lighten their clothing as much as possible, so that among those five thousand there may be hardly fifty whose arms or shoulders the visitor will not have the opportunity of admiring at his leisure, without counting the exceptional cases which present themselves quite unexpectedly in passing from one room to the other, behind the doors, columns, or in distant corners. There are some very beautiful faces, and even those that are not absolutely beautiful, have something about them which attracts the eye and remains impressed upon the memory—the coloring, eyes, brows, and smile, for instance. Many, and especially the so-called *gitane*, are dark brown, like mulattoes, and have protruding lips; others have such large eyes that a faithful likeness of them would seem an exaggeration. The majority are small, well made, and all wear a rose, pink, or a bunch of field flowers among their braids. They are paid in accordance with the amount of work they do; the most skillful and industrious earn as much as three francs a day: the indolent ones, *las holgazanas*, sleep with their arms crossed on the

table and their heads resting on their arms. The mothers work while rocking the cradle by means of a rope tied to one leg. From the cigar-room you pass to that of the cigarettes, from the latter to that of the boxes, from this to the one of the packing cases, and everywhere you see rose-colored petticoats, black hair, and great eyes. In each of these rooms how many histories of love, jealousy, abandonment, and misery one might find! On coming out of the factory, you seem to see on every side, for a time, black pupils which look at you with a thousand different expressions of curiosity, ennui, sympathy, sadness, and drowsiness.

That same day I went to see the picture-gallery.

The museum of painting in Seville does not possess a great number of pictures; but those few are worth a large gallery. There are the masterpieces of Murillo, among which is the *St. Anthony of Padua*, called the most divinely inspired of his creatures, and one of the greatest marvels of human genius. I visited the museum with Signor Gonzalo Segovia and Ardizone, one of the most illustrious young men in Seville, and I wish that he was here beside my table to testify with his signature that when I looked at the picture I grasped him by the arm and uttered a cry.

Only once in my life have I experienced an emotion similar to that which seized me at the sight of this picture. It was on a beautiful summer night, the sky was full of stars, and the immense plain, which one could take in at a glance from the height where I stood, was wrapped in a profound silence. One of the noblest creatures whom I have ever known was beside me. A few hours before, we had read several pages in a book of Humboldt's. We

looked at the sky, and talked of the earth's motion, of the millions of worlds, and of the infinite, in that subdued tone of voice which comes involuntarily when one is speaking of such things at night, and in a silent place. At a certain time we became silent, and each one abandoned himself, his eyes gazing heavenward, to his own fancies. I do not know by what train of thought I was led to the point I reached, what mysterious effect was produced upon my heart, nor what I had seen or dreamed, but I know that suddenly a veil seemed to be rent before my mind, and I felt within me a perfect conviction of that which up to this time I had rather desired than believed. My heart expanded into a sentiment of supreme joy, angelic sweetness, and boundless hope ; a flood of scalding tears filled my eyes, and seizing that friendly hand which sought my own, I exclaimed from the depth of my soul : " It is true! It is true!" and began to cry like a child.

The *St. Anthony of Padua* caused the same emotion. The saint is kneeling in the middle of his cell ; the infant, Jesus, half veiled in a white, vaporous light, attracted by the force of his prayer, is descending into his arms, and St. Anthony, in a state of ecstacy, dashes forward with all his soul and body toward him, throwing back his head, the face radiant with an expression of gratitude. So great was the effect this picture produced upon me, that after a few moments' contemplation, I was as weary as if I had visited a great gallery, and was seized with a tremor which lasted as long as I remained in that room. I afterward saw the other great pictures of Murillo : a *Conception*, a *Saint Francis embracing Christ*, another *Vision of Saint Anthony*, and not less than twenty others, among which is the be-

witching and famous *Virgin of the Napkin*, painted by Murillo upon a real napkin, in the Convent of the Capucinos at Seville, to satisfy a desire expressed by the lay-brother who was serving him. It is one of his most delicate creations, into which he has thrown all the magic of his imimitable coloring; yet none of these pictures, although objects of marvel to all the artists of the world, could draw my thoughts and heart from that divine Saint Anthony.

There are also in that museum pictures by the two Herreras, Pacheco, Alfonso Cano, Paul de Cespedes, Valdes, and Mulato, who was Murillo's servant, and admirably imitated his style; and last of all, the famous great picture of the *Apotheosis of St. Thomas of Aquinas*, by Francis Zurbaran, one of the most eminent artists of the seventeenth century, surnamed the Spanish Caravaggio, perhaps superior to the latter in truth and moral sentiment, a powerful naturalist, vigorous colorist, and an inimitable depicter of austere monks, emaciated saints, pensive hermits, and terrible priests; and above all a poet who was not vanquished by penitence, solitude, and meditation.

After having showed me the picture-gallery, Signor Gonzalo Segovia took me through a number of little streets, to the famous *Francos* Street, which is one of the principal ones of the city, and stopping before the small shop of a clothes merchant, smilingly said:

"Look; doesn't this shop make you think of any thing?"

"Really, nothing."

"Look at the number."

"It is number fifteen; but what of that?"

"Oh, gracious!" exclaimed my amiable guide.

"Number fifteen,
On the left hand!"

"The shop of the *Barber of Seville!*" I cried.

"Exactly that," he replied, "the shop of the barber of Seville; but be careful, if you talk of it in Italy, not to take your oath on the matter, because traditions are often treacherous, and I do not wish to assume the responsibility of an historical assertion of so much importance."

At that moment the merchant came to the door, and divining the reason of our presence, laughed and said:—No está.—"Figaro is not here;" then graciously bowing, withdrew.

I begged Signor Gonzalo to show me a *patio*, one of those enchanting *patios* which, in looking at them from the street, had made me dream of so many delights.

"I wish to see at least one of them," I said to him; "I want to unravel its mysteries, to touch its walls, and to assure myself that it is a real thing, and not a vision." My desire was instantly gratified. We entered the *patio* of one of his friends. Signor Gonzalo told the servant the object of our visit, and we were left alone. The house had only one floor. The *patio* was not larger than an ordinary room; but was all marble and flowers, had a jet of water in the centre, pictures and statuary all around, and from roof to roof was stretched an awning to keep off the sun. In one corner was a work-table; here and there were chairs and footstools, upon which, perhaps, but a short time before, had rested the feet of some Andalusian, who was now peeping at us through the floats of the blind. I looked at every thing attentively, as I should have done in a house

abandoned by the fairies ; seated myself, closed my eyes, and imagined myself the master ; then rose, dipped my hand into the fountain, felt of a small column, went to the door, picked a flower, raised my eyes to the windows, laughed, gave a sigh, and said ;

" How happy the people who live here must be." At that moment I heard some one laugh, turned around, and saw two eyes (which instantly disappeared) gleaming behind the shutter.

" In truth," I said, " I did not believe that any one could live so poetically. To think that you enjoy these houses all through your life, and that you have any desire to rack your brains with politics ! "

Signor Gonzalo explained all the secrets of the house.

" All this furniture," he said, " these pictures, and vases of flowers disappear as autumn approaches, and go upstairs, which is the spring and winter dwelling-place. As summer draws near, beds, wardrobes, tables, chairs, and every thing are brought to the rooms on the ground-floor, and the family sleeps and eats here, receiving their friends, and working among the flowers and statuary to the murmur of the fountain. As the doors are left open at night, one sees from the sleeping rooms the *patio* illuminated by the moon, and perceives the odor of the roses."

" Oh, that 's enough," I exclaimed, "that 's enough ; Signor Gonzalo, have some pity for strangers ! " and both laughing heartily, we left the *patio* to go and see the famous *Casa de Pilatos.*

In passing through a solitary little street, I saw in the show-window of a hardware establishment a collection of such immensely long, broad knives that I was instantly seized by the desire to purchase

one. I entered ; twenty or more were spread out for my inspection, and I had them opened one by one. Every time a blade was opened I gave a step backward. I do not believe one can imagine a more horrible or barbarous-looking weapon than this. It has a copper, brass, or horn handle, is slightly curved, and cut in open work which shows little streaks of various-colored isinglass, opens with a noise like that of a rattle, and out comes a blade as broad as your hand, and two palms in length, in the shape of a fish, as sharp as a dagger, and ornamented with chasings colored red (so that they look like stains of congealed blood), and menacing and ferocious inscriptions. On one is written in Spanish : " Do not open me without cause, or close me without honor ; " on another : " Where I touch all is finished ; " on a third : " When this snake bites no physician is of any avail ; " and other pleasant mottoes of the same nature. The proper name of these knives is *navaja*, which also means razor, and the *navaja* is the weapon with which the common people fight their duels. Now, it has rather fallen into disuse, but once it was in great demand. There were masters in this art, each one of whom had his secret thrust, and the people fought duels in accordance with all the rules of the cavaliers. I purchased the most enormous *navaja* in the shop, and we continued our route.

The *Casa de Pilatos* belonging to the Medina-Cœli family, is, after the Alcazar, the most beautiful monument of Arabian architecture in Seville. The name came from the fact that the man who built it, Don Enriquez de Ribera, the first Marquis of Tarifa, had it copied after the dwelling of the Roman prelate, which he had seen at Jerusalem, where he had gone on a pilgrimage. The

external appearance of the house is simple; the interior is marvellous. You first enter a court, not less beautiful than the enchanting one of the Alcazar, girdled by a double row of arches supported by beautiful marble columns, which form two very light galleries, one above the other, and so delicate as to make one fear that the first breath of wind may destroy them. In the centre is a graceful fountain, upheld by four marble dolphins, and crowned by a head of Janus. The walls are ornamented, at their base, by dazzling mosaics; farther up, they are covered with every kind of capricious arabesque; and here and there open into beautiful niches which contain the busts of Roman emperors. At the four corners of the court rise four colossal statues. The rooms are worthy of the court; the ceilings, walls, and doors are sculptured, embroidered, beflowered, and covered with historical scenes, all executed with the delicacy of a miniature. In an old chapel of mixed Gothic and Arabian style, most elegant in form, is preserved a small pillar, little more than three feet in height, donated by Pius V to a descendant of the builder of the palace, who was at that time Viceroy at Naples; and it is to this pillar, according to tradition, that Jesus Christ was bound for his scourging; all of which proves that Pius V did not believe this, otherwise he would scarcely have committed the unpardonable error of depriving himself of such a valuable relic for the benefit of the first comer. The whole palace is filled with sacred associations. On the first floor, the custodian shows you a window that corresponds to that near which Peter was seated when he denied Jesus, and the little window from which the maid-servant recognized him. From the street you

see another window with a little stone balcony that occupies precisely the place of that where Jesus was shown to the people with a crown of thorns. The garden is full of fragments of ancient statues brought from Italy by this same Don Pedro Afan de Ribera, Viceroy of Naples. Among the other fibs which they tell about that mysterious garden is, that Don Pedro Afan de Ribera had placed there an urn, brought from Italy, which contained the ashes of the Emperor Trajan, and that some curious person having awkwardly overturned the urn, the emperor's ashes were scattered in the grass, and that no one ever succeeded in gathering them together again. Thus the august monarch, born at Italica, had returned, by a strange accident, to the neighborhood of his native city, not quite in a condition to go and meditate upon its ruins, it is true; but, nevertheless, he was near them.

After all I have jotted down, it may be said, not that I saw Seville, but that I began to see it. I stop here, however, because all things must have an end; so leave on one side the promenades, squares, gates, libraries, public palaces, houses of the grandees, gardens, and churches; confining myself to the remark that after having roamed about for several days from sunrise to sunset, I was obliged to leave Seville with my conscience overwhelmed by a feeling of remorse. I no longer knew which way to turn. I had reached such a stage of weariness, that the announcement of something new to see filled me with more alarm than pleasure. The excellent Signor Gonsalvo inspired me with courage, comforted me, and shortened my road by his very pleasant society; but the fact remains, that I only retain a very confused idea of the things seen during those last few days.

Seville, although it no longer deserves the glorious title of the Athens of Spain, as in the time of Charles V and Philip II (when, mother and hostess of a great and choice body of poets and painters, it was the seat of civilization and the arts of the vast empire of its monarchs), is always among the cities of Spain (with the exception of Madrid) the one where artistic life is most flourishing, as regards the greatest number of genuises, the labors of the patrons of art, and the nature of the people, who are passionately devoted to the fine arts. There is a flourishing academy of literature, a society for the protection of the arts, a famous university, and a body of sculptors and savants who have a great reputation in Spain.

The person most noted in literary circles at Seville is a woman, Catherine Bohl, the authoress of the novels which bear the name of Fernan Caballero, are very popular in Spain and America, have been translated into nearly all the languages of Europe, and are known also in Italy (where some of them were published a short time ago) by every one who is at all interested in foreign literature. They are admirable pictures of Andalusian life, full of truth, soul, and grace, and, above all, such a powerful, vigorous faith, such intrepid religious enthusiasm, and such ardent Christian charity, that the most sceptical man in the world would be touched by them. Catherine Bohl is a woman who would meet martyrdom with the firmness and serenity of St. Ignatius. The consciousness of her own strength reveals itself on every page. She does not confine herself to defending and preaching religion, but she assails, threatens, and denounces its enemies ; not alone the enemies of religion, but also every man and every thing

which is imbued with, to make use of a common phrase, the spirit of the age, because she never excuses any thing that has been done in the world from the time of the Inquisition to the present day, and is more inexorable than the Syllabus. This is, perhaps, her greatest defect as a writer, because her religious dissertations and invectives are too frequent, so that when they do not disgust one, they weary and prejudice him, rather than produce the desired effect. However, there is not the shadow of bitterness in her soul, and what she is in her books, that she is in her life : lovely, good, and charitable, and, therefore, is worshipped like a saint in Seville. She was born in that city, married very young, and is now a widow for the third time. Her last husband who was ambassador from Spain to London, killed himself, and from that day she has never left off her mourning. She is nearly seventy, was very beautiful, and her noble and serene face still bears the imprint of beauty. Her father, who was an extremely clever and cultivated man, made her learn several languages when she was young ; so that she understands Latin thoroughly, and speaks Italian, German, and French, with marvellous facility. Yet although the European and American newspapers and publishers make her large offers, she never writes at all now, but still does not lead an idle life. She reads from morning until night every kind of book, and while reading either knits or embroiders, because she feels that her literary studies ought not to take one moment from her feminine occupations. She has no children, lives in a solitary house, the best portion of which she has given up to a poor family, and she spends the greater part of her property on charity. One very curious trait of her character is

the strong affection she has for all kinds of animals; she has her house filled with birds, cats, and dogs; and she is so extremely sensitive in this regard that she has never been willing to put her foot into a carriage lest a horse should be whipped on her account. Every kind of suffering affects her as if it were her own; the sight of a blind man, a sick person, or of any species of misfortune, disturbs her for the entire day. She cannot go to sleep, if she has not first dried some weeping eyes, and she would gladly give up all her fame to save an unknown person from a heartache. Before the revolution she lived less alone; the Montpensier family received her with great honor; the most illustrious families of Seville vied with each other in entertaining her; but now she lives only among her books and a few friends.

During the time of the Arabs, Cordova took the first rank in literature, and Seville in music. Averroes said: "When a savant dies at Seville, and they wish to sell his books, they send to Cordova; but if a musician dies at Cordova, they send his instruments to Seville to be sold." Now Cordova has lost her literary prestige, and Seville has them both. Certainly these are no longer the days in which a poet, by singing of the beauty of a girl, could draw a crowd of lovers about her, from all parts of the kingdom; or one prince envied another simply because a poem had been written in his honor, which was more beautiful than any he himself had inspired; or a caliph rewarded the author of a fine national hymn with a present of a hundred camels, a band of slaves, and a golden vase; or when an ingenious strophe, improvised at the right moment, loosened the chains of a slave, or saved the life of one condemned to death,—those days, when musicians

walked through the streets of Seville followed by a train of monarchs, or the favor of poets was sought like that of the kings, and the lyre was more feared than the sword. Yet the Sevillians are still the most poetical people in Spain. The bon-mot, the term of endearment, and the expression of joy and enthusiasm burst from their lips with a bewitching grace and spontaneity.

The common people of Seville improvise verses, talk so that they seem to be singing, gesticulate as if they were declaiming, and laugh and frolic like children. One never grows old at Seville. It is a city where life melts away in a continuous smile, without any other thought than that of enjoying the beautiful sky, lovely houses, and luxurious gardens. It is the most quiet city in Spain; is the only one, in fact, which, from the revolution up to the present time, has not been agitated by any of those sad political demonstrations which have convulsed the others. Politics do not extend beyond the surface; they spend their time in making love, take every thing else as a joke (*todo lo toman de broma*, as the other Spaniards say of the Sevillians); and, in truth, with that perfumed air, those small streets, like oriental cities, and the little women full of fire, why should they trouble themselves about any thing? They are badly spoken of at Madrid, where it is said that they are vain, false, changeable, and given to gossip. It is nothing but jealousy! The Madrid people envy them their happy temperament, the sympathy which they inspire in strangers, their girls, poets, painters, orators, Giralda, Alcazar, Guadalquiver, life, and history! At least so the Sevillians declare, while beating themselves on the breast, and sending out a cloud of smoke from their inseparable *cigarrito;* and

their beautiful little women revenge themselves on those of Madrid and the rest of the world, by speaking with a contemptuous pity of the long feet, large waists, and dead eyes, which in Andalusia would not be honored by a glance or sigh. They are a beautiful and amiable people, in truth, but, alas! one must look at the other side of the picture. Superstition reigns, and there are few schools (as is the case throughout almost all of Southern Spain), which is, in part, their own fault, and partly not; but, perhaps, they are most to blame in the matter.

The day fixed for my departure arrived most unexpectedly. It is strange, but I scarcely remember any of the particulars of my life in Seville. It is quite a marvel if I can tell myself where I dined, what I talked about to the consul, or how I passed the evenings, and why I arranged to leave on a certain day. I was not quite myself, and was really bewildered during my entire sojourn in that city. Aside from the museum and *patio*, my friend Segovia must have found that I knew very little; and now, I do not know why, I think of those days as a dream. No other city has left upon me so vague an impression as Seville. Even to-day, while I am very sure of having been at Saragossa, Madrid, and Toledo, sometimes in thinking of Seville, I am seized by a doubt. It seems to me like a city much farther away than the last boundaries of Spain, and that to return to it I should be obliged to travel for months, cross unknown territories, great seas, and meet people quite different from us. I think of the streets of Seville, of certain little squares and houses, as I would think of spots on the moon. At times the image of that city passes before my eyes, without my mind being able to grasp it at all; I see it in smelling an orange

with my eyes closed ; and in taking the air at certain hours of the day, at a garden gate ; or in humming a melody which I heard sung by a boy on the staircase of the Giralda. I cannot explain this secret to myself, for I think of it as I would do of a city still to be seen, and I enjoy looking at the pictures and books I purchased there, because they are the things which prove to me that I have been there.

A month ago I received a letter from Segovia, which said to me : "Come back to us ;" which gave me great pleasure, but I laughed, at the time, as if some one had written : " Take a trip to Pekin." It is just for this reason that Seville is dearer to me than all the cities of Spain ; I love it as I should an unknown woman, who, in passing through a mysterious thicket, had given me a glance and thrown me a flower. How many times when a friend shakes me, saying : " What are you thinking about ?" (whether it be in the parquet of a theatre or in a café) I am forced, in order to return to him, to leave Maria de Padilla's little room, a boat that is gliding under the shade of the plane trees on the Christina promenade, the shop of Figaro, or the vestibule of a *patio* filled with flowers, sprays of water, and lights !

I embarked on a ship of the Segovia Company, near the Torre del Oro, at an hour when Seville was buried in a profound slumber, and a burning sun covered it with a sea of light. I remember that a few moments before our departure, a young fellow came on board to look for me, and handed me a letter from Gonzalo Segovia, which contained a sonnet, that I still preserve as one of the most precious mementoes of Seville. On the boat was a company of Spanish singers, an English family, some work-

men, and children. The captain, like a good Andalusian, had a kind word for all. I instantly began a conversation with him. My friend Gonzalo is a son of the owner of the ship; we talked of the Segovia family, Seville, the sea, and a thousand pleasant things. Ah! poor man, he was far from thinking that a few days later that unfortunate ship would have gone down in mid ocean, and he would have come to such a terrible end! It was the *Guadaira* which burst its boiler a short distance from Marseilles, on the 16th of June, 1872.

At three o'clock the ship started for Cadiz.

CHAPTER X.

CADIZ.

THAT evening was the most delightful of all my journey.

Shortly after the steamer had started, there rose one of those light breezes which play, like the hand of a child, with the bow of the cravat and hair on one's temples; and from bow to stern came the voices of women and children, as is always the case with a party of friends at the first snap of the whip which announces the departure for a gay trip into the country. All the passengers gathered at the stern under an awning as variegated as a Chinese pavilion, some sitting on the cordage, some stretched out on benches, others leaning over the railing, and all turning toward the Torre del Oro, to enjoy the famous and enchanting sight of Seville as it withdraws and disappears from view. Some women's faces were still bathed with the farewell tears, the children were still bewildered by the noise of the machinery, and some ladies had not yet finished scolding the porters because they had ill-treated their trunks; but a few moments later all grew quiet, began eating oranges, lighting cigars, passing small flasks of liquor, entering into conversation with strangers, humming and laughing, and in a quarter of an hour we were all friends. The

ship glided with the ease of a gondola over the quiet and limpid waters which reflected like a mirror the white dresses of the ladies, and the air brought us the odor of oranges from the groves on the shore peopled with villas. Seville was hidden behind its girdle of gardens; and we could only see an immense mass of very green trees, above them the black pile, the cathedral, and the Giralda, all rose-color, surmounted by its statue flaming like a tongue of fire. As we got farther and farther away, the cathedral appeared grander and more majestic, as if it were keeping behind the ship and gaining on us; now it seemed, although following us, to withdraw from the shore; now that it was astride the river; one moment, appeared to have suddenly returned to its place, and an instant later was apparently so near as to make one suspect that we were going back. The Guadalquiver wound along in short curves, and Seville appeared and disappeared, according to the direction the steamer took. Now it peeped out on one side as if it had stretched beyond its boundary; now sprang suddenly above the groves, gleaming like a height covered with snow; then showed some white streaks here and there among the green, and hid itself again, playing all sorts of coquettish tricks like a capricious woman. Finally it disappeared and we saw it no more; then only the cathedral remained. At this point every one turned to look at the shore. We seemed to be floating on the lake of a garden. Here was a hill covered with cypress, there a flowery slope, farther on a village scattered along the bank; under the arbors in the gardens, or on the terraces of the villas were ladies looking at us through opera-glasses. Here and there were families of peasants dressed in

bright colors, sail-boats, and naked boys who were diving and tumbling about in the water, screaming, and waving their hands at the ladies on the ship, who straightway covered their faces with their fans. Some miles from Seville, we met three steamers quite close to each other. The first came upon us so suddenly, in a turn of the river, that I, unaccustomed to that style of navigation, feared for a moment there would be no time to avoid a collision. The two boats passed so near as almost to touch each other, and the passengers on both saluted one another, threw oranges and cigars, and exchanged messages for Seville and Cadiz.

My travelling companions were almost all Andalusians; so that after an hour's conversation, I knew them from the first to the last, as if they had been friends of my childhood. Each one instantly told those who would listen, and those who would not, who he was, how old he was, what he was doing, where he was going, and some even mentioned how many sweethearts they had had, and the number of pecetas in their purses. I was taken for a singer, and this will not seem strange to any one who knows that in Spain the people believe three-quarters of the Italians gain their livelihood by singing, dancing, and acting. A gentleman, seeing that I had an Italian book in my hand, asked me point-blank:

"Where did you leave the company?"

"What company?" I said.

"Oh, are you not the one who was singing with Fricci at the Theatre of the Zarzuela?"

"I am sorry; but I have never been on the boards of a theatre."

"Indeed; then I must say that the second tenor and you are as much alike as two drops of water."

"Is that so?"

"Pray, pardon me."

"Don't mention it."

"But you are an Italian?"

"Yes."

"Do you sing?"

"I regret to say that I do not."

"That 's curious. To judge from the formation of your neck and chest, I should have said that you ought to have a powerful tenor voice."

I struck my chest and throat, and replied:

"That may be; I will try; one never can tell. I possess two of the necessary qualities: I am an Italian, and have the throat of a tenor; perhaps the voice may come."

At this point the prima donna of the company, who had overheard the dialogue, took part in the conversation, and all the rest of the company followed her example.

"The gentleman is Italian?"

"At your service."

"I ask because I want a favor done. What is the meaning of those two lines in 'Trovatore'?"

"Non può nemmeno un Dio
Donna rapirti a me."

(Not even a God can take you from me.)

"Is the lady married?"

All began laughing.

"Yes," replied the prima donna; "but why do you ask?"

"Because—not even a God can take you from me, is what your husband, if he has two good eyes in his head, ought to say to you every morning and every evening.

"*Ni Dios mismo podria arrancármela.*"

The others laughed; but the prima donna thought this fancied pride of her husband so strange, this affirming himself secure even from a God, while perhaps she knew that she had not always been wise enough to avoid the men, that she barely returned my compliment with a smile to show me that she had understood it. Then she immediately asked me the explanation of another verse, after her the baritone, after the baritone the tenor, and after the tenor the second lady; so that for some time I did nothing but turn bad Italian verses into the worst Spanish prose, to the great satisfaction of those good people who, for the first time, were able to say that they comprehended a little of what they had been singing with the air of understanding thoroughly. When every one knew as much as he desired, the conversation broke up. I remained sometime with the baritone, who hummed me an aria of the Zarzuela; then I attached myself to one of the chorus, who told me that the tenor was making love to the prima donna; then I drew the tenor aside, and he betrayed to me the little secrets of the baritone's wife; after which I talked with the prima donna, who, in her turn, said the most horrible things of the whole troupe; yet they were all great friends, and meeting each other in the promenade up and down on deck, the men pinched one another, the women threw kisses, and all exchanged glances and smiles that revealed secret understandings. Some sang the gamut here, others hummed there, one did a trill in this corner, and another tried *do* in the chest, which ended in a rattle, and meanwhile they all talked together of a thousand trifles. Finally, the bell rang and we rushed to table with the

impetuosity of so many officers invited to a grand dinner given in honor of the unveiling of a monument. At that dinner, amid the cries and shouts of all those people, I drank, for the first time, a glass of that strong wine of Jerez, whose praises are sung at the four corners of the globe. I had scarcely swallowed it before I felt a spark running through my veins, and my head became as heated as if it were full of sulphur. All the others drank, were seized with an unbridled spirit of gaiety, and indulged in an irresistible style of conversation. The prima donna began talking Italian; the tenor, French; the baritone, Portuguese; the others, in dialect; and I, in every language. Then followed the toasts, songs, cheers; glances, pressure of hands above the table, touching of feet underneath, and the declarations of sympathy were exchanged in all directions like the impertinences in Parliament, when the Right and the Left get disputing. At the close of the dinner, all went on deck, in the best of spirits, quite enveloped in the smoke of cigarettes. There in the light of the moon, which made the river look like silver, and covered the groves and hillsides with a very soft light, the conversation grew noisier than before. After the conversation came the songs, not little airs of the Zarzuela, but from grand operas with flourishes, duets, terzettes, and choruses, accompanied by gestures and stage strides, interspersed with the declamation of verses, anecdotes, tales, loud laughter, and great applause; until breathless and worn out all were silent. Some fell to sleep with upturned faces, some went to crawl under cover, and the prima donna seated herself in a corner to look at the moon. The tenor snored, and I made the most of this opportunity to have a little air of the

Zarzuela sung to me : *El Sargento Federico.* The courteous Andalusian did not wait to be begged, but sang immediately ; suddenly, however, she stopped and bowed her head. I looked at her and she was weeping. I asked her what was the matter, to which she sadly replied : " I was thinking of a perjury." Then burst out into a laugh, and began singing again. She had a flexible, harmonious voice, and sang with a tender sadness. The sky was studded with stars, and the boat glided along so smoothly that it scarcely seemed to move. I thought of the gardens of Seville, the not distant Africa, of a dear one who was awaiting me in Italy, became lachrymose, and when the woman stopped singing, said to her :

" Sing on "—for

> " Mortal tongue can never tell
> That which I felt within my breast."

At daybreak the boat was on the point of entering the ocean, the river was immensely broad, the right bank hardly looked, in the distance, like a strip of land, beyond which shimmered the waters of the sea. Some instants thereafter, the sun appeared above the horizon, and the ship left the river. Then such a spectacle spread out before our eyes that, if one could combine in a single representative art poetry, painting, and music, I believe that Dante with his greatest imageries, Titian with his most gleaming colors, and Rossini with his most powerful harmonies, would not have succeeded in producing its magnificence and fascination. The sky was a marvellous blue without a single cloud, and the sea so beautiful that it looked like an immense carpet of

shining satin, and shone on the crests of the little waves which the light wind caused, as if it were covered with azure gems. It formed mirrors and luminous streaks, sent out in the distance flashes of silvery light, and displayed, here and there, tall white sails, resembling the floating wings of gigantic fallen angels. I have never seen such vivid coloring, wealth of light, freshness, transparency, and purity of water and sky. It seemed like one of those dawns of the creation which the fancy of poets have depicted as being so pure and gleaming that ours are like a pale reflexion in comparison to them. It was more than the mere awakening of nature and the rousing of life; it was like a fête, a triumph, a rejuvenation of creation, which felt a second breath of God expanding itself into the infinite.

I went down to fetch my opera-glasses, and when I got on deck I saw Cadiz.

The first impression it produced was that of doubt as to whether it really was a city or not; then I laughed and turned toward my travelling companions with the air of a person who wished to be assured that he was not deceived. Cadiz looks like an island of plaster. It is a great white spot in the midst of the sea, without a dark shading, a black point, or a single shadow upon it; a spot very pure and white, like a hill covered with driven snow, which stands out against a beryl and turquoise-colored sky, in the midst of a vast watery plain. A long narrow strip of ground joins it with the mainland, and it is bathed on all sides by the sea, like a ship ready to set sail and only fastened to the shore by a cable. Little by little we could distinguish the outlines of the bell towers, the shapes of the houses, and the openings of the streets. Every thing

seemed whiter and whiter as we approached it, and as long as I looked at it through my glasses, I was unable to discover the smallest black spot on the buildings around the harbour or in the most distant suburbs. We arrived in port, where there were only a few ships at a great distance from each other. I got into a boat without even taking my valise with me (because I was to leave that same evening for Malaga), and so great was my desire to see the city, that when the boat touched the shore, I jumped too soon, and fell to the ground like a dead body which still feels, alas! the pains of a live one.

Cadiz is the whitest city in the world; and it is useless to contradict me by saying that I have not seen all the cities, for I am right in declaring that a city whiter than one which is completely and superlatively white, cannot exist. Cordova and Seville do not compare with Cadiz; they are as white as paper, but Cadiz is as white as milk. In order to give an idea of it, one could not do better than write the word "white" with a white pencil on blue paper, and make a note on the margin: "Impressions of Cadiz." Cadiz is one of the most extravagant and graceful of human caprices. Not only are the external walls of the house white, but the houses themselves, their courts, walls of the shops, the stone seats, pilasters, the most remote corners, darkest houses of the poor, or most unfrequented streets. In fact, every thing is white from attic to cellar, wherever the point of a brush can reach, even to the holes, cracks, and birds' nests. In each house there is a deposit of lime, and every time the scrutinizing eye of its inmates discovers a small spot, they make a raid with the brush and it is covered. No servant who does not understand whitewashing is received

in any family. A scratch of charcoal on the walls is a scandalous thing, an attempt to disturb the public peace, and an act of vandalism. You may wander about the entire city, look behind all the doors, poke your nose into every hole, and you will find nothing but that everlasting white.

Yet, despite this fact, Cadiz does not resemble in the slightest degree the other Andalusian cities. Its streets are long and straight, the houses high, and without the *patios* of Cordova and Seville. The city, however, does not strike the stranger less agreeably on this account. The streets are straight, but very narrow, so that, as they are very long too, and most of them cross the whole city, one can see, at the end, as through the crack of a door, a small strip of sky, which almost makes it look like a city built on the top of a mountain, cut into points on all sides. Moreover; the houses have a large number of windows, and every window is furnished, as at Burgos, with a species of projecting enclosed balcony, which rests on that of the window above, and supports the one of the window below; so that in many streets the houses are completely covered with glass. You hardly see a bit of wall, and seem to be walking through the corridor of an immense museum. Here and there, between the houses, project the superb branches of a palm; in every square there is a luxurious mass of verdure; and at all the windows there are tufts of grass and bunches of flowers.

In truth, I was far from imagining that it could be so gay and smiling,—this terrible and unfortunate Cadiz, burned by the English in the sixteenth century, bombarded at the end of the eighteenth, devastated by the plague, and then entertainer of the fleets of Trafalgar, the seat of the revolutionary

Junto during the War of Independence, the theatre of horrible massacres in the revolution of 1820, the standard-bearer of the revolution which drove the Bourbons from the throne, is always restless and turbulent, and the first of all to give the war-cry. Nothing remains to tell the tale of all these struggles and vicissitudes but cannon balls buried in the walls, for over the other traces of destruction has passed the inexorable brush, which covers every shame with a white veil. As in the case of the latest wars, neither are there any traces of the Phœnicians who founded it, or of the Carthaginians and Romans who embellished it, unless one chooses to consider as a trace the tradition which says: "Here rose a temple to Hercules, there rose one to Saturn." But time has done something worse than take from Cadiz its ancient monuments. It robbed her of commerce and wealth, after Spain lost her possessions in America; and now Cadiz lies inert on her solitary rock, awaiting in vain the thousand ships which used to come, gaily beflagged, to bring her the tributes of the New World.

I had a letter of introduction for our consul, carried it to him, and was courteously taken by him to the top of one of the towers, from which I could take in the whole city at a glance. It was a novel and intense surprise! Cadiz, seen from a height, is white; yes, as perfectly, purely white as when seen from the sea. There is not a roof in the entire city. Every house is closed at the top by a terrace surrounded by a white-washed parapet. From almost all these terraces rises a small tower, white, too, which, in its turn, is surmounted by another terrace, cupola, or species of sentinel's box; every thing white. All these little cupolas, points,

and battlements, which form a curious and very varied outline around the city, stand out and appear whiter still against the blue of the sea. The eye traverses the entire isthmus joining Cadiz to the mainland, takes in a long stretch of the distant coast, upon which gleam the cities of Puerto real and Puerto Santa Maria, together with villages, churches, and villas, and sweeps over the harbor, ocean, and a very beautiful sky which vies with the sea in clearness and light.

I could not gaze long enough at that strange city. By half-closing the eyes, it looked as if covered with an immense sheet. Every house seems to have been built like an astronomical observatory. The entire population, in case the sea should inundate the city, could betake itself to the terraces, and remain there (barring the fright) in ease and comfort. I was told that, a few years since, on the occasion of some eclipse, this spectacle was witnessed. The seventy thousand inhabitants of Cadiz all climbed on to the terraces to watch the phenomenon. The city, from being all white, became a thousand colors; every terrace was crowded with heads, so that one could see at a glance quarter after quarter, and the entire population, in fact. A low, diffused murmur arose, like the roar of the sea, and a great movement of arms, fans, and spy-glasses, turned upward, made it appear as if all were awaiting the descent of an angel from the sphere of the sun. At a certain moment there was a profound silence; when the eclipse was over, the entire population uttered a shout that seemed like a burst of thunder; and, a few moments thereafter, the city became white again.

I descended from the tower to visit the cathedral, an immense marble edifice of the sixteenth century,

which certainly cannot be compared with those of Burgos and Toledo, but still of a bold and noble architecture, and rich, like all the Spanish churches, in every kind of treasure. I went to see the convent where Murillo, while painting a picture above the high altar, fell from the scaffolding and received the injury which caused his death. I took a run through the picture-gallery, containing some beautiful works by Zurbaran. I entered the bull-circus, which is entirely of wood, and was built in a few days in order to offer a spectacle to Queen Isabella. Toward evening I took a walk on the delicious promenade along the sea-shore, among the oranges and palms, where the most beautiful and elegant women of the town were pointed out to me. In my humble opinion (whatever that of the Spaniards may be), the feminine type of Cadiz was not less attractive than that celebrated one at Seville. The women are a little taller, a trifle stouter, and rather darker. Some fine observer has asserted that they are of the Greek type; but I cannot see where. I saw nothing, with the exception of their stature, but the Andalusian type; and this sufficed to make me heave sighs deep enough to have blown along a boat, and oblige me to return as soon as possible to my ship, as a place of peace and refuge.

When I went on board, it was night; the heavens were twinkling with stars; and the breeze brought, now and then, snatches of music from the band playing on the promenade at Cadiz. The singers were sleeping; I was alone, and the sight of the city lights, that music, and the recollection of the beautiful faces of the Cadiz women, made me melancholy. I did not know what to do with myself; so went below, siezed my note-book, and began the

description of Cadiz. However, I only succeeded in writing a dozen times the words: white, blue, snow, splendor, colors; after which I sketched the little figure of a woman, and then closed my eyes and dreamed of Italy.

CHAPTER XI.

MALAGA.

THE following day, at sunset, the ship crossed the Strait of Gibraltar.

Now, in looking at this point on the map, it seems so near home, that I ought not to hesitate one moment (if the desire seized me, and my domestic exchequer would permit) to pack my valise, and start for Genoa to go and enjoy once again the beautiful view of the two continents. At that time, however, I seemed to be so far away, that, having written a letter to my mother, on the railing of the ship, with the intention of giving it to some passenger getting off at Gibraltar, to mail, while addressing it I laughed at my good faith, as if it were almost impossible that the letter should reach Turin. "From here!" I thought; "from the pillars of Hercules!" and I said the pillars of Hercules as I should have said the Cape of Good Hope or Japan.

". . . . . I am on the ship *Guadaira*,—I have at my back the ocean, and before me the Mediteranean; on the left, Europe, and on the east, Africa. I see on one side the Cape of Tarifa, and, on the right, the mountains of the African coast, which seem a little indistinct, like a gray cloud. I see Ceuta; a little beyond, Tangiers; and, in a line with the ship, the rock of Gibraltar. The sea is as quiet as a lake, and

the sky rose- and gold-color. Every thing is peaceful, beautiful, and magnificent, and I feel in my mind an inexplicable and very sweet confusion of grand ideas which, if they could be translated into words, would come out in a joyous prayer begun and ended with thy name . . . . . "

The ship stopped in the Gulf of Algesiras ; the entire troupe of singers got into a great boat which had come from Gibraltar, and moved off waving their fans and handkerchiefs as a salute. When we started again, night was falling. Then I could measure on every side with my eye that enormous pile of rock, Gibraltar. At first it seemed as if we should leave it behind us in a few moments, but it was hours before we did so. Little by little, as we approached each other, it increased in size, presenting some new aspect at every moment. Now the profile of a huge monster, now the form of an immense ladder, now the shape of a fantastic castle, now a shapeless mass, like a monstrous aërolite, fallen from a world destroyed in a battle of worlds. Then it presented gradually, behind a tall point resembling an Egyptian pyramid, a protuberance as large as a mountain, with clefts and rocks cut in points on very long curves which were lost to the eye on the level. It was night ; the rock defined its dark contours as clearly and distinctly against the moonlit sky, as a bit of black paper on a pane of glass. We could see the lighted windows in the English barracks, the sentinels' boxes on the summits of the aërial crags, and some uncertain outlines of trees, that hardly looked as large as a tuft of grass on the nearest rocks. For a long time it seemed as if the boat were not moving, or that the rock was following us, so near was it always ; then,

little by little, it began to increase in size; but our eyes grew weary of gazing, before the rock did of threatening us with its fantastic transfigurations. At midnight, I gave a last salute to that formidable dead sentinel of Europe, and then crept into my small nest.

I awoke at day-break, a few miles from the harbor of Malaga.

The city of Malaga, seen from the port, presents an agreeable appearance, not wholly without grandeur. On the right is a rocky mountain, upon whose summit and down one of whose sides are the blackened ruins of the Castle of Gibralfaro, famous for the desperate resistance offered by the Moors to the army of Ferdinand and Isabella the Catholic; and on the slopes of the mountain is the cathedral, which rises majestically above all the surrounding buildings, lancing toward heaven, as a bold poet would say, two beautiful towers and a very high bell tower. Between the castle and the church, and in front and on the sides of the mountain, there is a multitude, or, to expresss myself à la Victor Hugo, a canaille of smoky houses, placed one above the other, at random, as if they had been thrown down like rocks from a height. On the left of the cathedral, along the shore, is a row of houses, ash, violet, and yellowish in color, with a white line around the windows and doors, which remind one of the villages on the Ligurian Riviera. Beyond lies a garland of green and reddish hills, that enclose the city like the walls of an amphitheatre; on the right and left, along the sea-shore, are other mountains, hills, and rocks, as far as the eye can reach. The harbor is almost deserted, the sea-shore quiet, and the sky very clear.

PORT, QUAY, AND CATHEDRAL, MALAGA.

Before landing, I took leave of the captain, who was to pursue his journey to Marseilles; bade farewell to the boatswain and passengers, telling them all that I would be at Valencia on just the day the ship arrived, and that, therefore, I would embark with them again to go on to Barcelona and Marseilles. The captain said, "We shall expect you," and the steward promised to save a place for me. How many times since then have I remembered the last words of those poor people!

I landed at Malaga, with the intention of leaving that same evening for Granada. The interior of the city contains nothing of note. Aside from the new part, which occupies the space formerly covered by the sea, and is built like modern places, with broad straight streets and great bare houses, the rest of the city is a labyrinth of tortuous streets, and a conglomeration of houses without color, without *patios*, without grace. There are some spacious squares, with gardens and fountains, some columns and arches of Arabian edifices, but no modern monument, much filth, and not many people. The environs are very beautiful, and the climate milder than Seville.

At Malaga I had a friend, whom I looked up, and we passed the day together. I had a curious bit of information from him. Here there is a literary academy composed of more than eight hundred members, in which they celebrate the anniversaries of all the great writers, and twice a week there is a public lecture on the subject of science or literature. That very evening a solemn festival was to be held. Some months previous, the Academy had offered a premium of three beautiful gold flowers, enameled in various colors, for the three poets who should compose the best ode on Progress, the best romance on the re-

covery of Malaga, together with the best satire against one of the commonest vices of modern civil society. There had been a competition among all the poets of Spain, the poems had rained in promiscuously, a jury had secretly judged them, and that same evening the verdict was to be given. The ceremony was to be celebrated with great pomp; the archbishop, governor, the commandant of the navy, the consuls, and the most prominent personages of the city in evening dress and scarfs, and a great number of ladies in full toilette, were to take part. The three most beautiful muses of the city were to be present on a sort of stage decked with flags and garlands, each one to open a parcel containing the prize poem, and proclaim three times the name of the author. If the author responded he was to be invited to read his verses, and receive the flower; if he did not respond, they were to read them. In the whole city nothing was talked of but the Academy. They conjectured the names of the winners, predicted marvels in all three poems, and praised the decoration of the hall. This poetical festival, to which they give the name of *juegos florcales*, had not been celebrated in ten years. Others may judge whether these competitions and these grand preparations are injurious to poetry and poets. For my part, no matter how doubtful and fleeting may be the literary glory bestowed by the sentence of a jury and the homage of a bishop or a governor, I think that the receipt of a gift of a golden flower from the hand of a beautiful woman, under the eyes of five hundred Andalusian women, to the sound of sweet music, and amid the perfume of jessamines aud roses, may be a keener and deeper joy than that which comes from real and lasting glory. No? Ah! we are sincere!

One of my first thoughts was to taste a little Malaga wine, if for no other reason than to compensate myself for the headaches and colics from which I had suffered in drinking that wretched mixture prepared in most of the Italian cities, and sold under the recommendation of this name. Whether it was that I did not know how to ask, or they did not wish to understand me, certain it is that the wine given me at the hotel burned me terribly and went to my head. I could walk straight to the cathedral, however, from thence to the Castle of Gibralfaro, and some other places, and form an idea of the Malaga beauties without seeing them double and tremulous, as evil-disposed persons might fancy.

While we were walking, my friend told me about the Malaga people, so famous for their republican tendencies, who are always making some kind of a demonstration. They are fiery, inconstant, but amiable, like all people who feel a great deal, think little, and act more from the impulse of passion than from the force of conviction. A trifle is sufficient to collect a crowd and raise such a tumult that the entire city is upset; but, generally, a resolute act from some man in authority, a display of courage, or a flash of eloquence, can quell the tumult and disperse the crowd. The character of the people is good in the main, but superstition and passion have an evil influence upon it. Superstition is probably more deeply rooted at Malaga than in any other city in Andalusia, on account of the greater amount of ignorance there. Taking it all in all, Malaga is the least Andalusian city I have seen, for even the language is corrupted there, as they speak worse than at Cadiz, where they speak badly enough!

I was still at Malaga, but my imagination wan-

dered through the streets of Granada, and in the gardens of the Alhambra and Generalife. A few hours after midday, I left, and, to tell the truth, this was the only city in Spain which I quitted without a sigh. When the train started, instead of turning to salute it as I had done all its sisters, I murmured the lines sung by Giovanni Prati, at Granada, when the Duke d'Aosta left for Spain :

"Non più Granata è sola
Sulle sue mute pietre ;
L' inno in Alhambra vola
Sulle Moresche cetre."

("Granada is no more alone upon its mute stones. The national hymn flies over the Alhambra, on Moorish lyres.")

And now, in rewriting them, I feel that the music of the National Guard band at Turin can better inspire joy and peace than Moorish lyres, and that the pavement of the porticoes of Po is smoother and more even than the stones of Granada.

CHAPTER XII.

GRANADA.

THE journey from Malaga to Granada was the most full of adventure and the most unfortunate one I took in Spain.

In order that the compassionate readers may pity me as much as I desire, they must know (I am really ashamed to entertain people with such trifles) that at Malaga I had only had a light Andalusian breakfast, of which, at the moment of my departure, I had hardly a confused recollection. But I started with the firm conviction that I should be able to get out at some railway station, where there is one of those large rooms (or public strangling places) into which one gallops, eats breathlessly, and pays in rushing off, to return to the crowded carriage, suffocated and robbed, to curse the time-table, journeys, and the minister of public works who *cheats the country*. I started, and the first hours were delightful. The country was all gentle slopes and green fields, scattered with villas, crowned with pines and cypresses; and in the carriage, between two old people who kept their eyes closed, there was a little Andalusian, who looked around with a roguish smile which seemed to say: "Go on, cast languishing glances at me!" The train moved with the slowness of a broken-down diligence, and we only stopped a few

moments at the stations. At sunset my stomach gave signs of impatience, and to render the stimulus of appetite fiercer, I was obliged to do a good bit of the road on foot. The train stopped before an unsafe bridge, all the travellers got out and filed along two by two to wait for the carriages on the other bank of the river. We were in the midst of the rocks of the Sierra Nevada, in a wild deserted place, which made us appear like a set of people held as hostages by a band of brigands. When we had climbed into the carriages again, the train resumed its former snail's pace, and my poor stomach began to suffer more than ever. We arrived, after a long time, at a station filled with trains, where the majority of the passengers had rushed out before I could get my foot on to the steps.

"Where do you wish to go?" one of the railroad officials asked me, seeing me descend.

"To dine," I replied.

"But you are going to Granada?"

"Yes."

"If that 's the case you have no time; the train starts instantly."

"But the others have gone out."

"You will see them come running back in a moment."

The freight trains which were ahead of us prevented me from seeing the station; I thought it was at quite a distance, so I did not stir. Two minutes passed, five, eight, the travellers do not return, and the train does not move. I jump down, run to the station, see a café, enter an immense room. Ye heavenly powers! Fifty famished people were standing round a refreshment table, their noses buried in their plates, elbows in the air, with their eyes on

their watches, devouring and shouting; another fifty were pushing each around the counter, seizing and pocketing bread, fruit, and candies, while the owner and waiters, breathless as horses, reeking with perspiration, ran, worked as hard as they could, shrieked, stumbled over the chairs, knocked into the purchasers, and threw spurts of sauce and bouillon here and there. One poor woman, who must have been the mistress of the café, was a prisoner in a little niche behind the besieged counter, and ran her hands through her hair in sign of despair. At this sight my courage failed. But I instantly gathered strength and joined in the sacking. Repulsed by one elbow, I dashed forward again; thrown back by a blow in the stomach, I summoned all my courage for a third assault. At that moment the bell rang. There was a burst of imprecations, then a falling of chairs, a smashing of plates, a crash, a perfect pandemonium. One person, in swallowing in haste the last mouthful, became livid, and his eyes started out of their sockets, like those of a man being hanged; another, stretching out his hand to seize an orange, hit by a person who was hurrying off, dived into a pot of cream; a third roamed around the room in search of his valise with a dash of gravy on his cheek; another who, having wished to drink without breathing, choked with the wine and began coughing violently; and the officials at the door shouted: Quick! and the travellers in the café replied: *Ahógate!* (suffocated!). The poor waiters pursued those who had not paid; the ladies fainted, those who wished to pay did not find the waiters; the children shrieked, and every thing was in confusion.

I was fortunate in being able to get into the train before it started.

But there a fresh misery was awaiting me. The two old men and the little Andalusian, who must have been the daughter of one and niece of the other, had succeeded in getting something in the midst of that frightful crowd around the counter, and they were eating as hard as they could. I began looking at them with a melancholy expression of face, counting the mouthfuls, as a dog does at his master's table. The young girl noticed this, and showing me something that looked like a croquette, with a gracious inclination of the head, asked me if I would have some of it.

"Oh, no, thanks!" I replied with the smile of a dying man, "I have been eating."

My angel, I instantly said to myself, if you knew that at this moment I would prefer your croquettes to the sour apples, as Messer Niccolò Macchiavelli nobly says, gathered in the famous gardens of the Hesperides!

"Try a swallow of liqueur at least!" said the uncle.

I do not know from what childish pique against myself or those good people, but it was a pique even men experience on similar occasions, I replied this time too:

"No, thank you, it would hurt me!"

The good old man looked at me from head to foot with the air of saying that I did not seem to him like a man to suffer from a drop of spirits, the Andalusian smiled, and I became crimson from mortification.

Night came on, and the train continued at the pace of Sancho Panza's steed for I know not how many hours. That evening, the first time in my life, I experienced the torments of hunger, which I

thought I had already felt during the famous day of the 24th of June, 1866. To alleviate these tortures, I persistently thought of all the dishes which I disliked, raw tomatoes, snails in soup, roasted crabs, and slugs in salad. Alas! a derisive voice cried out from my vitals that if I had any of them I would have licked my fingers afterward. Then I began to make an imaginary mixture of horrid dishes, like cream and fish, sprinkled with wine, a handful of pepper, and a layer of juniper preserves, to see if I could keep my stomach in order. Oh, unfortunate man! The cowardly stomach did not even repel that mess. Then I made a last effort, and imagined being at table in a hotel at Paris, during the time of the seige, and of raising by his tail, from some sauce piquante, a small mouse, which, suddenly regaining life, bit my thumb, and fixed two enraged little eyes upon me, and myself, with my raised fork, either in doubt as to whether I should let him go or run him through the body without any pity. But, thank the Lord, before I made that horrible decision as to whether I should do a thing the equal of which was never met with in the history of the beseiged, the train stopped, and a ray of hope revived my weary spirits.

We had arrived at some unknown village. While I was putting my head out of the window a voice shouted:

"Those going to Granada must get out!"

I jumped down from the carriage, and found myself facing a tall, bearded man, who took my valise out of my hand, saying that he was going to put it on the diligence, because from that village to I know not how many miles from the *imperial Granada* there is no railway.

"One moment!" I cried, in a supplicating voice, to the unknown. "How long before we start?"

'Two minutes!" he replied.

"Is there an inn here?"

"Over there."

I rushed to the inn, swallowed a hard-boiled egg, and dashed off toward the diligence, saying:

"How much time is there now?"

"Two minutes more!" replied the same voice as before.

I returned to the inn, despatched another egg, and ran back to the diligence, asking again:

"Are you going to start?"

"In a moment!"

Back to the inn again, a third egg, and then to the diligence:

"Are we going?"

"In half a minute!"

This time I drew a long breath, ran back to the inn, swallowed a fourth egg and a glass of wine, and dashed toward the diligence. But hardly had I gone ten steps when I felt my breath failing, and I stopped, with the egg half-way down my throat. At this point the whip cracked.

"Wait!" I shrieked in a gasping voice, waving my hands like a drowning man.

"What 's the matter?" asked the driver.

I could not reply.

"He has an egg half-way down his throat," replied some unknown person for me.

All the travellers burst out into a laugh, the egg went down, I laughed too, caught up with the diligence, which started instantly, and when I got my breath, I related my tale of woe to my travelling companions, who were more amused and filled with

pity by it than I had dared hope, after that cruel laugh at my strangulation.

But my troubles were not at an end. One of those irresistible attacks of drowsiness, which used to seize me during those long nocturnal marches with the soldiers, suddenly took possession of me, and tormented me until we reached the railway station, without my being able to sleep for a moment. I fancy that a cannon ball, suspended by a cord from the roof of the diligence, would have caused less annoyance to my unfortunate fellow-travellers, than did my poor head, swinging on all sides, as it did, as if only fastened to the neck by one nerve.

I had, on one side a nun, on the other a boy, in front of me a peasant, and throughout all that trip I did nothing but thump those three victims with my head, with the monotonous vibration of the tongue of a bell. The nun, poor creature, allowed me to hit her, and was silent, perhaps in expiation of her sins of thought; but the boy and the peasant woman muttered, from time to time: "He is a barbarian!" "This can't go on!" "His head is like lead!" Finally, a joke of one of the travellers liberated all four of us from that torture. The peasant having complained a little louder than usual, a voice at the end of the diligence exclaimed:

"Console yourself! If he has not broken your head by this time, you may rest assured that he won't do so; for it will be a sign that it could stand the blow of a hammer!"

Every one laughed; I waked, and asked their pardon, and the three victims were so content to find themselves freed from that everlasting knocking, that instead of revenging themselves with bitter words they said:

"Poor fellow! You have slept very badly! You must have hurt your head!"

We finally reached the railway; and, behold the irony of fate! alone though I was in the carriage, where I could have slept like a sultan, I did not succeed in closing my eyes. I felt the deepest regret when I thought that I had taken that journey by night, and that I had not seen any thing, and should not be able to enjoy the spectacle of Granada in the distance! And the sweet verses of Martinez della Rosa passed through my mind:

"O beloved country! I see thee at last once more! I see again thy beauteous soil, thy fertile and joyous fields, thy splendid sun, thy quiet sky!

"Oh, yes! I see the famous Granada extend along the plain from hill to hill; her towers rise amid eternally verdant gardens; her crystal streams kissing her walls; the superb mountains surrounding her valleys, and the Sierra Nevada crowning the distant horizons!

"Oh! the recollection of thee followed me on every side, Granada! disturbed my pleasures, my peace, my glory, and my oppressed soul and heart! On the frozen banks of the Seine and Thames I remembered the pleasant borders of the Darro and Xenil, and sighed! Very often, and in humming a joyful ballad, my pain became bitter, and the ill-suppressed tears choked my voice!

"In vain the delightful Arno offered me her banks, enamelled with flowers, the asylum of love and peace. The plain watered by the quiet Xenil," I said, "is more flowery still! The sojourn in beautiful Granada is dearer to me!" and I murmured these words in disconsolate accents, and, remembering the home of my fathers, I raised my melancholy eyes to heaven:

"What is thy magic, thy ineffable charm, O country, O sweet name so dear to us! The African, far away from his native desert, looks with sorrowing disdain on verdant fields; the rough Laplander, torn from his maternal soil, sighs for the perpetual night and perpetual ice; and I, I to whom a benevolent fate granted the favor of being born and growing up in thy blessed bosom, blessed by so many gifts from God, I, far from thee, could I forget thee, Granada?"

When I reached Granada, it was very dark, and not the outline of a house was to be seen. A diligence, drawn by two horses

> ". . . . . anzi due cavallette
> Di quelle di Mosè là dell' Egitto"

landed me at a hotel, where I was obliged to wait an hour for a bed to be made, and, finally, after three o'clock in the morning, I was able to lay my head on a pillow. But my misfortunes were not at an end. When I began to doze, I heard an indistinct murmur in the neighboring room, and then a masculine voice which said quite clearly: "Oh, what a little foot!" Any one with bowels of compassion may judge of the effect! The pillow was slightly ripped, I drew out two bits of wool, stuck them into my ears, and going over my journey in thought, I fell into a heavy sleep.

The following morning I went out betimes, and roamed around the streets of Granada, until a respectable hour arrived for me to go and drag out of his house a young Granadine, whom I had known at Madrid, in the house of Fernandez Guerra, Gongora by name, the son of an illustrious archeologist

and descendant of the famous poet of Cordova, Louis Gongora, of whom I have said a little. The portion of the city which I saw during those few hours did not come up to my expectations. I fancied I should find mysterious little streets and small white houses, as at Cordova and Seville; I found, on the contrary, spacious squares, some beautiful straight streets, and the others tortuous and narrow, it is true, but lined with high houses, painted in imitation bas-reliefs, with cupids, garlands, bits of curtain, and veils of a thousand colors, without that oriental aspect peculiar to the other Andalusian cities. The lowest part of Granada is almost entirely built with the regularity of a modern city. Passing through those streets, I was seized with a feeling of disdain, and should certainly have carried to Signor Gongora a clouded face, if, by chance, in that careless roaming about, I had not come out upon the famous *Alameda*, which enjoys the reputation of being the most beautiful promenade in the world, and which compensated me a thousand times for the odious regularity of the streets that lead to it.

Let my reader imagine a long avenue of extraordinary width, through which fifty carriages in line could pass, flanked by minor avenues, along which run rows of immense trees, that form at a great height an enormous arch of verdure, so thick that not a ray of sunshine can penetrate it; and, at the extremities of the middle avenue, two fountains, which throw up water in large streams, that fall again in a fine vaporous rain; and, between the avenues, crystalline springs; and, in the centre, a garden filled with roses, myrtle, jessamine, and sprays of water. On one side, the river Xenil, which flows between two banks shaded by groves of laurel, and,

far away, the mountains covered with snow, upon which the distant palms rear their fantastic heads ; and, all about, a vivid green, very thick and luxuriant, which allows one to catch a glimpse here and there of a strip of blue sky that is bewitching.

Returning from the Alameda, I met a great number of peasants who were coming from the city, two by two, and in troops, with their wives and children, singing and joking. Their costume did not appear to me different from that of the peasants about Cordova and Seville. They wore velvet hats, some with large brims, others with high brims turned back ; a jacket made of strips of various-colored cloth ; a red or blue sash ; tight breeches, buttoned down the sides ; and a pair of leather gaiters, open on one side so that the leg could be seen. The women were dressed as in the other provinces, and there was no noticeable difference even in their faces.

I went to the house of my friend, found him buried in his archeological studies, before a pile of old medals and historical stones. He received me with joy and a charming Andalusian courtesy. After having exchanged the first greetings, we both pronounced in one voice that magical word, which in every portion of the world awakens in every soul a tumult of grand recollections and a feeling of secret desire ; that gives the last impulse toward Spain to any one who has conceived the idea of travelling and not yet arrived at the determination of starting ; which makes the hearts of poets and painters beat, and the eyes of women glisten—the Alhambra!

We rushed out of the house.

The Alhambra is situated on a high hill which

dominates the city, and presents, from a distance, the appearance of a fortress, like almost all the oriental palaces. But when I started with Gongora through the street of *los Gomeles*, to visit that famous castle, I had not yet seen its walls even from afar, and I should not have been able to tell in what part of the city it stood. The street of *los Gomeles* rises gradually and describes a slight curve, so that, for quite a way, one sees nothing before him but houses, and may fancy that the Alhambra is still distant. Gongora did not speak; but I saw by his face that he was thoroughly enjoying the thought of the delight and surprise which I should experience. He looked smilingly at the ground, replied to all questions with a sign that seemed to say: "In a moment," and from time to time raised his eyes almost furtively to measure the road which lay before us. And I so enjoyed his pleasure that I could have thrown my arms around his neck and thanked him.

We arrived before a great gate that shut in the street; Gongora said to me: "Here we are;"—I entered.

I found myself in a large grove of trees of an immense height, inclining toward each other on either side of a broad avenue, which ascends the hill and is lost in the shade. They are so thick that a man could scarcely pass between them, and in whichever direction one looks, nothing is to be seen but trunks which shut in the road like a continuous wall. The boughs of the trees cross above the avenue; in the grove, not a ray of sun penetrates, the shade is very dense; and on every side rivulets murmur, nightingales sing, and a spring-like freshness is felt.

"We are already in the Alhambra," said Gon-

gora to me; "turn around and you will see the towers and embattled walls of the boundary."

"But where is the palace?" I asked.

"That is a mystery," he replied; "let us go on at random."

We climbed an avenue which runs along the great middle boulevard, and winds up toward the summit of the hill. The trees form a pavilion of verdure over it, so that not a bit of the sky is to be seen, and the grass, bushes, and flowers make on the sides two light espaliers, variegated and odorous, slightly inclined toward each other as if they were trying to unite, attracted by the beauty of their coloring and the softness of their fragrance.

"Let us stop for a moment," I said; "I wish to take a full breath of this air; it seems as if it contained some mysterious germs which, infused into the blood, would prolong life; it is air that breathes of youth and health!"

"Here is the door," exclaimed Gongora.

I turned as if I had been struck, and saw, a few steps before us, a large square tower, dark in color, crowned with battlements, and having an arched door, above which one sees a chiseled key and hand.

I questioned my friend about it, and he said it was the principal entrance of the Alhambra, and was called the Door of Justice, because under that arch the Arab kings used to pronounce their sentences. The key signifies that that door is the key to the fortress, and the hand is a symbol of the five principal precepts of Islam: Prayer, Fasting, Benevolence, Holy War, and Pilgrimage to Mecca. An Arabic inscription testifies that the edifice was constructed four centuries ago by Abul Hagag Yusuf,

and another, that one reads at the same time on the columns, says: "There is no God but Allah; and Mahomet is his prophet! There is no power nor strength aside from Allah!"

We passed under the gateway and continued to climb an embanked road, until we found ourselves at the summit of the hill in the middle of the level enclosure of a parapet scattered with plants and flowers. I instantly turned toward the valley to enjoy the view; but Gongora seized me by the arm and made me look on the opposite side. I was facing a great palace in the style of the Renaissance, half in ruins, and flanked by some miserable-looking little houses.

"What joke is this?" I asked; "you bring me here to see an Arabian castle, and I find my road blocked by a modern palace? Who conceived the disgraceful idea of erecting that edifice in the centre of the garden of the city?"

"Charles, the Fifth."

"He was a vandal—I have not yet pardoned him for that Gothic church planted in the middle of the mosque at Cordova; and now this barracks makes me hate his crown and his glory. But where in the name of heaven is the Alhambra?"

"It is there."

"Where, there?"

"Among those wretched houses."

"Oh, come now!"

"I give you my word of honor."

I folded my arms and looked at him; he laughed.

"Well, then, this great name of Alhambra is only one of the usual charlatan-like hyperboles of poets. I, Europe, the world at large, have all been ridiculously fooled! Was it worth dreaming of the Al-

hambra for three hundred and sixty-five nights in succession, to come and see a group of deserted hovels with some broken columns in their midst, and some dingy inscriptions?"

"How much I am enjoying this!" replied Gongora, bursting out into a laugh. "Cheer up and come and persuade yourself that the world has not been fooled. We will go into the hovels."

We entered by a little door, crossed a corridor, and found ourselves in a courtyard. I seized Gongora's hand with a sudden bound, and he asked me in a tone of triumph:

"Are you persuaded?"

I made no reply, I did not see him, I was already far away from him; the Alhambra had already begun to exercise upon me that deep and mysterious fascination from which none escape, and which no one is able to explain.

We were in the *patio de los Arrayanes* (court of the myrtles), which is the largest in the building, and presents at once the appearance of a hall, courtyard, and garden. A large basin of rectangular form, filled with water, surrounded by a hedge of myrtle, extends from one side to the other of the *patio*, and reflects, like a mirror, the arches, arabesques, and inscriptions upon the walls. On the right of the entrance stretch out two rows, one above the other, of Moorish arches, upheld by light columns; and on the opposite side of the court rises a tower, with a door, through which one sees the inner semi-obscure halls and the twin windows, and beyond the windows, the blue sky and the summits of the distant mountains. The walls are ornamented, to a certain height from the ground, with superb mosaics, and from the mosaics up, they are arabesqued in a

very fine design, which seems to tremble and change at every step, and here and there, between the arabesques and along the arches extend, twist, and interlace like garlands, Arabic inscriptions, which include salutations, sentences, and legends.

Near the door of entrance is written in large characters: "Eternal salvation! Benediction! *Prosperity!*—Felicity!—Praised be God for the benefit of Islam!"

At another point is written: "I seek my refuge in the Lord of the Morning,"—elsewhere: "O God! To Thee we owe everlasting thanks and undying praises!"

In other places are verses from the Koran, and entire poems in praise of the caliphs.

We remained for some moments looking around us without opening our mouths; not the buzzing of a fly was heard. From time to time Gongora made a move toward the tower, and I, holding him by the arm felt that he was trembling with impatience.

"But we must hurry," he finally said, "else we shall not get back to Granada until evening."

"What do I care for Granada!" I replied "what do I care about evening, morning, or myself. I am in the East!"

"But you are only in the antechamber of the Alhambra, my dear Arab," said Gongora, pushing me forward; "come, come with me where it will seem more like being in the East than even here!"

And he led me, reluctantly, to the sill of the tower door. There I turned to look once more on the court of the myrtles, and uttered a cry of surprise. Between the little columns of that arched gallery which faces the tower, on the opposite side of the

court, was a girl with a beautiful dark Andalusian face, and a white mantle wrapped around her head and falling over her shoulders. She stood, leaning on the parapet in a melancholy attitude, with her eyes fastened upon us. I cannot describe the fantastic effect which that figure produced at that moment; the grace that it received from the arches which curved over the head, and from the two columns that formed a frame, and the beautiful harmony that it gave to all the court, almost as if it were a necessary ornament to that architecture, conceived by the brain of the architect when he designed the whole. She appeared like a sultana who was waiting for her lord, thinking of another sky and another love. And she continued to watch us; my heart began beating, and I questioned my friend with my eyes, so as to assure myself that I was not dreaming. Suddenly the sultana laughed, dropped her white mantle, and disappeared.

"She is a servant," said Gongora.

I remained puzzled.

It was in fact a servant of the administrator of the Alhambra, who was in the habit of playing that trick upon strangers.

We entered the tower, called the tower of Comares, or vulgarly of the Ambassadors.

The interior of the tower forms two halls, the first of which is called the hall of the boat, some say because it is boat-shaped, and some because it was called by the Arabs Hall of the *Baraka*, or benediction, which word might have been perverted by the ignorant into that of barca (boat). This hall does not seem like human work: it is all an enormous tracery of embroideries in the form of garlands, roses, branches, and leaves, which cover the ceiling, arches, and

walls on every side, and in every way, closely twisted, interlaced, and placed one above the other, yet marvellously distinct, and combined in such a manner that they are all seen at once at a single glance, and present an appearance of magnificence that dazzles, and a grace that fascinates one. I approached one of the walls, fixed my eyes on the farthest point of an arabesque, and tried to follow its twists and turns on the wall; the eye loses itself, the mind becomes disturbed, and all the arabesques from the floor to the ceiling seem to move and mingle, to make you lose the thread of their inextricable network. You may make every effort not to look around, fix all your attention on only one span of the wall, put your face to it, and follow the thread with your finger: it is useless; after a moment the embroideries grow mixed, a veil stretches out between you and the wall, and your arm falls. The wall seems woven like a cloth, is rich as a brocade, transparent as lace, and veined like a leaf; you cannot look at it closely, cannot remember the designs; it would be like wishing to count the ants in an ant-hill; you must be contented with giving a vague glance at the walls; then rest, look again, and resting, think of something else, and talk. After having gazed around a little with the air of a man seized with a vertigo rather than a feeling of admiration, I turned toward Gongora so that he might read in my face what I wished to say to him.

"Let us enter the other deserted place," he replied, smiling, and he pushed me into the great Hall of the Ambassadors, which occupies the entire interior of the tower, because the hall of the Barca really belongs to a small building which, although joined to the tower, actually forms no part of it. The hall is

square in shape, spacious, and lighted by nine large arched windows in the form of doors, which present almost the appearance of so many alcoves, so thick are the walls ; and each one is divided in half, toward the outside, by a little marble column which supports two elegant small arches, surmounted in their turn by two little arched windows. The walls are covered with mosaics and arabesques multiform and indescribably delicate, with innumerable inscriptions which extend in the form of broad embroidered ribbons over the arches of the windows, up the corners, along the friezes, and around the niches, in which vases filled with flowers and perfumed water were placed. The ceiling, which is very high, is composed of pieces of cedar wood, white, gilded, and blue, put together in the shape of circles, stars, and crowns ; and forms so many little ceilings, cells, and small windows, through a hundred of which falls a soft light ; and from the cornice that joins the ceiling to the walls, hung pieces of stucco worked and embroidered like stalactites and bunches of flowers. The throne was placed in a window opposite the entrance. From the windows of this side one enjoys a magnificent view of the valley of the Douro, deep and silent, as if it, too, felt the fascination of the majesty of the Alhambra ; from the windows of the other two sides are seen the boundary walls and the towers of the fortress, and from the side of the entrance, in the distance, the light arches of the Court of the Myrtles, and the waters of the basin, which reflect the azure of the sky.

"Well," asked Gongora, "was it worth the trouble of dreaming three hundred and sixty-five nights about the Alhambra?"

"It is strange," I replied, "what is passing

through my mind at this moment. That court, as we see it from here, this hall, these windows, these colors, all that surrounds me, does not appear new to me ; it seems as if it corresponded with an idea I had in my head, for I do not know how long, confused among a thousand others, perhaps born of a dream, who knows? When I was sixteen I was in love, and that child and I, looking into each other's eyes when alone in a garden under the shade of a hut, uttered involuntarily a cry of joy, which excited us as if it had issued from the mouth of a third person who had discovered our secret. Well, then I often desired to be a king and have a palace ; yet, in giving form to that desire, my imagination never stopped at the gilded palaces of our countries, but flew to distant lands, and there, on the summit of some high mountain, it built a palace of its own design in which every thing was small and lovely, and illuminated by some mysterious light. There were to be seen long suites of rooms decorated with a thousand capricious and delicate ornaments, with windows at which only we two could stand and little columns behind which that child could scarcely have hid her face to play a joke upon me, if she heard my steps approaching from hall to hall, or the sound of my voice in the midst of the murmur of the fountains in the garden. Without knowing it, in building in imagination those palaces, I was building the Alhambra ; at such times I have imagined something similar to these halls, windows, and that court we see from here ; so like them, in fact, that the more I look around me, the better I remember it, and it seems as if I were recognizing the place rather than seeing it for the first time. When people are in love they all dream a little of the Alhambra, and if

they could translate in line and color all those dreams, we should have pictures which would astonish one from their resemblance to what one sees here. This architecture does not express power, glory, and grandeur, but rather love and voluptuousness; love with its mysteries, caprices, expansions, and its bursts of gratitude to God; voluptuousness with its bits of melancholy and silence. There is thus a strong link, a harmony between the beauty of this Alhambra and the souls of those who have been in love at sixteen, when desires are dreams and visions. From this arises the indescribable charm that this beauty exercises; and for this reason the Alhambra, although so deserted and half in ruins, is still the most fascinating palace of the world, and in seeing it for the last time strangers shed tears. It is because in saluting the Alhambra, one bids a last farewell to the most beautiful of his youthful dreams, which are revived for the last time among its walls! One says adieu to faces indescribably dear which have broken through the oblivion of many years to look for a last time through the little columns of these windows! One bids farewell to all the fancies of youth, farewell to that love which never lives again!"

"It is true!" replied my friend; "but what will you say when you have seen the Court of the Lions! Come, let us go to it!"

We hurriedly left the tower, crossed the court of the myrtles, and arrived before a little door facing that of the entrance.

"Stop!" cried out Gongora.

I stopped.

"Will you do me a favor?"

"A hundred."

"Only one: close your eyes and do not open them until I tell you to do so."

"They are closed."

"But be careful to keep them so; if you open them I shall be annoyed!"

"Do not be afraid!"

Gongora took me by the hand and led me forward, I trembling like a leaf.

We took, perhaps, fifteen steps and stopped. Gongora said in a voice full of emotion:

"Look!"

I looked, and I swear on the heads of my readers, I felt two tears running down my cheeks.

We were in the Court of the Lions.

If I had been forced to leave it as soon as I had entered, I should not have been able to tell what I had seen. It is a forest of columns, a mingling of arches and embroideries, an indefinable elegance, an indescribable delicacy, a prodigious richness, a something light, transparent, and undulating, like a great pavilion of lace; with almost the appearance of a building which must dissolve at a breath; a variety of lights, views, mysterious darkness, a confusion, a capricious disorder of little things, the majesty of a palace, the gaiety of a chiosk, an amorous grace, an extravagance, a delirium, the fancy of an imaginative child, the dream of an angel, a madness, a nameless something—such is the first effect produced by the Court of the Lions!

It is a court not larger than a large ball-room; rectangular in form, with walls as high as the Andalusian houses which have only one floor. All around runs a light portico, upheld by slender columns of white marble, grouped in a symmetrical disorder, two by two, and three by three, almost without any

pedestal, so that they seem like the trunks of trees placed on the ground. They are finished with variegated capitals, tall and slender, in the shape of small pilasters, over which curve little arches of graceful form, which, rather than leaning, seemed to be suspended over the columns in the shape of curtains, that sustain the columns themselves, like ribbons and waving garlands. From the middle of the shortest sides advance two groups of columns, which form two species of square temples, of nine arches each, surmounted by as many colored cupola. The walls of these little temples and the exterior of the portico are a real lace-work of stucco, embroideries, and hems, cut and pierced from one side to the other, and as transparent as net-work, changing in design at every step. Sometimes they end in points, in crimps, in festoons, sometimes in ribbons waving around the arches, in kinds of stalactites, fringes, trinkets, and bows, which seem to oscillate and mingle at the slightest breath of air. Large Arabic inscriptions run along the four walls, over the arches, around the capitals, and on the walls of the little temples. In the centre of the court rises a great marble basin, upheld by twelve lions, and surrounded by a little paved canal, from which start four other small canals that, describing a cross between the four sides of the court, cross the portico, enter the neighboring halls, unite with other conduits, and run around the entire building. Behind the two small temples, and in the middle of the other two sides, open halls and suites of halls, with large open doors, that allow one to see the dark terminus against which the little white columns gleam as they would do before the mouth of a grotto. At every step one takes in the court, that forest of columns

seems to move and change place, to form again in another way; behind one column, which seems alone, two, three, or a row will spring out; others separate, unite, and separate again. To look from the end of one of those rooms, every thing seems changed; the arches on the opposite side appear very distant, the columns out of place, the little temples of another form; one sees through walls new arches and columns appearing here illuminated by the sun, there in the shade, beyond scarcely visible in the dim light which falls through the interstices of the stucco; further on they are lost in darkness. There is a continual variety of views, distances, deceptions, mysterious and optical illusions, caused by the architecture, the sun, and your overheated and excited imagination.

"What must this court have been," said Gongora, "when the interior walls of the portico were glistening with mosaics, the capitals of the columns gleaming with gold, the ceilings and vaults painted in a thousand colors, the doors closed by silken curtains, the arches filled with flowers, and, under the little temples and in the rooms ran perfumed water, and from the nostrils of the lions burst a thousand sprays which fell back into the basin, and the air was full of the most delicious perfumes of Arabia!"

We remained for more than an hour in the court, and it passed like a flash; I, too, did what almost all people do, be they Spanish or strangers, men or women, poets or not. I ran my hand along the walls, touched all the little columns, and passed my two hands around them, one by one, as around the waist of a child; I hid among them, counted them, looked at them on a hundred sides, crossed the court in a hundred ways, tried if it were true that

in saying a word, sotto voce, into the mouth of one lion, one could hear it distinctly from the mouths of all the others; I looked on the marbles for the spots of blood of poetic legends, and wearied both eyes and brain over the arabesques. There were many ladies there. Women do all sorts of childish things in the Court of the Lions; they put their face beween the twin columns, hide in dark corners, sit on the ground, and remain for hours motionless, their head resting in their hand, dreaming. These ladies did the same thing. There was one dressed in white who, passing behind the distant columns, when she thought she was unseen, assumed a certain easy, majestic gait, like a melancholy sultana, and then laughed with her friends; it was enchanting to see them. My friend said to me:

"Let us go."

I replied:

"Let us go," without being able to move one step. I not only experienced a sweet feeling of astonishment, but I trembled with pleasure, and was seized with the desire to touch, examine, and see between those walls and columns as if they were of some mysterious substance, and as if the first cause of the fascination which that place exercises upon all, were to be found in their hidden recesses. In all my life I have never thought, nor said, nor shall I say, so many foolish, stupid, pretty, senseless things as I thought and said in that hour.

"One must come here," said Gongora, "at sunrise, at sunset, and on moonlight nights to see all the marvels of color, shade, and light! It is really enough to make one lose his reason!"

We went to see the halls. On the eastern side

there is one called the Hall of Justice, which one reaches in passing under three great arches, each one of which corresponds with a door opening on to the court. It is a long and narrow hall, whose architecture is rich and bold, the walls covered with intricate arabesques and precious mosaics, and the ceiling all points, bunches, and knobs of stucco that hang from the arches, along the walls, and here and there crowd together, droop, emerge from one another, and seem to dispute the space like the bubbles in boiling water, presenting in many points the traces of antique colors, which must have given to that ceiling the appearance of a pavilion covered with suspended fruit and flowers. The hall has three small alcoves, in each one of which, on the ceiling, one still sees an Arabic painting, to which the age and the extreme rarity of work of the pencil by the Arabs, give a great value. The paintings are done on leather, and the leather is fastened to the wall. In the middle compartment are represented, on a gold background, ten men, who are supposed to be ten kings of Granada, dressed in white, seated upon embroidered cushions, with hoods drawn over their heads, and their hands resting on scimitars. The paintings in the other two alcoves represent castles, ladies, cavaliers, and hunting and love scenes, whose signification it is difficult to grasp. The physiognomy of the ten kings, however, correspond marvellously with the idea that we have formed of that people. There is olive color, the sensual mouth, the black, penetrating, and mysterious eye, which one always seems to see gleaming in the dark corners of the halls in the Alhambra.

On the northern side of the court there is another hall called that *de las dos Hermanes* (the Hall of the

Two Sisters), from the two great slabs of marble which form its pavement. It is the loveliest hall in the Alhambra. It is small, square in shape, covered by one of those ceilings in the form of a cupola, which the Spaniards call half oranges, supported by small columns and arches placed in a circle, all ornamented like a grotto with stalactites, in numberless points and indentations, colored and gilded, and so light in appearance that they seem to be suspended in the air, and, if touched, would tremble like a curtain, rend like a cloud, and disappear as if they were a collection of soap bubbles. The walls of stucco, as in all the other halls, and covered with very delicate arabesques, are one of the most marvellous productions of human fancy and patience. The longer one looks, the more the innumerable lines gather and interlace. One figure is formed from another, a third grows out of this, and all three present a fourth, which has hitherto escaped the eye. Then this divides itself suddenly into ten, and is once more decomposed and transformed. One never ceases to discover new combinations, because where the first reappear, having already been forgotten, they produce the same effect as before. One could easily lose his reason and sight in trying to find the end of that labyrinth. It takes an hour to see the outlines of a window, the ornaments of a pilaster, and the arabesques of a freize; but an hour would not suffice to impress upon the mind the design of one of the great cedar doors. On two sides of the hall there are two small alcoves; in the centre is a little basin with a pipe for a water jet, which is joined to the canal which crosses the court and goes to the Fountain of the Lions. In a straight line from the door of entrance, on the opposite side, there is another door through

which one enters a second long, narrow path called the Hall of the Oranges. From this hall, through a third door, one enters a little cabinet called the Cabinet of Lindaraja, exceedingly rich in ornaments, and closed by a very graceful two-arched window which looks out on the garden.

In order to enjoy all the beauty of this magical architecture, it is necessary to go out of the Hall of the Two Sisters, cross the Court of the Lions, and enter the Hall of the Abencerrages, on the southern side, opposite that of the Two Sisters, which it closely resembles in form and ornamentation. From the end of this hall the eye sweeps across the Court of the Lions, passes the Hall of the Two Sisters, enters that of the Oranges, penetrates into the Cabinet of Lindaraja, and so into the garden, whose luxuriant verdure appears under the arches of that exquisite window. The two apertures of this window, which, seen from the distance, appear so small and full of light at the end of that suite of dark rooms, look like two eyes, making one fancy that beyond them must lie some of the mysteries of Paradise.

After seeing the Hall of the Abencerrages, we went to look at the baths lying between the Hall of the Two Sisters and the Court of the Myrtles. We descended a little staircase, passed through a narrow corridor, and came out in a splendid hall called that of the Divans, in which the favorites of the kings used to come, and rest on Persian carpets, and listen to the sound of the lyre, after their bath in the neighboring rooms. This hall was rebuilt on the ruins of the old one, and arabesqued, gilded, and painted by Spanish artists, as the other one must have been ; so that it may be considered as a room of the time of the Arabs, which has been preserved

intact. In its centre is a fountain. In two opposite walls are two species of alcoves (in which the women reclined), the tribunes occupied by the players being higher. The walls are striped, speckled, dotted, and picked out with a thousand different colors, so that they present the appearance of Chinese stuffs wrought with gold threads, and that interminable net-work of figures which would drive the most patient mosaic worker in the world quite crazy!

Yet a painter was working in that room! He had been occupied three months in copying the walls! He was a German. Gongora knew him, and asked: "It is a maddening sort of work, is it not?" To which the man smilingly replied: "It does not seem so to me," as he bent again over his picture.

I looked at him as I should have done at a creature from another world.

We passed into the little bath rooms, which are vaulted and lighted from above by means of some holes in the wall in the shape of stars and flowers. The tubs are of a single piece of marble, very wide, and fastened between the walls. The corridors leading from one room to the other are so low and narrow that a man can hardly pass, but are deliciously cool. Looking in at one of those little rooms, I was suddenly seized by a sad thought.

"What is troubling you?" my friend asked.

"I am thinking," I replied, "how we live, summer and winter, in houses which look like barracks; in rooms on the third floor that are either dark, or else filled by a flood of light; without marble, water, flowers, or little pillars, and that we must live all our lives in this way and die among such walls, without having even once experienced the luxury of these enchanted palaces; that, even in this miser-

able earthly life, it is possible to enjoy immensely; but I shall enjoy nothing! I might have been born a king of Granada, four centuries ago, instead of which I am simply a poor man!"

My friend laughed, and, taking my arm between his first finger and thumb, as if to give me a pinch, replied:

"Don't think of that; think rather of how much that was beautiful and lovely these tubs have seen; of the little feet that played in the perfumed water, of the long hair that spread over their edges, of the great languid eyes that looked at the sky through the holes of this ceiling, while, under the arches of the Court of the Lions resounded the hastening steps of an impatient caliph, and the hundred fountains in the palace said with a quickened murmur: 'Come, come, come!' while, in a perfumed room, a slave, trembling with reverence, drew the rose-colored curtain."

"Oh! do leave my soul in peace!" I said, shrugging my shoulders.

We crossed the garden of the Cabinet of Lindaraja, a mysterious-looking court called *patio della Reja*, and through a long gallery looking out on the country, we arrived at the top of one of the farthest towers of the Alhambra, under a small pavilion opened on all sides, and called *Tocador de la reina*, (the queen's toilette), which seemed to be suspended over an abyss, like the nest of an eagle.

That the spectacle one enjoys from this point is not equalled on the face of the earth, I am sure may be said without fear of contradiction from any one.

Imagine an immense plain, as green as a field covered with young grass, traversed in all directions by endless rows of cypresses, pines, oaks, and pop-

lars, scattered with thick groves of oranges (which, in the distance, look like bushes), and great kitchen and flower gardens, so filled with fruit trees that they present the appearance of hillsides covered with verdure. Across this immense plain flows the Xenil, shining among the groves and gardens like a silver ribbon. On all sides are wooded hills, and beyond these hills, very high rocks in fantastic shapes, which seem like a girdle of walls and titanic towers separating this paradise from the world. Directly under one's eyes lies the city of Granada, partly stretched over the plain, partly on a hillside scattered with groups of trees and shapeless masses of verdure, rising and waving above the tops of the houses, like enormous plumes, which seem to spread out, join together, and cover the entire city. Farther down is the deep valley of the Darro, more than covered, filled, almost overwhelmed, by a prodigious accumulation of vegetation rising like a mountain, beyond which projects a grove of gigantic poplars which wave their tops under the windows of the tower almost within reach of one's hand. To the right beyond the Darro, on a hill rising straight and bold, like a cupola, toward heaven, is the palace of the Generalife, crowned by aerial gardens, and almost hidden amid a grove of laurels, poplars, and pomegranates. On the opposite side, is a marvellous spectacle, an incredible thing—the vision of a dream! the Sierra Nevada, the highest mountain in Europe, after the Alps, white as snow, to within a few miles of the gates of Granada, white as far as the hills where the palms and pomegranates rear their heads, displays in all its splendor an almost tropical vegetation. Fancy now above this immense paradise, containing all the smiling graces of

the East, and all the grave beauties of the North, which unites Europe to Africa, bringing to these nuptials all the most beautiful marvels of nature, and sending up to heaven in one, all the perfumes of the earth; fancy, I say, above this blessed valley, the sky and sun of Andalusia, which, turning toward the West, tints the summits rose-color, and the slopes of the Sierra with all the colors of the iris and all the shades of the clearest blue pearls. Its rays become golden, purple, and ashy, as they fall upon the rocks crowning the plain; and sinking in the midst of a conflagration of beam, cast, like a last farewell, a luminous crown around the pensive towers of the Alhambra, and the enwreathed pinnacles of the Generalife. Tell me, then, whether the world can offer any thing more solemn, glorious, or intoxicating than this love feast of the earth and sky, before which, for nine centuries, Granada has trembled with voluptuousness and pride.

The roof of the *mirador de la reina* is supported by small Moorish pillars, between which stretch flat arches, that give to the pavilion a strangely capricious and graceful aspect. The walls are painted in fresco, and the initials of Isabella and Philip V, interlaced with cupids and flowers, extend along the frieze. Beside the entrance door there still lies a stone of the old pavement, perforated, on which, it is said, the sultanas were placed, that they might be enveloped in the cloud of perfume burning underneath. Every thing up there breathes of love and joy! Here, one inhales an air as pure as that of the mountain tops; perceives a mingled fragrance of myrtle and rose; and no other sound is heard save the murmur of the Darro, which dashes between the stones of its rocky bed, and the song

VIEW OF GRANADA.

of thousands of birds hidden in the dense verdure of the valley. It is a veritable rest for lovers ; a hanging alcove, in which to go and dream of an aërial terrace, where they might climb to thank God for being so happy.

" Ah ! Gongora," I exclaimed, after having contemplated, for a few moments, that enchanting spectacle, " I would give ten years of my life could I summon here, by the stroke of a magician's wand, all the dear ones who are waiting for me in Italy ! "

Gongora pointed out a large space upon the wall, quite black with dates and names, written in pencil and charcoal, and cut with pen-knifes, by visitors to the Alhambra.

" What is written here ? " he asked.

I approached, and uttered a cry—

" Chateaubriand ! "

" And here ? "

" Byron ! "

" And here ? "

" Victor Hugo ! "

Coming down from the *mirador de la reina* I thought that I had seen the Alhambra, and was imprudent enough to say as much to my friend. If a stick had been in his hand, I am sure he would have given me a blow ; but not having one, he contented himself by looking at me with the air of one asking if I had lost my reason.

We returned to the Court of the Myrtles, and visited the halls on the other side of the Tower of Comares, the greater part half ruined, others altered some perfectly bare, without pavement or roof, but all worth seeing, because of the associations they awaken, and in order to understand thoroughly the structure of the edifice. The old mosque

was converted into a chapel by Charles V ; a great Arabian hall into an oratory. Here and there one sees remains of arabesques, and ceilings of carved cedar. The galleries, courts, and vestibules seem like those of a palace devastated by the flames.

Having visited also this portion of the Alhambra, I really thought there was nothing more to see, and again I was imprudent enough to say so to Gongora. He could contain himself no longer, and leading me into the vestibule of the Court of the Myrtles, up to a plan of the building, which was fastened to the wall, he said :

" Look ! and you will see that all the rooms, courts, and towers, which we have already visited, do not occupy a twentieth part of the space enclosed by the Alhambra walls ; that we have not yet seen the remains of three other mosques, the ruins of the house of the Cadi, the Water-tower, together with those of the Infanta, the Prisoner, the Candil, Pico, Poignards, *Siete melos*, Captain, Massacre, Hidalgos, Cocks, Heads, Weapons, Cubes, Homage, la Vela, Powder, what is left of the house of Mondejar, the military quarters, iron gate, internal walls, cisterns, and promenades ; for, you must know that the Alhambra is not a palace, but a city ! One might pass a lifetime there in looking up arabesques, reading inscriptions, discovering each day some new view of the hills and mountains ; and in going into ecstacies regularly one hour out of every twenty-four ! "

And I thought I had seen the Alhambra !

I did not wish to do any more sight-seeing that day, and heaven only knows what a state my head was in when I reached the hotel. The following morning, at sunrise, I returned to the Alhambra ;

went back at evening; and, in fact, continued to go there every day during my sojourn at Granada, either with Gongora, other friends, guides, or alone, as the case might be. The Alhambra always seemed vaster, and more beautiful to me, when I wandered back through those courts and halls, passing hours seated between the columns, or leaning against the windows, with an ever-increasing pleasure, as I discovered each time new beauties, and abandoned myself to those vague and delicious fancies, which had filled my mind on the first day. I should not be able to tell through what entrances my friends led me into the Alhambra, but I remember that every day, in going there, I saw walls, towers, and deserted streets, that I had never seen before, and it seemed as if the Alhambra had changed its site and been transformed, or that new buildings, springing up, as if by magic, around it, had entirely altered its former aspect. How could any one describe the beauty of those places when the sun was setting! that fantastic thicket, with the moonlight falling upon it! the immense plain, and snow-clad mountains on quiet nights! the grand outlines of those enormous walls, superb towers, and high trees, against the starry sky! or the continuous rustling in the breeze of those boundless masses of verdure, which fill the valley, and cover the hill-sides! It was a spectacle, in the presence of which my companions (born at Granada, and accustomed to witnessing it from their infancy) remained quite speechless, so that we walked for long distances in silence, each one buried in his own thoughts, his heart filled with a gentle sadness, that at times made our eyes moisten, and our faces turn heavenward in a burst of gratitude and tenderness!

The day of my arrival at Granada, when I reëntered the hotel at midnight, instead of silence and quiet, I found the *patio* lighted like a ball-room; people seated at tables sipping sherbet, and others running here and there, talking and laughing, so that I was forced to wait an hour before going to bed. However, I passed that hour very agreeably. While I stood looking at a map of Spain fastened to the wall, a huge man, with a face as red as a beet, approached me, and, touching his cap, asked if I were an Italian, to which I replied in the affirmative. Then he added, smiling:

"And I too; I am the proprietor of the hotel."

"I am glad to hear it, all the more so because I see that you are making money."

"Yes,—" he replied in a melancholy tone. "Yes, I cannot complain; but, believe me, dear sir, no matter how well affairs may go, when one is away from his own country, he feels a great void here" (striking himself on his enormous chest).

I looked at his protruding stomach in silence.

"A great void," repeated the landlord; "for one never forgets his own country—from what province are you, sir?"

"From Liguria—and you?

"From Piedmont. Liguria! Piedmont! Lombardy! Those are countries!"

"They are very beautiful, without doubt; but still, you have no reason to complain of Spain. You live in one of the most beautiful cities of the world, are the proprietor of one of the finest hotels in the city, have a crowd of strangers all the year round, and then I see that you enjoy excellent health."

"But the void!"

I looked again at his stomach.

"Oh! I understand, sir; but you are wrong, you know, to judge by appearances! You cannot imagine what I feel when an Italian comes here. It may be weakness,—I do not know,—but I should like to see him every day at table; believe me, if my wife did not object to it, I would send him, on my own account, a dozen dishes for the first course."

"What time do you dine to-morrow?"

"At five o'clock. However, one eats little here—warm countries—every one lives lightly—no matter what his nationality may be—it is a rule! But have you not seen the other Italian who is here?"

Saying which, he turned around, and a man who was watching us from a corner of the court approached. After a few words, the landlord left us alone. The stranger was a man in the forties, wretchedly dressed, who talked with his teeth tightly closed, and continually twisted his hands in a nervous manner, as if he had great difficulty in restraining himself from using his fists. He told me he was a Lombardian, a chorus singer, and had arrived the previous day at Granada with other artists, who were engaged at the opera for the summer season.

"A suicidal kind of country," he exclaimed, without any preamble, looking around as if he were about to give a discourse.

"Then you don't like living in Spain?" I asked.

"In Spain? I? Excuse me; but you might as well ask if I liked living in the galleys."

"Why?"

"Why? Don't you see what a people the Spanish are: ignorant, superstitious, proud, sanguinary, impostors, rogues, charlatans, and rascals."

Then he stood motionless for a moment in an in-

terrogative attitude, with the veins of his neck so swollen that they seemed ready to burst."

"Pardon me," I replied, "your opinion is not sufficiently favorable to admit of my agreeing with you. As for ignorance, you will excuse me, but it does not do for us Italians, who still have cities where the schoolmasters are stoned and the professors who give their pupils a cipher are stabbed, to find fault with others. As to superstition, oh, poor us! When we see in the city of all Italy—the one in which popular education is most diffused—a regular tumult take place because a miraculous image of the Virgin has been found by some wretched woman in the middle of the street. Then, as to crime, I tell you frankly that if I were obliged to make a comparison between the two countries, statistics in hand, in the presence of a Spanish audience, without having first informed myself as to the causes and results, I should be very much frightened. I do not mean to say by this that we, taking all things into consideration, are not in a better condition than the Spaniards; but I do mean that an Italian, in judging Spaniards, if he wishes to be just, must be indulgent."

"Excuse me, but that does not satisfy me—it is a country without any *political bias!* a country which is a *prey to anarchy*. Tell me the name of any great Spaniard of the present day!"

"I really cannot—there are so few great men anywhere.

"Cite me a Galileo!"

"Ah, they have none!"

"Cite me a Ratazzi!"

"They have none either."

"Cite me—but they have nothing! Do you think the country beautiful?"

"Ah! excuse me; that is a point which I will not cede. Andalusia, to cite a single province, is a paradise. Seville, Cadiz, and Granada are magnificent cities."

"What? Do you like the little houses of Seville and Cadiz, which whiten any poor devil from head to foot who happens to graze their walls? Do you like the narrow streets, which one can hardly pass through after a good dinner? Do you find the Andalusian women, with their demoniacal eyes, beautiful? Nonsense! You are too indulgent. They are not a serious people. They called Don Amadeus, and now they wish him no longer! It is just because they are not worthy of being governed by a *civilized man*!" (textual).

"Then you find nothing good in Spain?"

"Nothing!"

"Why do you remain here, then?"

"Simply because I earn my bread here."

"That is something."

"But what food! I live like a dog, with this Spanish cooking!"

"Pardon me; but instead of living like a dog in Spain, why do you not go and live like a man in Italy?"

This remark rather confused the poor artist; and in order to relieve him from his embarrassment, I offered him a cigar, which he took and lighted without uttering a word. Nor was he the only Italian in Spain who spoke in this manner of the country and its inhabitants; denying even the clearness of the sky and the gracefulness of the Andalusian women. I cannot see what pleasure there is in travelling in this way, with one's heart closed to every charitable feeling, al-

ways ready to censure and despise, as if every good and beautiful thing found in a foreign country had been stolen from our own, and as if we could not boast of being worth any thing ourselves except on the condition of undervaluing others. People who travel in this frame of mind, inspire in me more pity than annoyance, because they deprive themselves voluntarily of many pleasures and comforts. At least, so it seems to me, in judging others by myself; because wherever I go, the first feeling that people and things waken in me is one of sympathy; a desire not to find any thing to censure; a wish to embellish in my own eyes all lovely things, to conceal from myself all that is displeasing, to pardon defects, and to say distinctly to myself and others that I am content with every thing. I am not obliged to make any effort to reach this point, for every thing presents itself almost spontaneously to my eyes under its most agreeable aspect; and my imagination benignly covers all other aspects with a little *couleur de rose*. I am very well aware that one cannot study a country in this way, write critical essays, nor acquire the reputation of being a profound thinker; but I know that one travels with a tranquil mind, and that the journeys are very profitable.

The following day I went to see the Generalife, a summer villa of the Moorish sovereigns, whose name is associated with that of the Alhambra, as that of the Alhambra is with that of Granada; although very few arches and arabesque of the ancient Generalife remain. It is a small, simple, white villa, with few windows, an arched gallery, and a terrace, and is hidden in the midst of a thicket of laurel and myrtle, on the summit of a flowery mountain rising on the right bank of the Darro, opposite the hill of

the Alhambra. In front of the façade of the palace extends a little garden, and other gardens rise one above the other, almost in the form of a terrace, up to the top of the mountain, where a high *loggia* rises, forming the boundary of the Generalife. The avenues of the gardens, the broad steps that lead from one to another, and the beds full of flowers, are flanked by high espaliers, surmounted by arches, and divided into arbors of curved myrtle, and interlaced with graceful designs. At each landing rise small white houses, shaded by trellises and groups of orange trees and cypresses. The water is as abundant now as in the time of the Arabs, and gives to the place a grace, freshness, and life which is quite indescribable. On all sides you hear the murmur of brooklets and fountains. You turn from one avenue and meet a jet of water, look out of a window and see a spurt that comes up to the window-sill, enter a group of trees and receive the spray from a cascade in your face. Everywhere you turn there is water, which is leaping, running, falling, gurgling, or sparkling amid the grass and shrubs. From the top of this *loggia* the eye falls upon all those gardens descending in slopes, and stairs; sinks into the abyss of vegetation which separates the two mountains; takes in all the boundary of the Alhambra, with the cupolas of its little temples, distant towers, and paths that wind among its ruins; extends over the city of Granada, the plain, and hills; and traverses with a single glance all the summits of the Sierra Nevada, which seem within an hour's reach. While you are contemplating this spectacle, your ear is soothed by the murmur of a hundred springs, and the distant sound of the city bells, coming up in waves, from time to time, to-

gether with a mysterious perfume of an earthly paradise, that makes you tremble with delight.

Beyond the Generalife, on the top of a higher mountain, now bare and squalid, there rose, in the time of the Arabs, other royal palaces with gardens joined together by great avenues lined with myrtles. Now, all those marvels of architecture, crowned by groves, fountains, and flowers, those enchanted aërial palaces, those superb nests filled with love and delight, have disappeared, and scarcely a pile of debris, or a little bit of wall, remains to show the traveller where they stood. Yet these ruins, which elsewhere would give rise to a feeling of melancholy, do not have this effect in the presence of that beautiful nature, whose fascination has never been equalled by even the most marvellous works of man.

Upon reëntering the city, I stopped at one end of the *Carrera del Darro* (course of the Darro), before a house richly ornamented with bas-reliefs, representing heraldic shields, armor, cherubims, and lions, with a small balcony on one corner, over which, partly on one wall, partly on the other, I read the following mysterious inscription in large lettters :

"ESPERANDO LA DEL CIELO,"

which signifies, literally translated : *Awaiting that of heaven.* Curious to know the hidden meaning of these words, I wrote them down, to ask the gifted father of my friend about them. He gave me two explanations, one of which is probably correct, but not romantic ; the other romantic, but decidedly doubtful. Here is the latter : The house belonged

to Don Fernando di Zafra, secretary of the Catholic kings, who had a beautiful daughter. A young hidalgo, of a family either inimical or inferior to that of the Zafra, became enamoured of the daughter, and his love was returned, and he asked for her hand, but was refused. This refusal of the father added fuel to the flame of these young people's love. The windows of the house were low, and the lover succeeded, one night, in climbing by a ladder into the girl's room. Whether he overturned a chair in entering, coughed, or gave a cry of joy at the sight of his lovely sweetheart with loosened hair and open arms, tradition does not narrate, but certain it is, that Don Fernando di Zafra, hearing a noise, rushed in, discovered every thing, and, blind with rage, dashed upon the unfortunate youth to put him to death. The young fellow succeeded in making his escape, however, and Don Fernando, in following him, stumbled across one of his own pages, a partisan of this affair, who had helped the hidalgo to enter the house. Without waiting to hear any explanations or prayers, he had him seized, and hanged from the balcony. Tradition states that while the poor victim cried: "Pity! pity!" the offended father replied, pointing to the terrace: "Thou wilt stay there *esperando la del cielo!*" a reply which he afterward had engraved upon the stone over the wall, to the perpetual terror of seducers and go-betweens.

I devoted the remainder of the day to the churches and convents.

The cathedral of Granada deserves, even more than that of Malaga (which is also beautiful and magnificent), to be described part by part; but there

has been enough descriptions of churches already. It was begun in 1529 by the Catholic kings, but remained unfinished. It has a great façade, with three doors, ornamented by statues and bas-reliefs; and is formed by five naves, divided by twenty immense pilasters composed of a group of slender pillars. The chapels contain paintings of Boccanegra, pieces of sculpture by Torrigiani, tombs and precious ornaments. The most beautiful of all is the principal chapel, upheld by twenty Corinthian columns, divided into two rows, on the first of which rise colossal statues of the twelve apostles, and on the second an entablature covered with garlands and heads of cherubims. Above runs a row of lovely stained glass windows, representing the Passion, and from the frieze which crowns them spring ten bold arches that form the roof of the chapel. In the arches supporting the columns are six great paintings of Alonzo Cano, which have the reputation of being his most beautiful and complete work.

Since I have named Alonzo Cano (a native of Granada, one of the most valiant Spanish painters, of the sixteenth century, who, although a disciple of the Sevillian school rather than a founder, as others assert, of a school of his own, is not less original than his greater contemporaries), I wish to jot down some of the traits of his character and incidents of his life, which are little known out of Spain, but very noteworthy. Alonzo Cano was the most quarrelsome, irate, and violent of the Spanish painters. He passed his life in litigation. He was an ecclesiast, and from 1652 to 1658, for six consecutive years, without one day's interruption, he quarrelled with the canons of the Granada Cathedral, of whom he was the accountant. Before leav-

ing Granada, he broke into pieces with his own hands a statue of St. Anthony of Padua, which he had made by order of an auditor of the chancery, because the latter ventured to observe that the price seemed a little dear. He was nominated drawing-master of the prince imperial, who, it would seem, was not born with a talent for painting, and treated his pupil so badly that the latter was obliged to have recourse to the king in order to be taken out of his hands. Sent back, by special favor, to Granada, to the chapter of the cathedral, he retained such a feeling of rancor about his old quarrels with the canons, that he would never do another stroke with his pencil for them. This is very little. He nourished a blind, brutal, inextinguishable hatred against the Jews, and had taken the fancy into his head that the touching of a Jew in any way, or of any effect touched by him, would bring him misfortune. This fixed idea made him do some of the most extraordinary things in the world. If, in passing through the street, he touched a Jew, he would take off the infected garment, and return home in his shirt sleeves. If by chance he succeeded in discovering that a servant had received a Jew into the house during his absence, he would discharge the servant, throw away the shoes with which he had trod the pavement profaned by the circumcised, and sometimes even had the pavement entirely made over. He found means to quarrel even when he was dying. When his last hour arrived, and a confessor presented him a common crucifix made with a hatchet, that he might kiss it, he pushed it away with his hand, saying as he did so: "Father, give me a bare cross, so that I may worship Jesus Christ as he really is, and as I see him in my mind." Despite all this, he had a good and

charitable heart, despised every low action, and loved deeply and purely the art in which he made himself immortal.

Returning to the church, when I had made the tour of the chapels and was preparing to leave, I was suddenly seized with the idea that something still remained to be seen. I had not read the guide book, and no one had told me any thing; but I heard a voice within me saying: "Seek!" and indeed I looked around me in every direction without knowing of what I was in search. A guide noticed me, approached sidewise, as they all do, and asked, with a mysterious air:

"Do you wish any thing?"

"I should like you to tell me," I replied, "if there is any thing to be seen in this cathedral besides that which one sees from here!"

"Is it possible," exclaimed the guide, "that you have not seen the royal chapel?"

"What is there in the royal chapel?"

"What is there? Caramba! Nothing less than the tombs of Ferdinand and Isabella the Catholic!"

I thought so! There was a place in my mind prepared for this idea, and the idea was not there! The Catholic kings must, of course, have been buried at Granada, where they fought the last great chivalrous war of the mediæval ages, and where they commissioned Christopher Columbus to arm the ships that took him to the New World! I ran rather than walked to the royal chapel, preceded by the limping guide; an old priest opened the door of the sacristy, and before allowing me to enter and see the tombs, he led me to a species of glass cabinet filled with precious objects, and said:

"You know that Isabella the Catholic, in order to furnish Christopher Columbus with the money for the arming of his ships, and not knowing where to find any, as the coffers of state were empty, put her jewels in pawn."

"Yes; well?" I asked impatiently, and foreseeing the answer, felt my heart beating rapidly.

"Well," replied the sacristan, "this is the box in which the queen placed her jewels when sending them to pawn!"

Saying which, he opened the door, took out the box, and handed it to me.

Let strong men say what they choose; for my part, these things make me tremble and weep. I have touched the box which contained the treasures by means of which Columbus was enabled to discover America! Every time that I repeat these words, my blood is stirred within me! and I add: "I have touched it with this hand," and I look at my hand.

That cabinet also contains the sword of King Ferdinand, the crown and sceptre of Isabella, a missal and several other ornaments of these two sovereigns.

We entered the chapel, between the altar and a great iron railing which separates it from the remaining space, in front of two large marble mausoleums, ornamented with statues and bas-reliefs of great value. On one of them are stretched the statues of Ferdinand and Isabella, dressed in their royal robes, with crown, sword, and sceptre. On the other were the statues of two other princes of Spain. Around the statues were lions, angels, coats of arms, and various ornaments, which present a regally austere and magnificent aspect.

The sacristan lighted a torch, and, pointing to a kind of trap-door situated in the pavement which separates the two mausoleums, begged me to raise it, so that we could go down below. The guide assisted me, we opened the trap the sacristan descended, and I followed him down a narrow staircase to a little subterranean room, in which were five lead caskets, each one marked with two initials surmounted by a crown. The sacristan lowered the torch, and, touching them one by one, said to me in a slow and solemn voice ;

" Here reposes the great Queen Isabella the Catholic."

" Here reposes the great King Ferdinand V."

" Here reposes the King Philip I."

" Here reposes Queen Joanna the mad."

" Here reposes Donna Maria, her daughter, who died at the age of nine years."

" God have them all in his holy keeping."

Then planting his torch in the ground, he crossed his arms and closed his eyes, as if to give me time for my meditations.

One might grow quite humpbacked leaning over a table while he described all the religious monuments of Granada. There are the superb Cartoja, the Montesacro, containing the grottos of the martyrs ; the Church of San Geronimo, where the great captain Gonsales di Cordova is buried ; the convent of St. Dominic, founded by the inquisitor Torquemada ; that of the Angels, which contains pictures of Cano and Murillo ; together with many others, but I fancy that my readers may be much more weary than I, so will spare them a quantity of descriptions which would probably only give them a confused idea of things.

However, as I have mentioned the tomb of *El Gran Capitan*, Fernando Gonsales of Cordova, I cannot refrain from translating a curious document referring to him, and which was given me in the Church of San Geronimo by a sacristan who was a great admirer of that hero's exploits.

The document is in the shape of an anecdote, beginning as follows :

" Every step of the great Captain, Don Gonsales di Cordova, was an assault, and each assault was a victory. His sepulchre in the convent of the Geronomites at Granada was adorned with two hundred banners taken by him. His envious rivals, and especially the treasurers of the kingdom of Naples, in 1506, induced the king to demand of Gonsales an account of the great sums he had received from Spain for the war in Italy, and, in fact, the king was so small as to consent, and be present at the *Conferencia.*

" Gonsales received the demand with the greatest scorn, and made up his mind to give a severe lesson to the treasurers and king as to the manner in which the conqueror of a kingdom should be treated.

" He replied with great indifference and serenity that his accounts should be prepared for the following day, and he would show which was the debtor, the exchequer or himself ; the former reclaiming one hundred and thirty thousand ducats consigned to him, as the first sum, eighty thousand for the second, three millions for the third, eleven millions for the fourth, thirteen for the fifth ; and so the grave, *gangoso* (of the nasal voice) and foolish secretary who authorized such an important act went on reading.

" Gonsales kept his word. He presented himself at the second audience, and drawing out a volumi-

nous book, in which he had written his justifications, he began reading, in a high and sonorous voice, the following words :

"'Two hundred thousand seven hundred and thirty-six ducats and nine reales to the monks, nuns, and poor, so that they might pray for the triumph of the Spanish arms.

"'One hundred thousand for shovels, spades, and pickaxes.

"'One hundred thousand in powder and balls. Ten thousand ducats in perfumed gloves to protect the soldiers from the smell of the bodies of the enemy scattered on the field of battle.

"'One hundred and seventy thousand ducats to replace the bells destroyed by ringing for continuous new victories gained over the enemy.

"'Fifty thousand ducats in brandy for the soldiers on a day of battle.

"'One million and a half of ducats for the maintenance of prisoners and wounded.

"'One million in masses of thanks and *Te Deum* to the Omnipotent.

"'Three hundred million in masses for the dead.

"'Seven hundred thousand four hundred and ninety-four ducats for spies; and—

"'One hundred million for the patience I displayed yesterday in hearing that the king asked for accounts from the man who had given him his kingdom.'

"These are the celebrated accounts of the great Captain, the originals of which are in the possession of Count d' Altimira.

"One of the original accounts, with the autograph of the great Captain, is in the Military Museum of London, where it is preserved with great care."

After reading this document, I returned to the hotel, making malicious comparisons between Gonsales di Cordova and the Spanish generals of the present day, which reasons of state, as they say in the tragedies, prevent me from repeating.

I saw something entertaining in my hotel each day. There were many university students, who had come from Malaga and other cities in Andalusia to undergo their examinations for the doctor's degree at Granada. I do not know whether it was because they were less severe here, or for what other reason. One morning at breakfast, one of them, a young fellow just past twenty, announced that he was to have his examination for canonical rights at two o'clock in the afternoon, and that not being very sure of himself he had decided to drink a glass of wine, in order to refresh the sources of eloquence. Not being accustomed to drink any but watered wine, he was imprudent enough to take down at one swallow a glass of Jerez. His face instantly became so altered, that if I had not seen the change with my own eyes I should not have believed it to be the same face as before.

"That is enough!" cried his friends. But the young man, feeling that he had become both strong and bold, cast a compassionate glance at his companions, and ordered another glass from the waiter, with a dignified gesture.

"You will become intoxicated," they said.

The only reply he vouchsafed them was to swallow a second glass.

Then he became very loquacious. There were about twenty people at table, and in a few moments he had entered into conversation with them all. He made a thousand revelations of his past life, and his

designs for the future. He said he was from Cadiz, had eight thousand lire a year, and wished to devote himself to a diplomatic career, because, with that income, and something an uncle was to leave him, he would be able to cut a good figure. He stated that he had made up his mind to take a wife at thirty, and to marry a woman as tall as himself, because, in his opinion, the wife ought to be of the same stature as the husband, in order to prevent either from getting the upper hand. He went on to say that when he was a boy he had been in love with the daughter of an American consul, who was as beautiful as a rose and solid as a pine, but with a red spot behind one ear, which looked very badly, although she understood quite well how to cover it with her mantilla, and he showed with his napkin just how she did. He announced that Don Amadeus was too ingenuous to govern Spain, and that he had always preferred the poet Espronceda to Zorilla; that ceding Cuba to America was nonsense; that he did not fear the examination for canonical rights, and that he wished to drink a little more of the Jerez wine, which was the first in Europe.

He drank a third glass, despite the good counsels and disapprobation of his friends, and after having chattered a little more amid the laughter of his audience, he suddenly stopped, looked fixedly at a lady opposite him, dropped his head, and went to sleep. I thought he would not be able to present himself for examination that day, but was mistaken. An hour later his friends waked him; he went up stairs to wash his face, rushed off to the university quite sleepy still, took his examination, and was promoted, to the great glory of the wine of Jeres and Spanish diplomacy.

The following days were employed in seeing the monuments, or, better to express myself, the ruins of the Arabian monuments, which, beside the Alhambra and Generalife, attest to the ancient splendor of Granada. As it was the last bulwark of Islam, Granada is, among all the Spanish cities, the one which retains the greatest number of souvenirs. On the hill called the *Dinadamar* (fountain of tears), are traces of the ruins of four towers, that rose at the four corners of an immense cistern, into which flowed from the Sierra all the water used in the highest part of the city. There were baths, gardens, and villas, of which no trace is left, and from these one could take in at a single glance the city with its minarets, terraces, and mosques gleaming amid the palms and cypresses. Near here is still seen an Arabian gate, called the Elvira gate, formed by a great arch covered with battlements. Farther on are the ruins of the palaces of the caliphs. Near the Alameda promenade is a square tower, containing a large room, ornamented with the usual Arabian inscriptions. Close by the convent of San Dominic are the remains of gardens and palaces which were once joined to the Alhambra by means of a subterranean passage. Within the city is the Alcaiceria, an Arabian market almost intact, formed by several small, straight streets, as narrow as a corridor, and flanked by two rows of shops, one joining the other, that present the strange aspect of an Asiatic bazaar Indeed one cannot take a step in Granada without meeting an arch, an arabesque, a column, and a pile of stones that recall her fantastic past, when she was a Sultana.

How many turns and twists I made through those tortuous streets, in the warmest portion of the day,

under a sun that was perfectly scorching, without meeting a living soul! At Granada, as is the case in all the other Andalusian cities, people do not show themselves until night; and at night they make up for their imprisonment during the day by gathering and crowding in the public promenades with the haste and bustle of a multitude, one half of which is looking for the other on account of urgent business. The thickest crowd is on the Alemada, and yet I passed my evenings there with Gongora, who talked of Arabian monuments, a journalist who discussed politics, and another young man who talked of women, not infrequently all three together, to my infinite pleasure, because that school-boy sort of meeting, at times, refreshes my soul, as does the summer shower (to steal a beautiful comparison) when it falls with quickened motion on the grass.

If I were obliged to say any thing about the people of Granada, I should really be quite embarrassed, because I did not see them. During the day, I never met any one in the street, and at night one could not see them. No theatres were open, and when I might have found some one in the city, I was wandering through the halls or avenues of the Alhambra. Then, too, I had so much to do to see every thing in the time I had allowed myself, that there were no odd moments when I could have begun a conversation, as I did in other cities, in the streets or cafés, with the common people upon whom I happened to stumble.

Judging from all that I heard of the Granada people from those who were able to give me reliable information concerning them, I should say that they do not enjoy an excellent reputation in Spain. They are said to be bad-tempered, violent, vindictive, and

given to the use of the knife, which is not contradicted by the city chronicles in the papers, and it is well known, although not said, that popular education is less general here than in Seville, or even other small Spanish cities. Then, too, every thing which cannot be done by the sun and ground (which do so much), goes to the bad, either through indolence, ignorance, or confusion. Granada is not connected by railway with any important city. She lives alone, in the midst of her gardens, within the circle of her mountains, rejoicing in the fruits which the earth produces under her hand, rocking herself softly in the vanity of her beauty and pride of her history, idling, dozing, dreaming, and contenting herself by replying with a yawn to any one who reproves her for her condition: "I gave to Spain the painter Alonzo Cano, the poet Luis di Leon, the historian Fernando di Castillo, the sacred orator Luis di Granada, and the minister Martinez de la Rosas; I have paid my debt; leave me in peace!" a reply made by most of the southern cities of Spain, so much more beautiful than wise or industrious, alas! and so much prouder than civilized. Ah! no one who has seen them can refrain from exclaiming: "What a shame!"

"Now that you have seen all the marvels of Arabian art and tropical vegetation, you must see the suburb of the Albaycin, in order to say that you know Granada. Prepare your mind for a new world; put your hand on your pocket-book, and follow me."

So said Gongora, the last afternoon of my stay in Granada. We had with us a young journalist, Melchiorre Almago by name, director of the *Idea*, a charming, agreeable fellow, who, in order to accom-

pany us, sacrificed his dinner, and an editorial, which he had been thinking over since morning. We started out, and reached the square of the *Audiencia*. There Gongora pointed out a tortuous road which mounts a hill, and said to me :

"The *Albaycin* begins here ;" and Melchiorre, touching a house with his stick, added :

" Here commences the territory of the republic."

We passed through the narrow street, from this into another, then into a third, climbing all the time, without my seeing any thing extraordinary, although I was looking curiously about me on all sides. There were narrow streets, miserable houses, old women asleep on the doorsteps, mammas who were examining their children's heads, dogs which were yawning, cocks crowing, ragged boys running and screaming, and other things that are always seen in suburbs, but so far there was nothing else. Little by little, as we climbed, the aspect of the houses and people began changing : the roofs were lower, the windows fewer, the doors smaller, and the inhabitants more ragged. In the middle of every street ran a rivulet in a walled bed in the Arab style ; here and there, above the doors, and around the windows, one could still see arabesques, and fragments of little columns ; and in the corners of the squares were mountains and walls of the time of the Moorish dominion. At every hundred steps we seemed to be going back fifty years, toward the time of the Caliphs. My two companions touched my elbow from time to time, saying :

" Look at that old woman—that child—that man."

And I looked, and asked :

" What kind of people are those ? "

If I had found myself there suddenly, I should

have fancied, in seeing those men and women, that I was in an African village, so different were the faces, manner of dressing, moving, speaking, and looking (at such a short distance from the centre of Granada), from those of the people whom I had come in contact with up to that time. At each turn I stopped to look in the faces of my companions, who said to me :

" This is nothing ; we are still in the civilized portion of the Albaycin ; this is the *Parisian* quarter of the suburb. Let us go on ! "

On we went ; the streets looked like the beds of a stream, or paths dug out of the rock, were all elevations or ditches, mounds, and stones ; some of them so steep that a mule could not climb them ; others so narrow that a man could scarcely pass ; others, still, filled with women and children seated on the ground ; and again, they were moss-grown, deserted, and wearing a bleak, savage, strange aspect, of which our most miserable villages could furnish no idea, because this is the poverty that bears the imprint of another race and the colors of another continent. We wandered through a labyrinth of streets, passing, from time to time, under a great Arabian arch, or through a high square, from which we could take in at a glance the immense valleys, mountains covered with snow, and a portion of the city below, and, finally, reaching the end of a street, stonier and more narrow than any we had yet seen. We stopped to take breath.

" Here," said the young archeologist, " the real Albaycin begins. Look at that house ! "

I obeyed ; it was a low, smoky, and half-ruined dwelling, with a door resembling a cellar window, before which we could see moving, under a mass of

rags, a group, or rather a heap of old women and children, who, at our appearance, raised their sleepy eyes, and, with fleshless hands, removed from the sill some filth that impeded our progress.

"Let us enter," said my friend.

"Enter?" I asked.

If they had told me that beyond that wall there was a duplicate of the famous Court of Miracles described by Victor Hugo, I should not have hesitated to believe them. No door had ever said more imperatively to me: "Keep back!" I can find no better comparison than that of the wide open mouth of a gigantic witch, which exhaled a breath full of pestilential miasmas. However, I took courage, and entered.

Oh, marvel of marvels! It was the court of an Arabian house, surrounded by graceful little columns, surmounted by very light arches, with those indescribable traceries of the Alhambra around the small doors and mullion windows, the beams and partitions of the ceiling sculptured and colored, niches for vases of flowers and perfume urns, the bath in the centre, and, in fact, all the traces of the delicious life of an opulent family. That house was inhabited by poor people!

We came out, entered other houses, and found in all of them some fragments of Arabian sculpture and architecture. Gongora said to me, from time to time: "Here there was a harem; there the women's bath; up there the little room of a favorite." And I fastened my hungry eyes on all those bits of arabesqued wall and the small columns of the windows, as if to ask them the revelation of some secret, a name, or a magic word with which I could reconstruct in an instant the ruined edifices, and invoke

the beautiful Arabian women who had lived there. But, alas! amid the columns and under the arches of the windows nothing was to be seen but rags and wrinkled faces!

Among other houses, we entered one in which we found a group of girls who were sewing under the shade of a tree in the court, guarded by an old woman. They were all working upon a large piece of black and white striped cloth, which looked like a carpet or bed cover. I approached and asked one of the seamstresses:

"What is that?"

They all raised their heads, and, with one accord, unfolded the cloth so that I could see their work well. As soon as I saw it, I cried:

"I will buy it."

They began laughing. It was the mantle of an Andalusian mountaineer, made to wear on horseback, in the shape of a right angle, with an aperture in the middle through which to pass the head, embroidered in bright-colored wools along the two shortest sides and around the opening. The design of the embroideries, representing fantastic birds and flowers, green, blue, white, red, and yellow, all in a mass, was rough as a child would make it; but the beauty of the work lies in the perfect harmony of the colors. I cannot describe the feeling which the sight of that mantle produced, unless I say that it laughs and arouses gaiety, and that it seems impossible to imagine any thing gayer, brighter, or more childishly and gracefully capricious. It is a thing to look at when one wishes to get out of bad humor, to write a lovely strophe in a lady's album, or is expecting a person whom he desires to receive with a most pleasing smile.

"When will these embroideries be done?" I asked one of the girls.

"To-day," they all replied in chorus.

"What is this mantle worth?"

"Five . . . ." stammered one of them.

The old woman shot a glance at her that was meant to say: "You goose!" and replied hastily:

"*Six duros.*"

Six *duros* are thirty lire; it did not seem much to me, and I put my hand on my pocket-book.

Gongora, giving me a glance that said, "You stupid," and holding me back by the arm, said:

"Wait a moment; six duros are entirely too much!"

The old woman gave him a glance that meant, "brigand!" and replied:

"I cannot give it for less."

Then Gongora looked at her, as much as to say: "What a fib!" and remarked:

"Come now, you can give it for four *duros;* you do not ask any more from the people of the country."

The old woman was persistent, and we continued for a time to exchange with the eyes such polite titles as stupid, swindler, spoil-trade, liar, miser, and spendthrift, until the mantle was sold me for five *duros.* I paid the sum, gave my address, and we left blessed and recommended to God by the old woman, and followed for a good distance by the great black eyes of the embroiderers.

We continued walking from street to street, among more and more miserable houses, blacker and blacker faces, and more disgusting rags. We never seemed to reach the end, and I said to my companions:

"Be kind enough to tell me whether Granada has any confines, and where they are. May one ask where we are going, and how we shall manage to get home again?"

But my friends only laughed and kept on.

"Is there any thing stranger to be seen?" I asked, at a certain point.

"Stranger?" they both replied. "This second quarter of the borough which you have seen still belongs to civilization; it is, if not the *Parisian*, at least the *Madrid* quarter of the Albaycin; there is decidedly more to see, so let us go on."

We passed through a very long street filled with half-clothed women, who looked at us as if we were people who had fallen from the moon; crossed a small square full of children and pigs, quite amicably mixed; went on through two or three wretched little alleys, now climbing, now descending, now among houses, now among ruins, now among trees, or now among rocks, and finally reached a solitary place on the slope of a hill, from whence we saw opposite us the Generalife, on the right the Alhambra, and below a deep valley covered with a thick grove.

It began to grow dark, no one was to be seen, and not a voice was heard.

"Does the borough end here?" I asked.

My two companions laughed, and replied:

"Look on that side."

I turned, and saw a street which was lost in a distant thicket, and endless row of houses . . . of houses? I should say caves dug in the earth, with a little wall in front, some holes for windows, and cracks for doors, and wild plants of every kind on all sides. They were the dens of beasts, in which, by the reflection of small lights, scarcely visible, we

could see the gitani swarming by the hundred,—a people living in the sides of the mountains, poorer, blacker, and more savage than any yet seen. Another city, unknown to the majority of the Granadines, inaccessible to the agents of the police, shut to those who take the census, ignorant of every law or government, existing one knows not how, in untold numbers, strange to the city, Spain, and modern civilization, with a language and usages of their own, superstitious, false, thievish, mischievous, and ferocious.

"Button up your overcoat; look out for your watch," said Gongora; "and let us move on."

We had not taken a hundred steps, when a half-naked boy, black as the walls of his den, espied us, uttered a cry, and making some sign to the other boys to follow him, dashed toward us. Behind the boys came women; behind the women men; then old men and women with children, and in less time than it takes to tell it, we were surrounded by a crowd. My two friends, recognized as Granadines, succeeded in making their escape, and I alone was caught. I seem to see yet those ugly faces, to hear those voices, and feel all those hands upon me. Gesticulating, shouting, saying a thousand things I could not understand, dragging me by the coat-tails, waistcoat, and sleeves, they pressed on to me like a troop of famished people, breathed in my face, and took away my breath. The majority of them were semi-nude, thin, with shirts torn into fragments, dishevelled and dusty hair, and so horrible to look upon, that I felt as if I were Don Roderick in the midst of the crowd of the plague-stricken, in that famous dream of the August night.

"What do these people want?" I asked myself.

"Where have I allowed myself to be brought? How shall I get out of this? I really experienced almost a feeling of terror, and looked around uneasily. Little by little I began to understand something.

"I have a sore on my shoulder," said one; "I cannot work; give me some money."

"I have broken my leg," said another.

"I have a paralyzed arm."

"I have had a long illness."

"*Un cuarto, señorito!*"

"*Un real, caballero!*"

"*Un peceta para todos!*"

This last suggestion was greeted with a shout of approval.

"*Un peceta para todos!*" (a lira for all of us).

I drew out my portemonnaie with a little trepidation; all got on tip-toe; the nearest poked their chins into it; those behind placed their chins on the heads of the first, and the most distant stretched out their arms.

"One moment," I cried; "who has the most authority among you?"

All with one voice, pointing toward a single person, replied, "That one!"

She was a frightful old woman, all nose and chin, with a great bunch of white hair standing straight up on her head like a plume, a mouth that looked like a letter box, very little clothing on, black, shrivelled, and dried up. She approached me, bowing, smiling, and stretching out her hand to take mine.

"What do you wish?" I asked, stepping back.

"To tell your fortune," they all shouted.

"Well, then, tell my fortune," I replied, extending my hand.

The old woman took, in her ten, I cannot say fingers, but shapeless bones, my poor hand, placed her sharp nose upon it, raised her head, looked fixedly at me, pointed her finger at me; swaying herself, and stopping at every sentence, as if she were reciting verses, she said to me, in an inspired tone:

"You were born on an auspicious day."

"The day you die will be a notable one."

"You possess immense wealth."

Here she muttered something about sweethearts, weddings, happiness, from which I gathered that she supposed me to be married, and then added:

"The day you married there was a great festival at your house; there was *giving and taking*."

"Another woman wept."

"And when you see her the wings of your heart open."

On she went in this way, saying that I had sweethearts, friends, treasures, and jewels awaiting me each day in the year at every corner of the globe. While the old woman was speaking, all were silent, as if they believed she was prophesying truly. Finally she closed her prophecy with a formula of dismissal, and ended the formula by stretching out her arms and taking a leap in a dancing attitude. I gave the *peceta*, and the crowd broke out into a shout, applause, and songs, making a thousand strange gestures around me, saluting me with pokes and slaps on the shoulder, like old friends, until, by force of twisting and striking right and left, I succeeded in opening a passage and reaching my friends. Here, however, a new peril threatened us. The notice of the arrival of a stranger had spread abroad, the tribe was in motion, and the city of the gypsies was in an

uproar. From the neighboring houses, distant dens, the top of the hills, and bottom of the valleys, flocked boys, women with children in their arms, old men with sticks, lame and sick impostors, and septuagenarian fortune-tellers wishing to tell fortunes; a crowd of beggars, in fact, who rushed upon us from all sides. It was night; there was no time for hesitation; we took to our heels, and ran like schoolboys in the direction of the city. Then such a fiendish burst of shouts broke out, and the fleetest began following us. Thanks to heaven, after a short gallop we found ourselves out of danger, but tired, breathless, and covered with dust.

"We had to escape at any cost," said Señor Melchiorre laughingly to me, "or else we should have returned home in a shirtless condition."

"And remember," added Gongora, "that we have only seen the gates of the gypsy quarter,—the civilized portion; not the Paris or Madrid, but, at least, the Granada of the Albaycin. If we had only been able to go on! If you could only have seen the rest!"

"How many thousands are there of these people?" I asked.

"No one knows."

"How do they live?"

"We cannot understand that either."

"What authority do they recognize?"

"Only one—the kings, heads of the families or houses, those who are oldest or have the most money. They never leave their quarter, know nothing, and live quite in the dark as far as any thing outside the circuit of their houses is concerned. Dynasties fall, governments change, armies fight, and it is a miracle if the news ever reaches

their ears. Ask them whether Isabella is on the throne or not; they do not know. Ask them who Don Amadeus is; they have never heard his name. They are born and die like flies, and live as they did centuries ago, multiplying without leaving their own boundaries, ignorant and unknown, seeing nothing during all their life save the valleys lying at their feet and the Alhambra which towers above their heads."

We returned by the streets through which we had come, now so dark and deserted that it seemed as if they were unending. We climbed, descended, twisted, and turned, and finally reached the square of the *Audiencia*, in the centre of Granada. We were once more in the civilized world. At the sight of the cafés and lighted shops, I experienced the same feeling of pleasure that I would have done in returning to city life after a year's sojourn in an uninhabited country.

The following day I left for Valencia. I remember that a few moments before starting, while paying my hotel bill, I remarked to the landlord that one candle too much had been charged, and asked him, laughingly:

"Will you take it off?"

He seized his pen, and subtracting twenty centimes from the total, replied in a voice intended to convey emotion:

"Diavolo! among Italians . . . .!"

CHAPTER XIII.

VALENCIA.

THE journey from Granada to Valencia, taken all *de un tiron*, as they say in Spain (or all in one breath), is an amusement in which a sensible man only indulges once during his life. From Granada to Menjibar, a village on the left bank of the Guadalquiver, between Jaen and Andujar, is a night's ride in a diligence. From Menjibar to the Alcazar of San Juan takes a half day on the railway, in a carriage without curtains, across a plain as bare as the palm of one's hand, and under a scorching sun. From Alcazar di San Juan to Valencia (counting an entire evening passed at the station of the Alcazar waiting for the train) is another night and morning before you reach the desired city at noonday, when nature, as Emile Praga would say, recoils at the horrible idea that there are still four months of summer.

Yet it must be confessed that the country one passes through from the beginning to the end of this journey is so beautiful, that if the traveller were capable of any sentiment when nearly dead with sleep and exhausted from the intense heat, he would be very enthusiastic about it. It is a journey of unexpected views, sudden changes, strange contrasts, spectacular effects of nature, if I may so ex-

press myself, and marvellous and fantastic transformations, which leave in the mind a vague illusion of having traversed not a portion of Spain, but the most varied countries of an entire meridian. From the *Vega* of Granada, which you cross in the moonlight, almost opening a road for yourself through the groves and gardens, in the midst of a luxuriant vegetation crowding around you, like an angry sea, to envelop and swallow you up in its breakers of verdure; you come out among bare and rocky mountains, where not a trace of human habitation is to be found, clear the edge of precipices, follow the banks of torrents, run along the bottom of chasms, and seem to be lost in a labyrinth of rocks. From here you emerge again among the green hills and flowery fields of upper Andalusia, and then suddenly the fields and hills disappear, and you find yourself in the midst of the stony mountains of the Sierra Morena, which hang over your head, and shut in the horizon on all sides, like the walls of an immense abyss. You leave the Sierra Morena and the barren plains of the Mancha spread out before you. After crossing the Mancha, you pass through the flowery plains of Almansa, varied by every kind of cultivation, which presents the appearance of a chess-board, painted with all the shades of green that can be found on the palette of a landscape painter. Finally, beyond the Almansa plain, there opens a delicious oasis, a land blessed by God, a veritable paradise, the kingdom of Valencia. From this point to the city you move on amid gardens, vineyards, thick groves of orange trees, white villas surmounted by terraces, gay villages, all painted in bright colors, in groups and rows; thickets of palms, pomegranates, aloes, and sugar-cane, endless hedges

of Indian figs, long chains of hills, cone-shaped heights, converted into kitchen, flower-gardens, and swards; all these divided minutely from top to bottom, and as variegated as bunches of grass and flowers. Everywhere, in fact, there is a luxurious vegetation, which covers every vacancy, overtops every height, clothes each projection, rises, waves, sweeps along, crowds together, interlaces, impedes the view, shuts in the road, dazzles you with green, wearies you with beauty, confuses you with its caprices and tricks, and produces the effect of a sudden upheaving of earth seized by a fever, from the fire of a secret volcano!

The first building you see, upon entering Valencia, is an immense bull circus, situated on the right of the railway, formed by four rows of arches, one above the other, supported by large pilasters, built of brick, and resembling, in the distance, the Colosseum. It is the bull circus, where, on the fourth of September, 1871, King Amadeus, in the presence of seventeen thousand people, shook hands with the celebrated *torero*, called Tato, who had but one leg, and who, being the director of the spectacle, had asked permission to present his homage in the royal box. Valencia is full of souvenirs of the Duke d' Aosta. The sacristan of the cathedral possesses a gold chronometer, with his initials in diamonds, and a chain with pearls, given him by the duke when he went to pray in the chapel of *Nuestra Señora de los Desamparados* (*Mother of the Forsaken or Desolate*). In the asylum of this name the poor remember having once received their daily bread from him. In the mosaic manufactory of one Nolla are preserved two bricks, upon one of which he cut his own name,

and on the other that of the queen. In the Plaza di Tetuan the people point out the house of Count di Cevellon, in which he was entertained, and which is the same house where Ferdinand VII, in 1824, signed the decrees annulling the Constitution, where Queen Christiana abdicated in 1840, and where Queen Isabella passed several days in 1858. In fact, there is not a corner of the city in which one cannot say: "Here he pressed the hand of a common man; here he visited a hospital; and here he passed on foot, far away from his suite, and surrounded by a crowd, but trustful, calm, and smiling."

It was just at Valencia, since I am speaking of the Duke d' Aosta, that a child of five, reciting some verses, touched on the terrible subject of a foreign king, with the noblest and most sensible words that have, perhaps, been uttered in Spain for many years; words which, if Spain had remembered and meditated upon, might perhaps have saved her from many of the calamities that have come, and may come to her; words that, perchance, some day, Spaniards will remember with a sigh, and which up to this time draw from events a marvellous light of truth and beauty. The poem is entitled *God and the King*, and runs thus:

"*Dios, en todo Soberano,*
Creò un dia á los mortales,
Y á todos nos hizo iguales
Con su poderosa mano.

No reconoció Naciones
Ni colores ni matices,
Y en ver los hombres felices
Cifró sus aspiraciones.

El Rey, che su imágen es,
Su bondad debe imitar;
Y el pueblo no ha de indagar
Si es aleman ó francés.

Porqué con ceño iracundo
Recharzarle siendo bueno?
Un Rey de bondades lleno
Tiene por su patria el mundo.

Vino de nacion estraña
Cárlos Quinto emperador,
Y conquistó su valor
Mil laureles para España.

Y es un recuerdo glorioso
Aunque en guerra cimentado,
El venturoso reinado
De Felipe el Animoso.

Hoy el tercero sois Vos
Nacido en estraño suelo
Que vieno á ver nuestro cielo
Puro destello de Dios.

Al rayo de nuestro sol
Sed bueno, justo, y leal,
Que á un Rey bueno y liberal
Adora el pueblo español.

Y á vuestra frente el trofeo
Ceñid de perpetua gloria,
Para que diga la historia
Fué grande el Rey Amadeo."

See appendix for translation.

Oh, poor little girl, how many wise things you said, and how many insensate ones others did!

The city of Valencia, if we enter it thinking over the ballads of the poets who sang of its marvels, does not seem to correspond with the beautiful idea formed of it; and yet, on the other hand, it has none of that gloomy appearance for which we prepare ourselves, when we think more of its just fame as a turbulent, warlike city, the fomenter of civil wars, one rather preferring the smell of powder to the fragrance of its orange groves. It is a city built on a vast and arid plain on the bank of the Guadalquiver, which separates it from its suburbs, a short distance from the bay, which serves as a harbor, all tortuous streets, flanked by high, ugly, and many-colored houses, and therefore less pleasing in appearance than the streets of most Andalusian cities, and entirely lacking in that lovely oriental aspect so pleasing to the fancy. On the left bank of the river is an immense promenade formed by majestic avenues and beautiful gardens, which are reached by leaving the city through the gate of the Cid, flanked by two great embattled towers named after the hero because he passed through it in 1094 after having driven the Arabs from Valencia. The cathedral, erected on the spot once occupied by a temple of Diana in the time of the Romans, then by a church dedicated to St. Salvador in the time of the Goths, then by a mosque in the time of the Arabs, converted again into a church by the Cid, changed a second time into a mosque by the Arabs in 1101, and for a third time into a church by King Don Jayme after the definite expulsion of the invaders, is a large edifice, very rich in ornaments and treasures, but cannot in the least compare with the majority of Spanish cathedrals. There are several palaces worth seeing, such as the palace of the *Audiencia*, a beautiful monument of the sixteenth century, in which the

Cortes of the kingdom of Valencia were convened; the *Casa de Ayuntamiento*, built between the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, in which Don Jayme's sword is preserved, together with the keys of the city and the banner of the Moors; and, above all, the *Lonja*, or merchants' *Bourse*, on account of its noted room, formed by three great naves, divided by twenty-four twisted columns, over which curve the light arches of the ceilings, producing a pleasant and harmonious effect upon the eye. Last of all is a picture-gallery, which is not one of the most insignificant ones of Spain.

To tell the truth, however, during the few days I remained at Valencia waiting for the ship, my head was more full of politics than art, and I experienced the truth of the words of an illustrious Italian, who is thoroughly at home in Spain: "The stranger," he says, "who lives only for a short time in Spain, becomes, little by little, without being aware of it, intensely interested in politics, as if Spain were his own country, or the fate of his own country depended upon that of Spain. The passions are so strong, the struggle so fierce, and the future welfare and life of the nation are so evidently at stake in this same struggle, that it is not possible for any one with Latin blood in his veins to remain an indifferent spectator. He must take part, talk at meetings, be affected by the elections, join the crowd which is making political demonstrations, break with a friend, join a set of people who think as he does, and become a Spaniard up to the whites of his eyes. As he becomes Spanish, he forgets Europe, as if it were at the antipodes, and ends by not seeing any thing but Spain, as if he were ruling it, and all its interests were in his hands." This is true, and was the case

with me. During those few days the conservative ministry was shipwrecked, and the radicals had the wind in their sails; Spain was all in an uproar; governors, generals, and employés of all grades and administrations lost their places; a crowd of new people burst into the offices of the ministries, uttering cries of joy. Zorilla was to inaugurate a new era of prosperity and peace. Don Amadeus had had an inspiration from heaven; liberty had conquered, and Spain was saved. Even I, in hearing the band play in front of the new governor's house, on a starry night, among a crowd of gay people, had a ray of hope that the throne of Don Amadeus might extend its roots, and I repented having prophesied evil too soon. And that comedy played by Zorilla at his villa, when he would not accept the presidency of the ministry, sent back his friends and the deputations, and, finally, worn out with refusing, made the mistake of saying yes, gave me then another idea of the firmness of his character, and induced me to think well of the new government. I said to myself that it was a pity to leave Spain when the horizon was clearing, and the royal palace at Madrid was assuming a roseate hue, and, indeed, began to make plans for returning to Madrid, in order to enjoy the satisfaction of being able to send to Italy some consoling information, which would compensate for my imprudence in not having told any stories about affairs up to that time. I repeated the lines of Prati:

"Oh qual destin t' aspetta
Aquila giovinetta!"

(Oh, what a destiny awaits thee, young eagle!)

which, with the exception of a little exaggeration in the appellatives, seemed to contain a prophecy, and I fancied seeing the poet in Piazza Colonna, at Rome, running to meet him, in order to offer him my congratulations, and pressing his hand.

The most beautiful thing to be seen at Valencia is the market. The Valencian peasants are more strangely and artistically dressed than any in Spain. If they wished to produce quite an effect among the maskers at our veglioné (masked balls), they would only have to enter the theatre just in the dress they wear on fête and market days in the street of Valencia, and on the country roads. One is seized by a desire to laugh when he sees the first who are dressed in this way, and it is difficult to believe that they are really Spanish peasants. They have the air of Greeks, bedouins, jugglers, rope-dancers, women half undressed, the silent characters in tragedies, or a fun-loving people, who wish to raise a laugh at their own expense. They wear a full white shirt in the place of a jacket, a variegated velvet waistcoat, open at the chest, a pair of trowsers like those of the zouaves, which only come to the knee, look like drawers, and stand out like the skirts of ballet-dancers ; a red or blue sash around the waist, a kind of white embroidered woolen leggings, which display the bare knee, and a pair of rope sandals like the Catalan peasants. As a covering for the head (which is almost shaved like the Chinese), they wear a red, blue, yellow, or white handkerchief, twisted in the shape of a cartridge, and knotted on the temple or nape of the neck. Upon this they place a little velvet hat, shaped like those worn in the other Spanish provinces. When they go to town, they

generally carry over their shoulders or arms, sometimes in the shape of a shawl, mantle, or scarf, a woolen *capa*, long and narrow, with bright-colored stripes (usually white and red), and ornamented with tufts of fringe and rosettes. The appearance of a square, where hundred of men dressed like this are gathered, is easily imagined. It is a carnival scene, a fête, a tumult of colors, inspiring gaiety like a band of music ; a spectacle, in fact, which is, at the same time, charlatan-like, lovely, grand, or ridiculous, and to which the frowning faces and majestic attitudes, distinguishing the Valencian peasants, add a shading of gravity that increases its extraordinary beauty.

If there is a false and insolent proverb, it is the old Spanish one which declares that in Valencia the flesh is grass,the grass is water, the men are women, and the women nothing. Setting aside the part referring to the flesh and grass, which is a fable, the men, especially among the lower classes, are tall and robust, and as hardy in appearanee as the Catalans and Arragonese, with a brighter and more vivacious expression of eye. The women are, by the universal consent of all Spaniards and the strangers who have travelled in Spain, the most classically beautiful of the country. The Valencians who know that the eastern coast of the peninsula was first occupied by the Greeks and Carthaginians say : "It is clear that the Greek type remained here." I do not dare give any opinion on the subject, because defining the beauty of the women of a city in which one has passed only a few hours would seem like the license taken by the compiler of a guide-book. However, it is easy to see the difference between the beauty of the Andalusian and Valencian women. The latter are taller, stouter, lighter, have more regular

features, softer eyes, and more matronly gait and pose. They are not as spicy as the Andalusians, who make one feel like biting his finger to calm the sudden insurrection of capricious desires the sight of them arouses; but they are women upon whom one looks with a more quiet admiration, and while looking says, as La Harpe did of the Apollo Belvedere, *notre tête se relève, notre maintien s' ennoblit;* so that instead of dreaming of a little Andalusian house in which to hide them from the eyes of the world, he desires a marble palace in which to receive the ladies and cavaliers who might come to render them homage.

According to the other Spaniards, the Valencian people are ferocious and cruel beyond imagination. If any one wishes to rid himself of an enemy, he can find a serviceable man who, for a few crowns, will accept the commission with as much indifference as he would that of carrying a letter to the post. A Valencian peasant who happens to have a gun in his hand when some stranger is passing by, will say to his companion : *Voy à ver si acierto* (let us see how well I can aim), takes aim, and fires. This is recounted as an absolute fact, which took place not many years since. In the cities and villages of Spain the boys and young men of the people are in the habit of playing at bull-fighting. One is the bull, and does the butting; another, with a stick fastened securely under the shoulder-blade, like a lance, and carried on the back of a third, who represents the horse, repulses the attacks of the first. Once a band of young Valencians thought that they would add a novelty to this play which would make it resemble the bull-fights more closely, and afford

more amusement to the artists and spectators. The novelty consisted in substituting for the stick a long, sharp knife, one of those formidable *navajas* which we saw at Seville, and in giving to the man who played the part of the bull two shorter ones, which, firmly fastened in either side of the head, would take the place of horns. This seems incredible, but is true! They played the game, shed seas of blood, several were killed, some mortally wounded, others maimed, without the affair changing into a strife, the rules of the art being once violated, or any voice being raised to put an end to the massacre!

Relata refero, and I am very far from believing all that is said of the Valencians, but certain it is that at Valencia, public safety, if not a myth, as our newspapers poetically say when speaking of Romagna and Sicily, is assuredly not the first blessing enjoyed after that of life. I convinced myself of this fact the first evening of my stay in the city. I did not know how to reach the harbor, and thinking it might be near, I asked my way of a shopwoman, who uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"You want to go to the harbor, caballero?"

"Yes."

"Holy Virgin, to the harbor at this hour?"

Then she turned to a number of women who were standing near the door, and said in Valencian dialect:

"Women, answer this gentleman for me; he wishes to know how to get to the harbor!"

The women all replied in one voice:

"God preserve him!"

"From what?"

"Don't trust yourself!"

"But for what reason?"

"For a thousand reasons."

"Give me one?"

"You might be assassinated."

This one reason sufficed, as any one can understand, and I did not attempt to go any farther.

However, at Valencia, as was the case elsewhere, in my slight dealings with the people, I never met with any thing but courtesy as a stranger, and, as an Italian, received a friendly welcome, even from those who wished to hear nothing of foreign kings in general, and princes of the house of Savoy in particular, and who, although in the majority, were polite enough to say to me in the first place: "Don't let us touch on that subject." To the stranger who, when asked where he is from, replies: "I am a Frenchman," they give a civil smile, as much as to say: "We know each other." To those who answer: 'I am German or English," they make a slight inclination of the head, which means: "I bow to you;" but to those who respond: "I am an Italian!" they extend their hands quickly, as if to say: "We are friends," look at them with an air of curiosity, as we do for the first time at a person whom we have been told resembles us, and smile complacently at hearing the Italian language spoken as we do when we hear some one who, without wishing to make fun of us, imitates our voice and accent. In no country of the world does an Italian feel less far from home than in Spain. The sky, language, faces, and costumes remind him of it; besides, the veneration with which they utter the names of our great poets and painters, that vague and pleasant feeling of curiosity with which they speak of our cities, the enthusiasm with which they listen to our music, the demonstrations of affection,

the fervor of the language, rhythm of the poetry, eyes of the women, and the air and sun! Oh! An Italian must indeed be lacking in love for his own country if he does not feel drawn toward this one, is not inclined to pardon its errors, sincerely deplore its misfortunes, and wish it good luck. Beautiful hills of Valencia, smiling banks of the Guadalquiver, enchanted gardens of Granada, little white houses of Seville, superb towers of Toledo, noisy streets of Madrid, venerable walls of Saragossa, and you, kind hosts and courteous travelling companions, who talked to me of Italy as of a second country, thus dissipating with your gaiety my fits of melancholy, I shall always retain for you, in the depths of my heart, a feeling of gratitude and affection, shall keep your image in my memory as one of the most precious recollections of my youth, and shall ever think of you as one of the beautiful dreams of my life!

I said these words to myself, looking at midnight at Valencia still illuminated, as I leaned over the railing of the ship, *Genil*, which was on the point of leaving. Several young Spaniards, who were going to Marseilles, to sail from thence to the Antilles, where they were to remain for several years, had embarked with me. One of them was weeping by himself. Suddenly he rose, looked toward the shore, between the ships that were lying at anchor, and exclaimed in a tone of despair: "Oh, my God! I hoped she would not come!"

A few moments later a boat approached the steamer; a little white figure, followed by a man enveloped in a mantle, hastily climbed the gangway, and, giving a great sob, threw herself into the arms of the young man, who had rushed forward to meet her.

At that point the boatswain cried: "Gentlemen, we are going to start!"

Then we witnessed a most heartrending scene; they were obliged to separate the young people by force, and carry the girl, almost fainting, to the boat, which moved off a little and stopped.

The ship started.

At this moment the young man dashed like one desperate to the railing, and cried, sobbing in a voice that went to one's heart: "Adieu, darling! Adieu! adieu!"

The little white figure stretched out its arms, and perhaps replied; but the voice was not heard. The boat moved off and disappeared.

One of the young fellows whispered in my ear: "They are betrothed."

It was a beautiful night, but a sad one. Valencia was quickly lost to sight, and I, too, wept, thinking that I should perhaps never see Spain again.

THE END.

APPENDIX.

[SEE PAGE 53.]

"Yo os quiero confesar, don Juan, primero
Que aquel blanco y carmin de doña Elvira
No tiene de ella mas, si bien se mira,
Que el haberle costado su dinero:
Pero tambien que me confieses quiero
Que es tanta la beldad de su mentira,
Que en vano à competir con ella aspira
Belleza igual de rostro verdadero.
Mas que mucho que yo perdido ande
Por un engaño tal, pues que sabemos
Que nos engaña asi naturaleza?
Porque ese cielo azul que todos vemos
No es cielo, ni es azul; ¡ làstima grande
Que no sea verdad tanta belleza!"

[SEE PAGES 290–291.]

Mark that excellent wonderful work,
Greater than all ever painted,
That Buonarrota created with his hand
Divine, in the Etruscan Vatican!

Mark how that new Prometheus, in high heaven
Uprising, extended so his wings,
That astride the star of heaven
He obtained a part of the sacred fire;
Therewith returning enriched to earth

With new marvels and new wonders,
He gave life with eternal brightness
To marble, to bronze, to color.
O more than mortal man! Angel divine!
O what shall I call thee? Assuredly not human
Canst thou be—for from the empyrean circle came
Life and harmony to style and brush.
Thou hast shown to men the way,
For a thousand ages hidden, uncertain
Of the queen virtue; to thee is owing
Honor, which the sun renews on the fitting day!

[SEE PAGES 424-425.]

God, Sovereign over all,
One day created mortals,
And made us all equal
With his powerful hand.

He knew not nations,
Nor colors, nor mixtures,*
And to see men happy
Limited his desires.

The king, who is his image,
Should imitate his goodness;
And the people need not ask
Is he French or German.

Why with angry frown
Repel him—be he good?
A king full of kind acts
Has the world for his country.

Came from a foreign nation
The Emperor Charles V,
And his valor conquered
Thousands of laurels for Spain.

And it is of glorious memory,
Although founded in war,
The fortunate reign
Of Philip the Courageous.

* *i. e.*, of colors.

A NEW BOOK BY THE AUTHOR OF "CONSTANTINOPLE."

HOLLAND AND ITS PEOPLE. By EDMUNDO DE AMICIS, author of "Constantinople," "Studies of Paris," "Morocco," "Spain," etc. Octavo. With 18 full-page plates. $2 00

In this volume of which editions are appearing at once in Florence, Paris, London and New York, the brilliant author of "Paris" and "Constantinople" has turned his steps to a land abounding in picturesque effects and whose history is full of dramatic interest, and his vivid descriptions of the Hollanders and their homes show that his pen has lost none of its eloquence or delicacy of touch. His analysis of the traits and characteristics of this sturdy race, which has played so important a part in the history of Europe, is most interesting and valuable.

"In descriptive passages, Signor Amicis is at home. A wealth of imagery flows from his pen and lightens the pages into prose poems. He has a quiet humor of the Latin type, a disposition to be amused; but he is quick to sympathize with the emotions of his Dutch friends, and if he smiles at their stolidity, admires the rugged qualities and native genius which have produced a William of Orange, a John DeWitt, a Barneveld, and a Rembrandt."—*Boston Traveller.*

"Edmundo de Amicis has transformed the land of dykes into a land of beauty, of wonder, and of enchantment. He has written, in a word, a book in every sense charming."—*Chicago Times.*

"It is only simple justice to say that a more delightful volume of travels hardly may be found."—*Philadelphia Times.*

"His sparkling, graphic book is a thoroughly charming one, to which we give the most unaffected praise."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

CONSTANTINOPLE. 8vo, cloth, ... $1 50

De Amicis is one of the strongest and most brilliant of the present generation of Italian writers, and this latest work from his pen, as well from the picturesqueness of its descriptions as for its skilful analysis of the traits and characteristics of the medley of races represented in the Turkish capital, possesses an exceptional interest and value.

"The most picturesque and entertaining volume contained in the recent literature on the Eastern question."—*Boston Journal.*

"A remarkable work * * * the author is a poet, an artist, a wonder-worker in words * * * his descriptions are given with rare skill."—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

STUDIES OF PARIS. By EDMUNDO DE AMICIS, author of "Constantinople," "Morocco," "Holland," etc. 12mo, cloth extra, $1 25

A series of wonderfully vivid and dramatic pictures of the great world's metropolis, by a writer whose previous books have gained a reputation for exceptional clearness of perception and facility in description. There is hardly a writer who can rival him in his power of reproducing for his readers the very atmosphere of the place he describes. These "Studies" include original and characteristic papers on the two authors whom he considers especially representative of the Paris of to-day—Hugo and Zola.

"Poet in prose, painter in phrases, subtle musician in the harmonies of language, de Amicis has comprehended the manifold amazement, the potent charm of Paris as no writer before him has done."—*Portland Press.*

"A marvel of intense, rapid, graphic and poetic description, by one of the most brilliant of modern Italian writers. The chapters on Hugo and Zola show the same power of description and analysis in dealing with mind and character."—*Christian Register.*

A NEW VOLUME BY "JOHN LATOUCHE."

PORTUGAL, OLD AND NEW. By OSWALD CRAWFURD, British Consul at Oporto. Octavo, with maps and illustrations, cloth extra, ... $3 50

Mr. Crawfurd, who is better known in literature under his *nom de plume* of John Latouche, has resided for many years in Portugal and has had exceptional opportunities for becoming thoroughly acquainted with the country and its people.

"The whole book, indeed, is excellent, giving the reader not information only, but appreciation of Portugal, its climate, its people and its ways. It is not a book of travel, but a book of residences, if we may say so."—*New York Evening Post.*

"Mr. Crawfurd's admirable book is most opportune, and his long residence in the country, his intimate and critical knowledge of the language, history, poetry, and the inner life of the people, render him an authority as safe to follow as he is pleasant. * * * The book is excellent in every way."—*Athenæum.*

"A more agreeable account of Portugal and the Portuguese could scarcely have been written, and it will surprise us if the book does not live as one of the best descriptions we possess of a foreign nation."—*St. James Gazette.*

A FORBIDDEN LAND; OR, VOYAGES TO THE COREA. With full description of the manners, customs, history, etc., of a community of some 16,000,000 people hitherto almost entirely unknown. By ERNST OPPERT. Octavo, with maps and illustrations, $3 00

"The author combines a story of his personal adventures, with a most intelligible description of the country, its inhabitants, their customs, and of everything which would help his readers to form a correct idea of what he himself saw and learned."—*The Churchman.*

"Sure to be eagerly and widely read * * * contains almost the only authentic description of Corea and its people with which the public are familiar."—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

"Full of data of the highest value on the geography and history of Corea, its commercial value and products."—*New York Times.*

"Mr. Oppert has made a book of rare interest."—*New York Evening Post.*

"His personal narrative is one of great interest * * * he is rewarded for his enterprise in being able to communicate so much novel and valuable information in regard to a country which has so long remained beyond the scope of geographical research."—*New York Tribune.*

ROMAN DAYS. By VIKTOR RYDBERG. Translated by ALFRED CORNING CLARK, with Memoir of the author by H. A. W. LINDEHN. Octavo, cloth. Illustrated $2 00

The volume embodies the results of careful historical studies, and gives some legendary matters not heretofore brought forward. The art criticisms are the work of a poet and scholar; the brief historical and topographical sketches, those of a clear-headed philosopher and eager traveller, a quick observer, a man of general and thorough culture. The book is a picturesque mosaic of the many brilliant, sober, gay, comic, dramatic, tragic, poetic, vulgar elements that make up the past history of that wonderful city and the physiognomy it bears to-day.

"We welcome this work from the hardy North for its broad scholarship, its freshness and ripeness. The articles betray an artistic discrimination rare in one not a sculptor by profession and experienced and enthusiastic in that art. Rydberg possesses the pure plastic spirit."—*N. Y. Herald.*